644

CAMILLA:

[redacted]

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATHI MAHAL

BY
THE AUTHOR OF
EVELINA AND *CECILIA*.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. PAYNE, AT THE MEWS-GATE; AND
T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

1802

644

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

BOOK IX.

CHAP.		page
I.	A Self-dissection,	1
II.	A Reckoning,	8
III.	Brides and no Brides,	26
IV.	A Hint for Debtors,	37
V.	A Lover's Eye,	54
VI.	A Bride's Resolves,	73
VII.	The Workings of Sorrow,	86
VIII.	A Surprise,	100
IX.	A Narrative,	109
X.	The Progress of Dissipation,	126
XI.	Hints upon National Prejudice,	140

BOOK X.

CHAP.		page
I.	The Operation of Terrour,	161
II.	The Reverse of a Mask,	186
III.	A new View of an old Mansion,	203

IV. A

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		page
IV.	A last Resource,	215
V.	Spectacle,	233
VI.	A V[illegible],	250
VII.	Means to [illegible] Agitation,	259
VIII.	Means to obtain a Boon,	274
IX.	Questions and Answers,	287
X.	The last Touches of the Picture,	309

CAMILLA, 641

OR

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

VOL. V.

BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

A Self-dissection.

CAMILLA remained in a state of accumulated distress, that knew not upon what object most to dwell: her father, shocked and irritated beyond the mild endurance of his character; her brother, wantonly sporting with his family's honour, and his own morals and reputation; her uncle, preparing for nuptials broken off without his knowledge; Edgar, by a thousand perversities of accident, of indiscretion, of misunderstanding, for ever parted from her;—rushed all together upon her mind, each combatting for precedence, each individually foiled, yet all collectively triumphant. Nor were even these her sole subjects of af-

 fliction:

fliction: yet another cause was added, in debts contracted from mingled thoughtlessness, inexperience, and generosity, augmented to she knew not what sum, and to be paid by she knew not what means.

* * * *

Lionel soon returned. "So it's really all off?" he cried; "dame Fortune, methinks, has a mind to give me a taste of her art that I shan't easily forget. Eugenia would tell me no particulars. But, since things are thus, there is only one step left for poor Pillgarlick. I must whisk over to the Continent."

"To the Continent? without consulting my father? without—"

"My father?—Why, you see he gives me up. He thinks—I thank him!—a little wholesome discipline will do me good. Don't you understand what he means by *seclusion from the world?* A prison, my dear! a gaol! However, I'm not quite of that opinion. I really think a man's as well off in a little open air. So fare thee well child. As soon as ever my dear uncle Relvil says good night, I'll come home again, and wish you all good morning."

"Lionel! Lionel!—"

"Well, well! I know it's very wrong, and all that; so say nothing. Don't distress me, I beg,

I beg, for I hate to be hipped. Befides, old Relvil don't deferve much better; why can't he behave like a man, and fettle an annuity upon himfelf, and an old fervant; and a dog, and a cat, and a parrot, and then let an honeft young fellow fee a little of the world handfomely, and like a gentleman? But your bachelor uncles, and maiden aunts, are the moft tantalizing fellows and fellow-effes in the creation."

He then kiffed her, and was going; but, earneftly detaining him, fhe conjured that he would let her firft hint his defign to their father, that at leaft it might be fet afide, if it would ftill more deeply difturb him.

"No child, no; I know his way of reafoning already. He thinks every man fhould pay for what he owes, either with money or ftripes. Now my poor dear little body is not of that opinion. And what would they get by having me fhut up in prifon? And I'll defy 'em to caft me in any other damages. I've a few debts too of my own, that make me a little uneafy. I don't mean to trades people; they can wait well enough; our credit is good: but a man looks horridly fmall, walking about, when he can't pay his debts of honour. However, when I difappear, perhaps my father will take compaffion upon my character. If not, the Relvil eftate fhall wipe off all in the long run."

" And is it poſſible, Lionel, thus lightly, thus negligently, thus unmoved, you can plan ſuch a journey? ſuch an exile?"

" Why what can I do? what can I poſſibly do? I am obliged to be off in my own defence. Unleſs, indeed, I marry little Miſs Dennel, which I have once or twice thought of; for ſhe's a monſtrous fool. But then ſhe is very rich. How ſhould you like her for a ſiſter? Nay, nay, I'm ſerious. Don't ſhake your head as if I was joking. What do you think of her for my ſpouſe?"

" She is a good girl, I believe, Lionel, though a ſimple one; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee her unhappy: and how could either of you be otherwiſe, with contempt ſuch as this?"

" Bleſs thy heart, my little dear, what have huſbands and wives to do with making one another unhappy? Prithee don't ſet about forming thy notions of married people from the parſonage-houſe, and conclude a wife no better than a real rib, ſticking always cloſe to a man's ſide. You grow ſo horridly ſententious, I really begin to believe you intend to take out your diploma ſoon, and put on the ſurplice my father meant for his poor ſon."

" Alas, Lionel! — how changed, how hard—forgive me if I ſay how hard muſt you be grown, to be capable of gaiety and rattle at this period!"

" You'll

"You'll die an old maid, Camilla, take my word for it. And I'm really ſorry, for you're not an ugly girl. You might have been got off. But come, don't look ſo melancholy at a little ſilly ſport. The world is ſo full of ſorrow, my dear girl, ſo little viſited by happineſs, that cheerfulneſs is almoſt as neceſſary as exiſtence, in ſuch a vale of tears."

"What can induce you to laugh, Lionel, at ſuch words?"

"I can't help it, faith! I was thinking I ſpoke ſo like a parſon's ſon!"

Camilla caſt up her eyes and hands: "Lionel, ſhe cried, what have you done with your heart? has it baniſhed every natural feeling? has the affecting letter of the beſt of fathers, his cruel ſeparation from the moſt excellent of mothers, and even your own dreadfully cenſurable conduct, ſerved but to amuſe you with ridicule and deriſion?"

"Camilla," cried he, taking her hands, "you wrong me! you think I have no feeling, becauſe I am not always crying. However, ſhall I tell you the truth? I hate myſelf! and ſo completely hate myſelf at this moment, that I dare not be grave! dare not ſuffer reflection to take hold of me, leſt it ſhould make life too odious for me to bear it. I have run on from folly to wickedneſs for want of thought, and now thought is

ready to come back, I muſt run from that, for want of fortitude. What has bewitched me, I know no more than you; but I never meant to play this abominable part. And now, if I did not flog up my ſpirits to prevent their flagging, I ſuppoſe I ſhould hang or drown. And, believe me, if I were condemned to the galleys, I ſhould think it leſs than I deſerve; for I hate myſelf, I repeat—I honour my father, though I have uſed him ſo ill; I love my mother,—for all her deuced ſeverity,—to the bottom of my ſoul; I would cut off my left arm for Lavinia and Eugenia; and for thee, Camilla, I would lop off my right!—But yet, when ſome frolick or gambol comes into my way, I forget you all! clear out of my memory you walk, as if I had never beheld you!"

Camilla now embraced him with a deluge of tears, entreated him to forgive the aſperity his ſeeming want of all feeling had drawn from her, and frequently to write to her, and acquaint her how he went on, and ſend his direction for her anſwers; that ſo, at leaſt, their father might know how he employed himſelf, and have the power to give him counſel.

"But how, my poor Lionel," ſhe added, "how will you live abroad? How will you even travel?"

"Why as to how I ſhall live there, I don't know; but as well as I deſerve eaſily: however,

ever, as to how I ſhall get there, look here," taking from his pocket a handful of guineas, "that good little Eugenia has given me every thing, even to the laſt half crown; that ſhe had at Southampton, to help me forward."

"Dear excellent, ever generous Eugenia! O that I could follow her example! but alas! I have nothing!—and worſe than nothing!!"

They then affectionately embraced each other, and parted.

CHAP. II.

A Reckoning.

WHAT Camilla experienced at this juncture ſhe believed could admit no aggravation. Even the breaking off with Edgar ſeemed as a new misfortune from the new force which circumſtances gave to its affliction. With his ſympathiſing aid, how might ſhe have ſoftened the ſorrows of her father! how have broken the ſhock of the blow Clermont was preparing for her uncle? But now, inſtead of leſſening their griefs, ſhe muſt herſelf inflict upon them a heavier evil than any they had yet ſuffered. And how could ſhe reveal tidings for which they were ſo wholly unprepared? how be even intelligible in the hiſtory, without expoſing the guilty Lionel beyond all chance of pardon?

Again ſhe went to counſel with Eugenia, who, with her uſual diſintereſted affection, propoſed taking the painful buſineſs upon herſelf at their return home. Camilla with tears of gratitude accepted the ſiſterly office, and reſolved to devote the reſt of her ſhort time for Southampton to Mrs. Berlinton; who, ſhocked to ſee her evident unhap-

unhappineſs, hung over her with the moſt melting tenderneſs: bewailing alike the diſappointment of Eugenia, and the conduct of her brother; who now, with exquiſite miſery, ſhut himſelf wholly up in his room.

This compaſſionate kindneſs ſomewhat ſoftened her anguiſh; but when the engagements of Mrs. Berlinton called her away, Mrs. Mittin burſt briſkly into her chamber.

"Well, my dear," cried ſhe, "I come with better news now than ever! only gueſs what it is!"

Nothing could leſs conduce to the tranquillity of Camilla than ſuch a deſire; her conjectures always flowed into the channels of her wiſhes; and ſhe thought immediately that Mrs. Mittin had been informed of her ſituation, and came to her with ſome intelligence of Edgar.

Mrs. Mittin, after keeping her a full quarter of an hour in ſuſpence, at laſt ſaid: "Do you know Miſs Dennel's going to be married?—though ſhe was fifteen only yeſterday!—and I am invited to the wedding?"

No ſurpriſe had ever yet produced leſs pleaſure to Camilla, who now ceaſed to liſten, though Mrs. Mittin by no means ceaſed to ſpeak, till her attention was awakened by the following ſentence: "So, as I am to go to town, to ſhop with her, at her own papa's

desire, you can give me the money, you know, my dear, and I can pay off your Tunbridge bills for you."

She then took out of her pockets some accounts, which, she said, she had just received; though, in fact, they had been in her possession more than a week: but till the invitation of Miss Dennel called her so pleasantly away, she had thought it prudent to keep every motive in reserve, that added importance to her stay.

Camilla, with the utmost apprehension, took the papers into her hands: they were the bills from Tunbridge, of the milliner, the shoe-maker, the haberdasher, and the glover, and amounted altogether to sixteen pounds.

The chief articles had been nearly forced upon her by Mrs. Mittin, with assurances of their cheapness, and representations of their necessity, that, joined to her entire ignorance of the enormous charges of fashion, had led her to imagine four or five guineas the utmost sum at which they could be estimated.

What now, then, was her horror! if to sixteen pounds amounted the trifles she had at Tunbridge, what calculation must she make of articles so infinitely more valuable that belonged to her debts at Southampton? And to whom could she apply? Lionel, still under age, was flying the kingdom with debts,

debts, which, to Mr. Tyrold's limited income, would be as heavy as the more considerable ones of her cousin upon Sir Hugh; Eugenia had given what help she had in her power, before she quitted Cleves, upon the affair of the horse; and all that remained of a considerable present made for her Southampton expedition by her uncle, who in every thing distinguished her as his successor and heiress, she had just bestowed upon Lionel. Mrs. Berlinton, whose tender friendship might, in this emergence, have encouraged solicitation, was involved in debts of honour, and wanted money for herself; and to Mrs. Arlbery, her only other acquaintance with whom she was intimate enough to ask assistance, she already owed five guineas; and how, in conscience or decency, could she address her for more, when she saw before her no time, no term, upon which she could fix for restitution?

In this terrible state, with no one to counsel her, and no powers of self-judgment, she felt a dread of going home, that rendered the coming day a day of horror, though to a home to which, hitherto, she had turned as the first joy of her happiness, or softest solace of any disturbance. Her filial affections were in their pristine force; her short commerce with the world had robbed them of none of their vivacity; her regard for Edgar, whom

ſhe delighted to conſider as a younger Mr. Tyrold, had rather enlarged than divided them; but to return a burthen to an already burthened houſe, an affliction to an already afflicted parent—"No!" ſhe broke out, aloud, "I cannot go home!—I cannot carry calamity to my father!—He will be mild—but he will look unhappy; and I would not ſee his face in ſorrow—ſorrow of my own creating—for years of after joy!"

She threw herſelf down upon the bed, hid her face with the counterpane, and wept, in deſperate careleſsneſs of the preſence of Mrs. Mittin, and anſwering nothing that ſhe ſaid.

In affairs of this ſort, Mrs. Mittin had a quickneſs of apprehenſion, which, though but the attribute of ready cunning, was not inferior to the keeneſt penetration, poſſeſſed, for deeper inveſtigations, by characters of more ſolid ſagacity. From the fear which Camilla, in her anguiſh, had uttered of ſeeing her father, ſhe gathered there muſt be ſome ſevere reſtriction in money concerns; and, without troubling herſelf to conſider what they might be, ſaw that to aid her at this moment would be the higheſt obligation; and immediately ſet at work a brain as fertile in worldly expedients, as it was barren of intellectual endowments, in forming a plan of preſent relief, which ſhe concluded

would

would gain her a rich and powerful friend for life.

She was not long in ſuggeſting a propoſition, which Camilla ſtarted up eagerly to hear, almoſt breathleſs with the hope of any reprieve to her terrors.

Mrs. Mittin, amongſt her numerous friends, counted a Mr. Clykes, a money-lender, a man, ſhe ſaid, of the firſt credit for ſuch matters with people of faſhion in any difficulty. If Camilla, therefore, would collect her debts, this gentleman would pay them, for a handſome premium, and handſome intereſt, till ſhe was able, at her own full leiſure, to return the principal, with a proper preſent.

Camilla nearly embraced her with rapture for this ſcheme. The premium ſhe would collect as ſhe could, and the intereſt ſhe would pay from her allowance, certain that when her uncle was cleared from his embarraſſments, her own might be revealed without any ſerious diſtreſs. She put, therefore, the affair wholly into the hands of Mrs. Mittin, beſought her, the next morning, to demand all her Southampton bills, to add to them thoſe for the rent and the ſtores of Higden, and then to tranſact the buſineſs with Mr. Clykes; promiſing to agree to whatever premium, intereſt, and preſent, he ſhould demand, with endleſs acknowledgments to herſelf for ſo great a ſervice.

She

She grieved to employ a perſon ſo utterly diſagreeable to Edgar; but to avert immediate evil was ever reſiſtleſs to her ardent mind.

The whole of the Southampton accounts were brought her early the next morning by the active Mrs. Mittin, who now concluded, that what ſhe had conceived to be covetouſneſs in Camilla, was only the fear of a hard tyrant of a father, who kept her ſo parſimoniouſly that ſhe could allow herſelf no indulgence, till the death of her uncle ſhould endow her with her own rich inheritance.

Had this arrangement not taken place before the arrival of the bills, Camilla, upon beholding them, thought ſhe ſhould have been driven to complete diſtraction. The ear-rings and necklace, ſilver fringes and ſpangles, feathers, noſegay, and ſhoe-roſes, with the other parts of the dreſs, and the fine Valencienne edging, came to thirty-three pounds. The cloak alſo, that cheapeſt thing in the world, was nine guineas; and various ſmall articles, which Mrs. Mittin had occaſionally brought in, and others with which Camilla could not diſpenſe, came to another five pounds. To this, the rent for Higden added eighteen; and the bill of ſtores, which had been calculated at thirty, was ſent in at thirty-ſeven.

The whole therefore, with the ſixteen pounds

pounds from Tunbridge, amounted to one hundred and eighteen pounds nine ſhillings.

Struck to the very ſoul with the idea of what ſhe muſt have endured to have preſented, at ſuch a period, ſo large an account, either at Cleves or at Etherington, ſhe felt lifted into paradiſe by the eſcape of this expedient, and loſt ſight of every poſſible future difficulty, in the relief of avoiding ſo ſevere a preſent penalty.

By this means, alſo, the tradeſmen would not wait; and ſhe had been educated with ſo juſt an abhorrence of receiving the goods, and benefiting from the labours of others, without ſpeeding them their rights and their rewards, that ſhe felt deſpicable as well as miſerable, when ſhe poſſeſſed what ſhe had not repaid.

Mrs. Mittin was now inveſted with full powers for the agency, which her journey to London would give her immediate means to execute. She was to meet Miſs Dennel there in two days, to aſſiſt in the wedding purchaſes, and then to accompany that young lady to her father's houſe in Hampſhire, whence ſhe could viſit Etherington, and finally arrange the tranſaction.

Camilla, again thanking, took leave of her, to conſign her few remaining hours for Southampton to Mrs. Berlinton, who was impatient at loſing one moment of the ſociety

ciety ſhe began ſincerely to regret ſhe had not more uniformly preferred to all other. As ſad now with cares as Camilla was with afflictions, ſhe had robbed her ſituation of nearly the only good which belonged to it— an affluent power to gratify every luxury, whether of generoſity or perſonal indulgence. Her gaming, to want of happineſs, added now want of money; and Camilla, with a ſigh, ſaw ſomething more wretched, becauſe far deeper and more wilful in error than herſelf.

They mingled their tears for their ſeparate perſonal evils, with the kindeſt conſolation that either could ſuggeſt for the other, till Camilla was told that Eugenia deſired to ſee her in the parlour.

Mrs. Berlinton, aſhamed, yet delighted to meet her again, went down at the ſame time. She embraced her with fondneſs, but ventured not to utter either apology or concern. Eugenia was ſerious but compoſed, ſighed often, yet both accepted and returned her careſſes.

Camilla enquired if Miſs Margland purpoſed ſetting out immediately.

"Yes," ſhe anſwered; "but I have firſt a little buſineſs of my own to tranſact." Then, turning to Mrs. Berlinton, and forcing a ſmile, "You will be ſurpriſed," ſhe ſaid, "to hear me aſk for .... your brother!

ther! . . . but I muſt ſee him before I can leave Southampton."

Mrs. Berlinton hung her head: "There is certainly," ſhe cried, "no reproach he does not merit . . . yet, if you knew . . . the reſpect . . . the . . . the . . ."

Eugenia rang the bell, making a ſlight apology, but not liſtening to what Mrs. Berlinton ſtrove to ſay; who, colouring and uneaſy, ſtill attempted to utter ſomething ſoftening to what had paſſed.

"Be ſo good," ſaid Eugenia, when the footman appeared, "to tell Mr. Melmond I beg to ſpeak with him."

Camilla aſtoniſhed, and Mrs. Berlinton ſilenced, waited, in an unpleaſant pauſe, the event.

Eugenia, abſorbed in thought, neither ſpoke to, nor looked at them, nor moved, till the door opened, and Melmond, who durſt not refuſe ſo direct a ſummons, though he would have preferred any puniſhment to obeying it, bluſhing, bowing, and trembling, entered the room.

She then ſtarted, half heaved, and half checked a ſigh, tooh a folded note out of her pocket-book, and with a faint ſmile, ſaid, "I fear my deſire muſt have been painful to you; but you ſee me now for the laſt time—I hope!—with any ill will."

She ſtopt for breath to go on; Melmond, amazed, ſtriving vainly to articulate

late one word of excufe, one profeffion even of refpect.

"Believe me, Sir," fhe then continued, "furprife was the laft fenfation I experienced upon a late .... tranfaction. My extraordinary perfonal defects and deformity have been fome time known to me, though—I cannot tell how—I had the weaknefs or vanity not to think of them as I ought to have done!——But I fee I give you uneafinefs, and therefore I will be more concife."

Melmond, confounded, had bowed down his head not to look at her, while Camilla and Mrs. Berlinton both wept.

"The fentiments, Sir," fhe then went on, "of my coufin have never been declared to me; but it is not very difficult to me to divine what they may be. All that is certain, is the unkindnefs of Fortune, which forbids her to liften, or you to plead to them. This, Sir, it fhall be my care"—fhe ftopt a moment, looking paler, and wanting voice; but prefently recovering, proceeded—"my happinefs, let me fay, to endeavour to rectify. I have much influence with my kind uncle; can I doubt, when I reprefent to him that I have juft efcaped making two worthy people wretched, he will deny aiding me to make them happy? No! the refidence already intended at Cleves will ftill be open, though one of its parties will be changed. But as

my

my uncle, in a manner unexampled, has bound himſelf, in my favour, from any future diſpoſition of what he poſſeſſes, I have ventured, Sir, upon this paper, to obviate any apprehenſions of your friends, for the unhappy time when that generous uncle can no longer act for himſelf."

She then unfolded, and gave him the paper, which contained theſe words:

"I here ſolemnly engage myſelf, if Miſs Indiana Lynmere accepts, with the conſent of Sir Hugh Tyrold, the hand of Frederic Melmond, to ſhare with them, ſo united, whatever fortune or eſtate I may be endowed with, to the end of my life, and to bequeath them the ſame equal portion by will after my death.

Signed. EUGENIA TYROLD."

Unable to read, yet conceiving the purport of the writing, Melmond was at her feet. She endeavoured to raiſe him, and though extremely affected, ſaid, with an air of ſome pleaſantry, "Shew leſs ſurpriſe, Sir, or I ſhall conclude you thought me as frightful within as without! But no! Providence is too good to make the mind neceſſarily deformed with the body."

"Ah, Madam!" exclaimed Melmond, wholly overcome, "the nobleſt as well as ſofteſt of human hearts I perceive to be

yours——

yours——and were mine at my own difpofal—it muft find you refiftlefs!"—

"No more, no more!" interrupted fhe, penetrated with a pleafure in thefe words which fhe durft not indulge, "you fhall hear from me foon.—Meanwhile, be Hope your motto. Friendfhip fhall be mine."

She was then going to hold out her hand to him; but her courage failed; fhe haftily embraced Mrs. Berlinton, took the arm of Camilla, and hurried out of the houfe, followed by the footman who had attended her.

Melmond, who had feen the motion of her hand now advancing, now withdrawn, would have given the univerfe to have ftamped upon it his grateful reverence; but his courage was ftill lefs than her own; fhe feemed to him, on the fudden, transformed to a deity, benignly employed to refcue and blefs him, but whofe tranfcendent goodnefs he could only, at a diftance, and in all humility, adore.

Mrs. Berlinton was left penetrated nearly as much as her brother, and doubtful if even the divine Indiana could render him as happy as the exalted, the incomparable Eugenia.

* * * *

The two fifters found Mifs Margland in extreme ill-humour waiting their arrival, and the

the whole party immediately quitted Southampton.

It not ſeldom occurred to Miſs Margland to be croſs merely as a mark of conſequence; but here her diſpleaſure was as deep with herſelf as with others. She had entered Southampton with a perſuaſion her fair pupil would make there the eſtabliſhment ſo long the promiſed meed of her confinement; and Indiana herſelf, not knowing where to ſtop her ſanguine and inflated hopes, imagined that the fame of her beauty would make the place where it firſt was exhibited the reſort of all of faſhion in the nation. And the opening of the ſcene had anſwered to their fulleſt expectations: no other name was heard but Indiana Lynmere, no other figure was admired, no other face could bear examination.

But her triumph, though ſplendid, was ſhort; ſhe ſoon found that the overtures of eyes were more ready than thoſe of ſpeech; and though one young baronet, enchanted with her beauty, immediately profeſſed himſelf her lover, when he was diſdained, in the full aſſurance of higher offers, and becauſe a peer had addreſſed himſelf to Eugenia, ſhe ſaw not that he was ſucceeded by any other, nor yet that he broke his own heart. Men of taſte, after the firſt converſation, found her more admirable to look at than ſpeak

with;

with; adventurers ſoon diſcovered that her perſonal charms were her only dower; the common herd were repulſed from approaching her by the repulſive manners of Miſs Margland; and all evinced, that though a paſſion for beauty was ſtill as faſhionable as it was natural, the time was paſt when the altar of Hymen required no other incenſe to blaze upon it.

One ſolitary offer to Eugenia, of an every way ruined young nobleman, though a blaſt both to the ſettlement and the peace of Indiana, was to herſelf wholly nugatory. This propoſition was made upon her firſt arrival, when through the account given to the maſter of the ceremonies by Miſs Margland, ſhe was regarded as the heireſs of Cleves: but, almoſt immediately after, the report ſpread by Mrs. Mittin, that Camilla was the true heireſs, gained ſuch ground amongſt the ſhop-keepers, and thence travelled ſo rapidly from goſſip to goſſip, that Eugenia was ſoon no more thought of; though a ſpecies of doubt was caſt upon the whole party, from the double aſſertion, that kept from Camilla, alſo, the fortune ſeekers of the place.

But another rumour got abroad, that ſoon entirely cleared Eugenia, not merely of lovers but acquaintances; namely, her ſtudies with Dr. Orkborne. This was a prevailing theme of ſpite with Miſs Margland, when the

the Doctor had neglected and displeased her; and a topic always at hand for her spleen, when it was angered by other circumstances not so easy of blame or of mention.

This, shortly, made Eugenia stared at still more than her peculiar appearance. The misses, in tittering, ran away from the learned lady; the beaux contemptuously sneering, rejoiced she was too ugly to take in any poor fellow to marry her. Some imagined her studies had stinted her growth; and all were convinced her education had made her such a fright.

Of the whole party, the only one who quitted Southampton in spirits was Dr. Orkborne. He was delighted to be no longer under the dominion of Miss Margland, who, though she never left him tranquil in the possession of all he valued, his leisure, his books and papers, eternally annoyed him with reproaches upon his absence, non-attendance, and ignorance of high life, asking always, when angry, "If any one had ever heard who was his grandfather?"

The doctor, in return, despising, like most who have it not, whatever belonged to noble birth, regarded her and her progenitors as the pest of the human race; frequently, when incensed by interruption, exclaiming, "Where intellect is uncultivated, what is man

man better than a brute, or woman than an ideot?"

Nor was his return to his own room, books, and hours, under the roof of the indulgent Sir Hugh, the only relief of this removal: he knew not of the previous departure of Dr. Marchmont, and he was glad to quit a ſpot where he was open to a compariſon which he felt to be always to his diſadvantage.

So much more powerful and more prominent is character than education, that no two men could be more different than Dr. Marchmont and Dr. Orkborne, though the ſame univerſity had finiſhed their ſtudies, and the ſame paſſion, purſuit, and ſucceſs in reſpect to learning, had raiſed and had ſpread their names and celebrity. The firſt, with all his ſcholaſtic endowments, was a man of the world, and a grace to ſociety; the ſecond, though in erudition equally reſpectable, was wholly loſt to the general community, and alive only with his pen and his books. They enjoyed, indeed, in common, that happy and often ſole reward of learned labours, the privilege of ſnatching ſome care from time, ſome repining from misfortune, by ſeizing for themſelves, and their own excluſive uſe, the whole monopoly of mind; but they employed it not to the ſame extenſion.

ſion. The things and people of this lower ſphere were ſtudiouſly, by Dr. Orkborne, ſunk into oblivion by the alternate tranſport and toil of intellectual occupation: Dr. Marchmont, on the contrary, though his education led to the ſame propenſities, ſtill held his fellow creatures to be of higher conſideration than their productions. Without ſuch extravagance in the purſuit of his ſtudies, he knew it the happy province of literary occupations, where voluntary, to abſorb worldly ſolicitudes, and baniſh for a while even mental anxieties: and though the charm may be broken by every freſh intruſion of calamity, it unites again with the firſt retirement, and, without diminiſhing the feelings of ſocial life, has a power, from time to time, to ſet aſide their ſufferings.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL LIBRARY.

CHAP. III.

Brides and no Brides.

IN the hall of the Cleves manſion the party from Southampton were received by Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold, and Lavinia. The baronet greeted in particular the two nieces he regarded as brides elect, with an elation that prevented him from obſerving their ſadneſs; while their confuſion at his miſtake he attributed to the mere baſhfulneſs of their ſituation. He enquired, nevertheleſs, with ſome ſurpriſe, why the two bridegrooms did not attend them? which, he owned, he thought rather odd; though he ſuppoſed it might be only the new way.

The changing colour and ſtarting tears of the two ſiſters ſtill eſcaped his kindly occupied but undiſcerning eyes: while Mr. Tyrold, having tenderly embraced, avoided looking at them from the fear of adding to their bluſhes, and ſat quiet and grave, ſtriving to alleviate his preſent new and deep ſorrow, by participating in the revived happineſs of his brother. But Lavinia ſoon ſaw their mutual diſtreſs, and with apprehenſive affection watched an opportunity to inveſtigate its cauſe.

"But

"But come," cried Sir Hugh, "I ſha'n't wait for thoſe gentlemen to ſhew you what I've done for you, ſeeing they don't wait for me, by their following their own way; which, however, I ſuppoſe they may be with their lawyers, none of thoſe gentlemen having been here; which I think rather ſlow, conſidering the rooms are almoſt ready."

He would now have taken them round the houſe; but, nearly expiring with ſhame, they entreated to be excuſed; and, inſupportably oppreſſed by the cruel diſcovery they had to divulge, ſtole apart to conſult upon what meaſures they ſhould take. They then ſettled that Camilla ſhould accompany Mr. Tyrold to Etherington, but keep off all diſcloſure till the next morning, when Eugenia would arrive, and unfold the ſad tidings.

When they returned to the parlour, they found Sir Hugh, in the innocency of his heart, had forced Indiana, Miſs Margland, and even Dr. Orkborne, to view his improvements for the expected nuptials.

"Well, my dear girls," cried he, ſmilingly, "I ſha'n't mention what we have been looking at in your abſence, becauſe of your bluſhes, which I hope you approve. But we ſhall ſoon, I hope, ſee it altogether, without any of your modeſty's minding it. I ſhall have to pinch a little for it the reſt of the

year, which, God knows, will be a pleaſure to me, for the ſake of my two dear girls, as well as of Mr. Edgar; not to mention the new young gentleman; who ſeems a pretty kind of perſon too, though he is not one of our own relations."

He was rather diſappointed when he found Camilla was to go to Etherington, but deſired there might be a general meeting the next day, when he ſhould alſo invite Dr. Marchmont. "For I think," ſaid he, "he's as little proud as the beſt dunce amongſt us; which makes me like him as well. And I can't ſay but I was as much obliged to him that day about the mad bull, as if he had been one of my nephews or nieces himſelf: which is what I ſha'n't forget."

In the way back to Etherington, Camilla could not utter a word; and Lavinia, who had juſt gathered from her, in a whiſper, "All is over with Edgar!" with divided, but ſilent pity, looked from her father to her ſiſter, thought of her brother, and wept for all three. Mr. Tyrold alone was capable of any exertion. Unwilling to give Camilla, whom he concluded impreſſed with the thouſand ſolicitudes of her impending change of ſituation, any abrupt account of her brother's cruel conduct, he ſpoke with compoſure though not with chearfulneſs, and hoped, by a general gravity, to prepare,

without

without alarming her, for the ill news he muft inevitably relate. But he foon, however, obferved an excefs of fadnefs upon her countenance, far deeper than he could attribute to the thoughts he had firft fuggefted, and wholly different from an agitation in which though fear bears a part, hope preponderates.

It now ftruck him that probably Lionel had been at Southampton: for fo wide was every idea from fuppofing any mifchief with Edgar, that, like Sir Hugh, upon his non-appearance, he had concluded him engaged with his lawyer. But of Melmond, lefs fure, he had been more open in enquiry, and with inexpreffible concern for his beloved and unfortunate Eugenia, had gathered that the affair was ended: though her fucceeding plan, by her own defire, Camilla left for her perfonal explanation.

When they arrived at Etherington, taking her into his ftudy, "Camilla," he faid, "tell me, I beg . . . do you know any thing of Lionel?"

An unreftrained burft of tears convinced him his conjecture was right, and he foon obtained all the particulars of the meeting, except its levity and flightinefs. Where directly queftioned, no fifterly tendernefs could induce her to filial prevarication; but fhe rejoiced to fpare her brother all ex-

posure that mere silence could spare; and as Mr. Tyrold suspected not her former knowledge of his extravagance and ill conduct, he neither asked, nor heard, any thing beyond the last interview.

At the plan of going abroad, he sighed heavily, but would take no measures to prevent it. Lionel, he saw, was certain of being cast in any trial; and though he would not stretch out his arm to avert the punishment he thought deserved, he was not sorry to change the languid waste of imprisonment at home, for the hardships with which he might live upon little abroad.

A calamity such as this seemed cause full sufficient for the distress of Camilla; Mr. Tyrold sought no other; but though she wept, now, at liberty, his very freedom from suspicion and enquiry increased her anguish. "Your happy fate," cried he, "is what most, at this moment, supports me; and to that I shall chiefly owe the support of your mother; whom a blow such as this will more bitterly try than the loss of our whole income, or even than the life itself of your brother. Her virtue is above misfortune, but her soul will shudder at guilt."

The horror of Camilla was nearly intolerable at this speech, and the dreadful disappointment, which she knew yet to be awaiting her loved parents. "Take comfort,

fort, my dearest girl," said Mr. Tyrold, who saw her suffering, "it is yours, for all our sakes to be chearful, for to you we shall owe the worthiest of sons, at the piercing juncture when the weakest and most faulty fail us."

"O my father!" she cried, "speak not such words! Lionel himself...." she was going to say: has made you less unhappy than you will be made by me: but she durst not finish her phrase; she turned away from him her streaming eyes, and stopt.

"My dearest child," he cried, "let not your rising prospects be thus dampt by this cruel event. The connection you have formed will be a consolation to us all; and may heal with lenient balm the wounded, bleeding bosom of a meritorious but deeply afflicted mother! While to your father, my Camilla...."

These last words were not heard; such a mention of her mother had already overpowered her, and unable to let him keep up his delusion, she supported her shaking frame against his shoulder, and exclaimed in a tone of agony: "O my father! you harrow me to the soul!—Edgar has left me!—has left England!—left us all!"——

Shocked, yet nearly incredulous, he insisted upon looking at her: her countenance impelled belief. The woe it expressed could

be excited by nothing leſs than the depriva-tion of every worldly expectation, and a ſingle glance was an anſwer to a thouſand inter-rogatories.

Mr. Tyrold now ſat down, with an air be-tween calmneſs and deſpondence, ſaying, "And how has this come to paſs?"

Again ſhe got behind him, and in a voice ſcarcely audible, ſaid, Eugenia would, the next morning, explain all.

"Very well, I will wait;" he quietly, but with palpably ſtifled emotions, anſwered: "Go, my love, go to Lavinia; open to her your heart; you will find conſolation in her kindneſs. My heart, I confeſs, is now weighed down with ſorrow, and this laſt and unexpected ſtroke will demand ſome time, ſome ſoli-tude, to be yielded to as it ought." He then held out to her his hand, which ſhe could ſcarcely approach from trembling, and ſcarcely kiſs for weeping, and added: "I know what you feel for me—and know, too, that my loſs to yours is nothing,—for yours is not to be eſtimated! you are young, however, and, with yourſelf, it may paſs away . . . but your mother—my heart, Ca-milla, is rent for your unfortunate mother!"

He then embraced her, called Lavinia, and retired for the night.

Terribly it paſſed with them all.

The

The next morning, before they assembled to breakfast, Eugenia was in the chamber of Camilla.

She entered with a bright beam upon her countenance, which, in defiance of the ravaging distemper that had altered her, gave it an expression almost celestial. It was the pure emanation of virtue, of disinterested, of even heroic virtue. "Camilla!" she cried, "all is settled with my uncle! Indiana . . . you will not wonder—consents; and already this morning I have written to Mr. Mel - - -"

With all her exaltation, her voice faultered at the name, and with a faint smile, but deep blush, she called for the congratulations of her sister upon her speedy success.

"Ah, far more than my congratulations, my esteem, my veneration is yours, dear and generous Eugenia! true daughter of my mother! and proudest recompence of my father!"

She was not sufficiently serene to give any particulars of the transaction; and Mr. Tyrold soon sent for her to his room.

Camilla, trembling and hanging over her, said: "You will do for me, I know, better than I could do for myself;—but spare poor Lionel—and be just to Edgar!—"

Eugenia strictly obeyed; and Mr. Tyrold, by this means, gathered no further in-

telligence than that the parting had been occafioned by fome mutual, though flight diffatisfaction. He ftill hoped, therefore, they might meet again; and refolved, till he could better judge what might prove the event, to keep this diftrefs from Sir Hugh.

He then met Camilla with the moft confolatory kindnefs; yet would not truft her ardent mind with the hopes he cherifhed himfelf, dreading infinitely more to give than to receive difappointment. He blamed her for admitting any doubts of the true regard of Edgar, in whom promife was always fhort of performance; and whom he conceived difpleafed by undue expectations of profeffions, which the very fincerity of his rational and manly character prevented him from making.

The ftory of Eugenia herfelf he learnt with true admiration, and gave to her magnanimity its deareft meed, in her mother's promifed, and his own immediate approbation.

But Sir Hugh, notwithftanding all Eugenia could urge in favour of Melmond, had heard her account with grief and refentment. All, however, being actually ready for the double wedding, he could not, he faid, anfwer to his confcience doing fo much for the reft, and refufing the fame for Indiana, whom he called upon to accept or reject the preparations made for her coufin.

Indiana

Indiana ſtood fluttering for a few minutes between the exultation of being the firſt bride, and the mortification of marrying a man without fortune or title.

She retired for a ſhort conference with Miſs Margland, who was nearly in an equal dilemma, from unwillingneſs to diſpoſe of her beautiful pupil without a title, and from eagerneſs to quit Cleves, which ſhe thought a convent for dullneſs, and a priſon for confinement. Melmond had ſtrongly in his favour the received maxim amongſt match-makers, that a young lady without fortune has a leſs and leſs chance of getting off upon every public appearance, which they call a public failure: their joint deliberations were, however, interrupted by an abrupt intruſion of Molly Mill, who announced ſhe had juſt heard that Miſs Dennel was going to be married.

This information ended the diſcuſſion. The diſgrace of a bridal appearance anticipated in the neighbourhood by ſuch a chit, made Indiana haſtily run down ſtairs, and tell her uncle that the merit of Melmond determined her to refuſe every body for his ſake.

A man and horſe, therefore, at break of day the next morning, were ſent off by Eugenia to Southampton with theſe words:

To FREDERIC MELMOND, *Eſq;*

'You will be welcome, Sir, at Cleves, where you will forget, I hope, every painful ſenſation, in the happineſs which awaits you, and diſmiſs all retroſpection, to return with ſincerity the ſerene friendſhip of

EUGENIA TYROLD.

Mr. Tyrold now viſited Cleves with only his younger daughter, and excuſed the non-appearance there, for the preſent, of Camilla; acknowledging that ſome peculiar incidents, which he could not yet explain, kept Mandlebert away, and muſt poſtpone the celebration of the marriage.

The vexation this gave Sir Hugh redoubled his wiſh to break to him the evil by degrees, if to break it to him at all ſhould become indiſpenſable.

CHAP. IV.

A Hint for Debtors.

Mr. Tyrold was well aware that to keep from Sir Hugh the affliction of Camilla, he muſt keep from him Camilla herſelf: for though her ſighs ſhe could ſuppreſs, and her tears diſperſe, her voice had loſt its tone, her countenance its gaiety; her eyes no longer ſparkled, her very ſmiles betrayed anguiſh. He was the laſt to wonder at her ſufferings, for Edgar was nearly as dear to him as herſelf; but he knew not, that, added to this annihilation of happineſs, her peace was conſumed by her ſecret knowledge of the evils yet impending for himſelf and for her uncle. Concealment, always abhorrent to her nature, had, till now, been unknown even to her thoughts; and its weight, from a ſpecies of culpability that ſeemed attached to its practice, was, at times, more dreadful to bear than the loſs even of Edgar himſelf. The latter blackened every proſpect of felicity; but the former, ſtill more tremendous to the pure principles in which ſhe had been educated, ſeemed to ſtrike even at her innocence. The firſt wiſh of an ingenuous

genuous mind is to anticipate even enquiry; the feeling, therefore, that moſt heavily weighs it down, is any fear of detection.

While they were at breakfaſt the following morning, the ſervant brought in the name of Dr. Marchmont.

Camilla felt nearly fainting. Why he was come — whence — whether Edgar accompanied him — or ſent by him any meſſage—whether he were returned to Beach Park—or ſailed for the Continent——were doubts that preſſed ſo faſt, and ſo vehemently upon her mind, that ſhe feared to quit the room leſt ſhe ſhould meet Edgar in the paſſage, and feared ſtill more to continue in it, leſt Dr. Marchmont ſhould enter without him. Mr. Tyrold, who participated in all her feelings, and ſhared the ſame ideas, gently committed her to Lavinia, and went into his ſtudy to the doctor.

His own illuſion was there quickly deſtroyed. The looks of Dr. Marchmont boded nothing that was happy. They wore not their cuſtomary expreſſion. The gravity of Mr. Tyrold ſhewed a mind prepared for ill news, if not already oppreſſed with it, and the doctor, after a few general ſpeeches, delivered the letter from Edgar.

Mr. Tyrold received it with a ſecret ſhuddering: "Where," he ſaid, "is Mandlebert at preſent?"

"I believe, by this time—at the Hague."

This ſentence, with the grieved, yet ſtill air and tone of voice which accompanied it, was death at once to every flattering hope; he immediately read the letter, which, conceived in the tendereſt terms of reverence and affection, took a ſhort and ſimple, though touchingly reſpectful leave of the purpoſed connection, and demoliſhed at once every diſtant view of future conciliation.

He hung his head a moment, and ſighed from the bottom of his heart; but the reſignation which he ſummoned upon every ſorrow was never deaf to his call, and when he had ſecretly ejaculated a ſhort and ſilent prayer for fortitude to his beloved wife, he turned calmly to the doctor, and began converſing upon other affairs.

Dr. Marchmont preſumed not to manifeſt the commiſeration with which he was filled. He ſaw the true chriſtian, enduring with humility misfortune, and the reſpectable parent ſupporting the dignity of his daughter by his own. To the firſt character, complaint was forbidden; to the ſecond, it would have been degrading. He looked at him with veneration, but to ſpare further uſeleſs and painful efforts, ſoon took leave.

Mr. Tyrold, ſhaking hands with him, ſaid, as they were parting, "when you write to Mandlebert, aſſure him of my conſtant affection.

fection. The world, Dr. Marchmont, is too full of real evil, for me at leaſt, to cauſe one moment of unneceſſary uneaſineſs to any of its poor pilgrims. 'Tis ſtrange, my dear doctor, this is not more generally conſidered, ſince the advantage would be ſo reciprocal from man to man. But wrapt up in our own ſhort moments, we forget our neighbour's long hours, and exiſtence is ultimately embittered to all, by the refined ſuſceptibility for ourſelves that monopolizes our feelings."

Doctor Marchmont, who in this laſt ſentence conſtrued a ſlight reflection upon Edgar, expreſſively anſwered, " Our ſenſiblity for others is not always dormant, becauſe not apparent.—How much of worth and excellence may two characters ſeparately poſſeſs, where yet there are diſuniting particles which impede their harmonizing with each other!"

Mr. Tyrold, powerfully ſtruck, ſaw now the general nature of the conceptions which had cauſed this lamented breach. He could not concur, but he would not attempt to controvert: opinion in this caſe muſt have even the precedence of juſtice. If Edgar thought his daughter of a diſpoſition with which his own could not ſympathiſe, it were vain to expatiate upon her virtues or her ſweetneſs; that one doubt previouſly taken might mar their aſſimilating efficacy. Comprehending,

prehending, therefore, the cauſe at large, he deſired no detail; the words of Dr. Marchmont, though deciſive, were not offenſive, and they parted perfect friends, each perceiving, yet forgiving, that each caſt upon the other the error of falſe reaſoning; Edgar to the one, and Camilla to the other, appearing faultleſs in the ſeparation.

But not in the taſk which ſucceeded were their offices as eaſy to be compared. Dr. Marchmont wrote to Edgar that all was quietly relinquiſhed, and his meaſures were honourably acquitted; while Mr. Tyrold, ſhut up in his ſtudy, ſpent there ſome of the ſevereſt minutes of his life, in ſtruggling for the equanimity he coveted to pronounce to his daughter this laſt doom. Pity for her ſuſpence accelerated his efforts, and he then ſent for her down ſtairs.

His utmoſt compoſure, in ſuch an interview, was highly neceſſary for both. The pale and trembling Camilla advanced with downcaſt eyes; but when he took her in his arms, and kiſſed her, a ſudden ray of hope ſhot acroſs her quick imagination, and ſhe looked up: an inſtant was now ſufficient to rectify her miſtake. The tenderneſs of her father wore no air of congratulation, it was the mere offspring of compaſſion, and the woe with which it was mixt, though mild, though

though patient, was too potent to require words for explanation.

The glance sufficed; her head dropt, her tears in torrents bathed his bosom; and ſhe retired to Lavinia while yet neither of them had ſpoken.

Mr. Tyrold, contented with virtuous exertions, demanded not impoſſibilities; he left to nature that firſt grief which too early exhortation or controul rather inflames than appeaſes. He then brought her back to his apartment.

He conjured her, there, to remember that ſhe grieved not alone; that where the tears flowed not ſo faſt from the eyes, the ſources were not dry whence they ſprung, and that bridled ſorrow was ſometimes the moſt ſuffering.

"Alas, my deareſt father, to think you mourn too—and for me!—will that leſſen what I feel?"

"Yes, my dear child, by a generous duty it will point out to watch that the exceſs of one affliction involve you not in another."

"What a motive," ſhe anſwered, "for exertion! If the ſmalleſt part of your happineſs—of my honoured mother's—depends upon mine, I ſhall be unhappy, I think, no more!"

A guſh of tears ill accorded with this fond declaration; but Mr. Tyrold, without noticing

ticing them, kindly replied, "Let your filial affection, my child, check the inordinacy of your affliction, and I will accept with pleasure for your virtuous mother, and with thanks for myself, the exertion which, beginning for our sakes, may lead you to that self denial which is the parent of our best human actions, and approximates us the most to what is divine."

Broken-hearted as was Camilla, her sorrows would, at least apparently, have abated from consolation so tender, if all she felt had been known; if no latent and lurking evil had hung upon her sprits, defeating all argument, and blighting all comfort, by the cruel consciousness of concealed mischief, which while incessantly she studied the best moment for revealing, accident might prematurely betray.

Upon this subject her thoughts were unremittingly bent, till, in a few days time, she received a letter from Mrs. Mittin, informing her she had just seen the money-lender, Mr. Clykes, who, finding her so much under age, would not undertake the business for less than ten per cent. nor without a free premium of at least twenty pounds.

The latter demand, so entirely out of her power to grant, gave to her the mental strength she had yet sought in vain; and determining to end this baneful secret, she

seized

ſeized her own firſt moment of emotion for reſolving to relate to her father the whole of her diſtreſſes, and caſt herſelf upon his mercy.

I ſhall be happier, ſhe cried, much happier, as, with tottering ſteps, ſhe hurried to the ſtudy ; he will be lenient, I know ;—and even if not, what diſpleaſure can I incur ſo ſevere as this eternal apprehenſion of diſcovery ?

But her plan, though well formed, had fixed upon an ill-timed moment for its execution. She entered the room with an agitation which rather ſought than ſhunned remark, that ſome enquiry might make an opening for her confeſſion : but Mr. Tyrold was intently reading a letter, and examining ſome papers, from which he raiſed not his eyes at her approach. She ſtood fearfully before him till he had done ; but then, ſtill not looking up, he leant his head upon his hand, with a countenance ſo diſturbed, that, alarmed from her deſign, by the apprehenſion he had received ſome ill tidings from Liſbon, ſhe aſked, in a faint voice, if the foreign poſt were come in ?

" I hope not !" he anſwered : " I ſhould look with pain, at this moment, upon the hand of your unhappy mother !"

Camilla, affrighted, knew not now what to conjecture ; but gliding into her pocket the

the letter of Mrs. Mittin, stood suspended from her purpose.

"What a reception," he presently added, "is preparing for that noblest of women when her exile may end! That epoch, to which I have looked forward as the brightener of my every view upon earth—how is it now clouded!"

Given her, then, the letter and papers; "The son," he said, "who once I had hoped would prove the guardian of his sisters, the honour of his mother's days, the future prop of my own—See, Camilla, on how sandy a foundation mortal man builds mortal hopes!"

The letter was from a very respectable tradesman, containing a complaint that, for the three years Lionel had been at the University, he had never paid one bill, though he continually ordered new articles: and begging Mr. Tyrold would have the goodness to settle the accounts he enclosed; the young gentleman, after fixing a day for payment, having suddenly absconded without notice to any one.

"The sum, you see," continued Mr. Tyrold, "amounts to one hundred and seventy-one pounds; a sum, for my income, enormous. The allowance I made this cruel boy, was not only adequate to all his proper wants, and reasonable desires, but all

all I could afford without diftreffing myfelf, or injuring my other children: yet it has ferved him, I imagine, but for pocket money! The fums he has extorted from both his uncles, muft have been fwallowed up at a gaming table. Into what wretched courfes has he run! Thefe bills, large as they are, I regard but as forerunners of others; all he has received he has fquandered upon his vices, and to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, I may expect an encreafing lift of his debts, from whoever he has employed."

Camilla, overwhelmed with internal fhame, yet more powerful than grief itfelf, ftood motionlefs. Thefe expences appeared but like a fecond part of her own, which now feemed to herfelf not lefs wanton in extravagance.

Surprifed by her entire filence, Mr. Tyrold looked up. Her cheeks, rather livid than pale, and the deep difmay of her countenance, extremely affected him. The kindnefs of his embraces relieved her by melting her into tears, though the fpeech which accompanied them was, to her confcioufnefs, but reproach: "Let not your fifterly feelings thus fubdue you, my deareft Camilla. Be comforted that you have given us no affliction yourfelf, fave what we muft feel for your own undefervedly altered profpects. No unthinking imprudence, no unfeeling felfifhnefs,

ſelfiſhneſs, has ever, for an inſtant, driven from your thoughts what you owe to your duty, or weakened your pleaſure in every endearing filial tie. Let this chear you, my child; and let us all try to ſubmit calmly to our general diſappointment."

Praiſe thus ill-timed, rather probed than healed her wounds. Am I puniſhed? am I puniſhed? ſhe internally exclaimed; but could not bear to meet the eyes of her father, whoſe indulgence ſhe felt as if abuſing, and whoſe good opinion ſeemed now but a deluſion. Again he made her over to the gentle Lavinia for comfort, and fearing ſerious ill effects from added miſery, exerted himſelf, from this time, to appear chearful when ſhe was preſent.

His predictions failed not to be fulfilled: the application made by one creditor, ſoon reached every other, and urged ſimilar meaſures. Bills therefore came in daily, with petitions for payment; and as Lionel ſtill wanted a month or two of being of age, his creditors depended with confidence upon the reſponſibility of his father.

Nor here cloſed the claims ſpringing from general ill conduct. Two young men of faſhion, hard preſſed for their own failures, ſtated to Mr. Tyrold the debts of honour owing them from Lionel: and three notorious gameſters, who had drawn in the un-

thinking

thinking youth to his ruin, enforced the ſame information, with a hint that, if they were left unſatisfied the credit of the young man ſhould fall the ſacrifice of their ill treatment.

The abſence of Mrs. Tyrold at this period, by ſparing her daily difficulty as well as pain, was rejoiced in by her huſband; though never ſo ſtrongly had he wanted her aiding counſel, her equal intereſt, and her conſoling participation. Obliged to act without them, his deliberation was ſhort and deciſive for his meaſures, but long and painful for their means of execution. He at once determined to pay, though for the laſt time, all the trades people; but the manner of obtaining the money required more conſideration.

The bills, when all collected, amounted to ſomething above five hundred pounds, which was but one hundred ſhort of his full yearly income.

Of this, he had always contrived to lay by an hundred pounds annually, which ſum, with its accumulating intereſt, was deſtined to be divided between Lavinia and Camilla. Eugenia required nothing; and Lionel was to inherit the paternal little fortune. The portion of Mrs. Tyrold, which was ſmall, the eſtate of her father having been almoſt all entailed upon Mr. Relvil, was to be divided equally amongſt her children.

To

To take from the little hoard which, with ſo tender a care, he had heaped for the daughters, ſo large a ſhare for the ſon, and to anſwer demands ſo unduly raiſed, and ill deſerved, was repulſive to his inclination, and ſhocked his ſtrong ſenſe of equal juſtice. To apply to Mr. Relvil would be prepoſterous; for though upon him dwelt all his ultimate hopes for Lionel, he knew him, at this moment, to be ſo ſuffering, and ſo irritated, that to hear of any new miſdemeanours might incenſe him to an irrevocable diſinheritance.

With regard to Sir Hugh, nothing was too much to expect from his generous kindneſs; yet he knew that his bountiful heart had always kept his income from overflowing; and that, for three years paſt, Lionel had drained it without mercy. His preparations alſo for the double marriages, had of late much ſtraitened him. To take up even the ſmalleſt part of what, in leſs expenſive times, he had laid by, he would regard as a breach of his ſolemn vow, by which he imagined himſelf bound to leave Eugenia the full property ſhe would have poſſeſſed, had he died inſtantly upon making it. Reaſon might have ſhewn this a tie of ſupererogation; but where any man conceived himſelf obeying the dictates of his con-

conſcience, Mr. Tyrold held his motives too ſacred for diſpute.

The painful reſult of this afflicting meditation, was laying before his daughters the whole of his difficulties, and demanding if they would willingly concur in paying their brother's bills from their appropriate little ſtore, by adopting an altered plan of life, and ſevere ſelf-denial of their preſent eaſe and elegance, to aid its ſpeedy replacement.

Their ſatisfaction in any expedient to ſerve their brother that ſeemed to fall upon themſelves, was ſincere, was even joyful: but they jointly beſought that the ſum might be freely taken up, and deducted for evermore from the hoard; ſince no earthly gratification could be ſo great to them, as contributing their mite to prevent any deprivation of domeſtic enjoyment to their beloved parents.

His eyes gliſtened, but not from grief; it was the pleaſure of virtuous happineſs, in their purity of filial affection. But though he knew their ſincerity, he would not liſten to their petition. "You are not yet," ſaid he, "aware what your future calls may be for money. What I have yet been able to ſave, without this unexpected ſeizure, would be inedequate to your even decent maintenance, ſhould any accident ſtop ſhort its increaſe. Weep not, my dear children! my health

644

health is ftill good, and my profpect of lengthened life feems fair. It would be, however, a temporal folly as well as a fpiritual prefumption, to forget the precarious tenure of human exiftence. My life, my dear girls, will be happier, without being fhorter, for making provifions for its worldly ceffation."

"But, Sir! but my father!" cried Camilla, hanging over him, and lofing in filial tendernefs her perfonal diftreffes; "if your manner of living is altered, and my dear mother returns home and fees you relinquifhing any of your fmall, your temperate indulgencies, may it not yet more embitter her fufferings and her difpleafure for the unhappy caufe? For her fake then, if not for ours"——

"Do not turn away, deareft Sir!" cried Lavinia; "what mother ever merited to have her peace the firft ftudy of her children, if it is not ours?"

"O Providence benign!" faid Mr. Tyrold, folding them to his heart, "how am I yet bleffed in my children!—True and excellent daughters of my invaluable wife—this little narration is the folace I fhall have to offer for the grief I muft communicate."

He would not, however, hearken to their propofition; his peace, he faid, required not only immediate meafures for replacing what he muft borrow, but alfo that no chafm

ſhould have lieu in funding his uſual annual ſum for them. All he would accept was the ſame ſevere forbearance he ſhould inſtantly practiſe himſelf, and which their mother, when reſtored to them, would be the firſt to adopt and improve.

Mr. Tyrold had too frequent views of the brevity of human life to poſtpone, even from one ſun to another, any action he deemed eſſential. A new general ſyſtem, therefore, immediately pervaded his houſe. Two of the ſervants, with whom he beſt could diſpenſe, were diſcharged; which hurt him more than any other privation, for he loved, and was loved by every domeſtic who lived with him. His table, always ſimple though elegant, was now reduced to plain neceſſaries; he parted with every horſe, but one to whoſe long ſervices he held himſelf a debtor; and whatever, throughout the whole œconomy of his ſmall eſtabliſhment, admitted ſimplifying, deducting, or aboliſhment, received, without delay, its requiſite alteration or diſmiſſion.

Theſe new regulations were quietly, but completely, put in practice, before he would diſcharge one bill for his ſon; to whom nevertheleſs, though his conduct was ſtrict, his feelings were ſtill lenient. He attributed not to moral turpitude his errours nor his crimes, but to the prevalence of ill example,

and to an unjuſtifiable aud dangerous levity, which irreſiſtibly led him to treat with mockery and trifling the moſt ſerious ſubjects. The puniſhment, however, which he had now drawn upon himſelf, would yet, he hoped, touch his heart.

But the debts called debts of honour, met not with ſimilar treatment. He anſwered with ſpirited reſentment demands he deemed highly flagitious, counſelling thoſe who ſent them, when next they applied to an unhappy family to whoſe calamities they had contributed, to enquire firſt if its principles, as well as its fortune, made the hazards of gaming amongſt its domeſtic reſponſibilities.

CHAP. V.

A Lover's Eye.

THE ferenity of virtue would now again have made its abode the breaft of Mr. Tyrold, but for the conftant wretchednefs to which he faw his daughter a prey. With the benigneft pity he ftrove to revive her; a pity unabated by any wonder, unalloyed with any blame. His wonder fell all upon Edgar, whom he confidered as refining away mortal happinefs, by diffatisfaction that it was not divine; but his cenfure, which he referved wholly for vice, exonerated them both. Still, however, he flattered himfelf that ere long, her tranquillity would return, from fuch an exertion of filial and fifterly duties: that induftry would fweeten reft, virtue gild privation, and felf-approvance convert every facrifice into enjoyment.

But peace fuch as this was far from her bofom. While the defertion of Edgar had tolled the death bell to all her hopes, an unremitting contention difturbed her mind, whether to avow or conceal her fituation with regard to the money-lender. The reflections of every night brought a diffatisfaction in her conduct, which determined her

her upon an openneſs the moſt undiſguiſed for the following morning: but timidity, and the deſire of reprieve from the fearful taſk, again, the following morning, regularly postponed her purpoſe.

In the firſt horror occaſioned by her father's diſtreſs from the bills of her brother, ſhe wrote a ſupplicating letter to Mrs. Mittin, to entreat ſhe would endeavour to quiet her creditors till ſhe could arrange ſomething for their payment. And while this produced a correſpondence replete with danger, difficulty, and impropriety, a new circumſtance occurred, which yet more cruelly embittered her conflicting emotions. Lavinia, in the virtuous eagerneſs of her heart to forward the general œconomy, inſiſted wholly to relinquiſh, for this year, her appropriate allowance. Camilla, at this propoſition, retreated in agony to her chamber. To make the ſame was impoſſible; for how, then, find intereſt for the money-lender? yet to withſtand ſo juſt an example, ſeemed a diſgrace to every duty and every feeling.

Lavinia, who, in her countenance and abrupt departure, read the new diſtreſs ſhe had incautiouſly excited, with a thouſand ſelf-reproaches followed her. She had conſidered but the common cauſe when ſhe ſpoke, without weighing the ſtrange appear-

ance of not being feconded by her fifter: but her mind was amongft the laft to covet the narrow praife of infidious comparifon; and her concern for the propofal fhe had made, when fhe faw its effect, was as deep as that of Camilla in hearing it, though not attended with the fame aggravations.

Mr. Tyrold remained utterly furprized. The generous and difinterefted nature of Camilla, made it impoffible to fufpect her reftrained by a greater love of money than Lavinia; and he could not endure to fuppofe her late vifits to public places, had rendered perfonal œconomy more painful. But he would make no enquiry that might feem a reproach; nor fuffer any privation or contribution that was not chearful and voluntary.

* * * *

The purchafes for the wedding of Mifs Dennel being now made, that young lady came down to the country to folemnize her nuptials, accompanied by Mrs. Mittin, who inftantly vifited Camilla. She could fettle nothing, fhe faid, with the money-lender, without the premium; but as fhe was amongft the moft fertile of expedient-mongers, fhe foon ftarted a method for raifing it. She afked to look at what Camilla poffeffed of trinkets: and

and the prize ear-rings of Tunbridge, the ear-rings and necklace of Southampton, and ſeveral ſmall toys occaſionally given her, were collected. The locket ſhe alſo demanded, to make weight; but neither that, nor the peculiar gifts, as keepſakes, of her father, mother, or uncle, conſiſting of a ſeal, a ring, and a watch, would ſhe part with. What ſhe would relinquiſh, however, Mrs. Mittin diſpoſed of to one of her numerous friends; but they raiſed only, when intrinſically valued, ſixteen pounds. Lavinia then inſiſted upon coming forward with a contribution of every trinket ſhe was worth, ſave what had the ſame ſacred motives of detention: and the twenty pounds, without any ceremony of acknowledgment, were delivered to Mr. Clykes; who then took into his own hands the payment of the hundred and eighteen pounds; for which he received a bond, ſigned by Camilla, and witneſſed by Mrs. Mittin; and another note of hand, promiſing ten per cent. intereſt for the ſum, till the principal were repaid. Theſe two notes, he acknowledged, were mere pledges of honour, as the law would treat her as an infant: but he never acted without them, as they prevented miſtakes in private dealings.

This important affair arranged, Camilla felt ſomewhat more at eaſe; ſhe was relieved

ſrom hourly alarms, and left the miſtreſs to make her confeſſion as circumſtances directed. But ſhe did not obtain for nothing the agency of Mrs. Mittin, who at every viſit made at Etherington from this time, obſerved ſomething in the apparel of Camilla that was utterly old faſhioned, or too mean for her to wear; but which would do well enough for herſelf, when vamped up as ſhe knew how.

* * * *

During this unhappy period at Etherington, a brighter though not unclouded ſcene, was exhibited at Cleves. Melmond arrived; he was permitted to pay his addreſſes to the fair Indiana, and believed felicity celeſtial accorded to him even upon earth.

But this adored object herſelf ſuffered ſome ſevere repining at her fate, when ſhe ſaw, from her window, her lover gallop into the park without equipage, without domeſtics, and mounted on a hired horſe. The grimacing ſhrugs of Miſs Margland ſhewed ſhe entered into this mortification; and they were nearly conſpiring to diſmiſs the ignoble pretender, when a letter, which he modeſtly ſent up, from his ſiſter, inviting Indiana to paſs a few weeks in Groſvenor Square, once again ſecured the intereſt of the brother. She ſuffered, therefore, Sir Hugh

to

to hand her down ſtairs, and the enamoured Melmond thought himſelf the moſt bleſt of men.

The ſight of ſuch eager enjoyment, and the really amiable qualities of this youth, ſoon completely reconciled the Baronet to this new buſineſs; for he ſaw no reaſon, he ſaid, in fact, why one niece had not as good a right to be married firſt as another. The generous and ſentimental Eugenia never ceaſed her kind offices, and ſteadily wore an air of tolerable chearfulneſs all day, though her pillow was nightly wetted with tears for her unfortunate lot.

Nor, with all her native equanimity and acquired philoſophy, was this a ſituation to bring back ſerenity. The enthuſiaſtic raptures of Melmond elevated him, in her eyes, to ſomething above human; and while his adoration of Indiana preſented to her a picture of all ſhe thought moſt faſcinating, his grateful ſoftneſs of reſpect to herſelf, was penetratingly touching to her already conquered heart.

Indiana, meanwhile, began ere long, to catch ſome of the pleaſure ſhe inſpired. The paſſionate animation of Melmond, ſoon not only reſumed its firſt power, but became even eſſential to her. No one elſe had yet ſeemed to think her ſo completely a goddeſs, except Mr. Macderſey, whom ſhe

hardly expected ever to see again. With Melmond she could do nothing that did not make her appear to him still more lovely: and though her whims, thus indulged, became almost endless, they but kindled with fresh flame his admiration. If she fretted, he thought her all sensibility; if she pouted, all dignity; if her laughter was unmeaning, she was made up of innocent gaiety: if what she said was shallow, he called her the child of pure nature; if she were angry, how becoming was her spirit! and even if illiberal, how noble her frankness! Her person charmed his eye, but his own imagination framed her mind, and while his enchanted faculties were the mere slaves of her beauty, they persuaded themselves they were vanquished by every other perfection.

* * * *

Mr. Tyrold had not yet related Edgar's defection to Sir Hugh; though from the moment the time of hope was past, he wished to end that of expectation. But the pressure of the affairs of Lionel detained him at Etherington, and he could not bear to give grief to his brother, till he could soften its effect by the consolation of some residence at Cleves. This time now arrived; and the next day was fixed for his

painful

painful taſk, in which he meant to ſpare Camilla any ſhare, when Jacob begged immediate admittance into the ſtudy, where Mr. Tyrold and his daughters were drinking tea.

His ſcared look inſtantly announced ill news. Mr. Tyrold was alarmed, Lavinia was frightened, and Camilla exclaimed, "Jacob, ſpeak at once!"

He begged to ſit down.

Camilla ran to get him a chair.

"Is my brother well, Jacob?" cried Mr. Tyrold.

"Why, pretty well, conſidering Sir,—but theſe are vaſt bad times for us!"

"O! if my uncle is but well," cried Camilla, relieved from her firſt dreadful doubt, "all, I hope, will do right!"

"Why, ay, Miſs," ſaid Jacob, ſmiling, "I knew you'd be maſter's beſt comfort; and ſo I told him, and ſo he ſays, for that matter himſelf, as I've got to tell you from him, But, for all that, he takes on prodigious bad. I never ſaw him in the like way, except juſt that time when Miſs Geny had the ſmall pox."

They all ſupplicated him to forbear further comments, and then gathered, that a money-agent, employed by young Lynmere, had juſt arrived at Cleves; where, with bitter complaints, he related that, having been

been duped into believing him heir to Sir Hugh Tyrold, he had been prevailed with to grant him money, to pay certain bills contracted in Leipfic, for goods fent thither by his order, to the amount of near thirteen hundred pounds, without the intereft, of which he fhould give a feparate account: that he had vainly applied to the young gentleman for reimburfement, who had finally affured him he was juft difinherited by his uncle. No hope, therefore, remained to fave him from the ruin of this affair, but in the compaffion of the Baronet, which he now came moft humbly to folicit.

While Mr. Tyrold, in filent furprife and concern, liftened to a narrative that placed his brother in difficulties fo fimilar to his own, Camilla, finking back in her chair, looked pale, looked almoft lifelefs. The hiftory of the debts fhe already knew, and had daily expected to hear; but the circumftance of the money-lender, and the delufion concerning the inheritance, fo refembled her own terrible, and yet unknown ftory, that fhe felt perfonally involved in all the fhame and horror of the relation.

Mr. Tyrold, who believed her fuffering all for her uncle, made further enquiries, while Lavinia tenderly fuftained her. "Don't take on fo, dear Mifs," faid Jacob, "for all our hope is in you, as Mafter and I both

faid;

ſaid; and he bid me tell you, that as ſoon as ever the wedding's over, he'd accept Squire Mandlebert's kind invitation to Beech Park, and bide there till he gets clear, as one may ſay."

Mr. Tyrold now required no aſſigned motive for the exceſſive diſtreſs of his daughter, and haſtened to turn Jacob from this too terribly trying ſubject, by ſaying "My brother then means to pay theſe demands?"

"Lauk, yes, Sir! his honour pays every thing as any body aſks him."

Mr. Tyrold, with ſome energy, then added: "The intereſt, at leaſt, I hope he will not diſcharge; for thoſe dangerous vultures, who lie in wait for the weak or erring, to encourage their frailties or vices, by affording them means to purſue them, deſerve much ſeverer puniſhment than merely loſing a recompenſe for their iniquitous ſnares."

This was quite too much for the already diſordered Camilla; ſhe quitted her ſiſter, glided out of the room, and delivered herſelf over as a prey no longer to ſorrow but remorſe. Her conduct ſeemed to have been preciſely the conduct of Clermont, and ſhe felt herſelf dreadfully implicated as one of the *weak or erring*, guilty of *frailties or vices*.

That

That an uncle ſo dearly loved ſhould believe ſhe was forming an eſtabliſhment which would afford him an aſylum during his difficulties, now every proſpect of that eſtabliſhment was over, was ſo heart-piercing a circumſtance, that to her father it ſeemed ſufficient for the whole of what ſhe endured. He made her over, therefore, to Lavinia, while he haſtened to Cleves; for Jacob, when he had ſaid all he was ordered to ſay, all he had gathered himſelf, and all he was able to ſuggeſt, finiſhed with letting him know that his maſter begged he would ſet out that very moment.

The time of his abſenee was ſpent by Camilla in an anguiſh that, at his return, ſeemed quite to have changed her. He was alarmed, and redoubled his tenderneſs; but his tenderneſs was no longer her joy. He knows not, ſhe thought, whom he careſſes; knows not that the wounds juſt beginning to heal for the ſon, are ſoon to be again opened by the daughter!

Yet her affections were all awake to enquire after her uncle; and when ſhe heard that nothing could ſo much ſooth him as her ſight, all fear of his comments, all terror of exertion, ſubſided in the poſſible chance of conſoling him: and Mr. Tyrold, who thought every act of duty led to chearfulneſs,

neſs, ſent to deſire the carriage might fetch her the next morning.

He paſſed ſlightly over to Camilla the ſcene he had himſelf gone through; but he confeſſed to Lavinia its difficulty and pain. Sir Hugh had acknowledged he had drawn his bankers dry, but nevertheleſs was determined upon paying every ſhilling of the demand, not only for the debts, but for the complicate intereſt; becauſe, he ſaid, he had it upon his conſcience that the firſt fault was his own, in letting the poor boy leave the kingdom, without clearing up to him that he had made Eugenia his excluſive heireſs. It was in vain Mr. Tyrold pointed out, that no future hopes of wealth could exculpate this unauthorized extravagance in Clermont, and no diſſipation in Clermont could apologize for the clandeſtine loan, and its illegal intereſt: "The poor boy," ſaid he, "did it all knowing no better, which how can I expect, when I did wrong myſelf, being his uncle? Though, if I were to have twenty more nephews and nieces in future, the firſt word I ſhould ſay to them would be to tell them I ſhould give them nothing; to the end that having no hope, they might all be happy one as another." All, therefore, that was left for Mr. Tyrold, was to counſel him upon the beſt and ſhorteſt means of raiſing the ſum; and for this purpoſe,

pose, he meant to be with him again the next day.

This affair, however, with all irs reproach for the paſt, and all its ſacrifices for the time to come, by no means ſo deeply affected Sir Hugh as the blow Mr. Tyrold could no longer ſpare concerning Edgar. It ſunk to his heart, diſpirited him to tears, and ſent him extremely ill to bed.

The chaiſe came early the next morning, and Mr. Tyrold had the pleaſure to ſee Camilla exert herſelf to appear leſs ſad. Lavinia was alſo of the party, as he meant to ſtay the whole day.

Eugenia met them in the hall, with the welcome intelligence that Sir Hugh, though he had paſſed a wretched night, was now ſomewhat better, and conſiderably cheared, by a viſit from his old Yorkſhire friend, Mr. Weſtwyn.

Nevertheleſs, Sir Hugh diſmiſſed him, and every body elſe, to receive Camilla alone.

She endeavoured to approach him calmly, but his own unchecked emotions ſoon overſet her borrowed fortitude, and the interview proved equally afflicting to both. The cruel miſchiefs brought upon him by Clermont, were as nothing in the balance of his misfortunes, when oppoſed to the ſight of ſorrow upon that face which hitherto had ſo

ſo conſtantly enlivened him as an image of joy: and with her, every ſelf-diſappointment yielded, for the moment, to the regret of loſing ſo precious a bleſſing, as offering a refuge, in a time of difficulty, to an uncle ſo dear to her.

Mr. Tyrold would not ſuffer this ſcene to be long uninterrupted; he entered, with a chearing countenance, that compelled them to dry their tears, and told them the Weſtwyns could not much longer be left out, though they remained well contented, for the preſent, with Miſs Margland and his other daughters. "Melmond and Indiana," added he, ſmiling, "ſeem at preſent not beings of this lower ſphere, nor to have a moment to ſpare for thoſe who are."

"That, my dear brother," anſwered the Baronet, "is all my comfort; for as to all the reſt of my marrying, you ſee what it's come to! who could have thought of young Mr. Edgar's turning out in the ſame way? I can't ſay but what I take it pretty unkind of him, letting me prepare at this rate for nothing; beſides Beech Park's being within but a ſtone's throw, as one may ſay, as well as his own agreeableneſs. However, now I've ſeen a little more of the world, I can't ſay I find much difference between the good and the bad, with reſpect to their all doing alike. The young boys now-a-day's, whatever's

ever's come to 'em, don't know what they'd be at. They think nothing of diſappointing a perſon if once they've a mind to change their minds. All one's preparations go for nothing; which they never think of."

Mr. Tyrold now prevailed for the re-admiſſion of Mr. Weſtwyn, who was accompanied by his ſon, and followed by the Cleves family.

The cheeks of Camilla recovered their uſual hue at the ſight of Henry, from the various intereſting recollections which occurred with it. She was ſeen herſelf with their original admiration, both by the father and the ſon, though with the former it was now mingled with anger, and with the latter no longer gilded with hope. Yet the complaints againſt her, which, upon his arrival, Mr. Weſtwyn meant to make, were ſoon not merely relinquiſhed, but transformed into pity, upon the view of her dejected countenance, and ſilent melancholy.

The Baronet, however, revived again, by ſeeing his old friend, whoſe humour ſo much reſembled his own, that, in Yorkſhire, he had been always his firſt favourite. Each the children of untutored nature, honeſt and open alike in their words and their dealings, their characters and their propenſities were nearly the ſame, though Sir Hugh,

more

more ſelf-formed, had a language and manner of his own; and Mr. Weſtwyn, of a temper leſs equal and leſs gentle, gave way, as they aroſe, to ſuch angry paſſions as the indulgent Baronet never felt.

"My dear friend," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "you don't take much notice of my Hal, though, I'll give you my word, you won't ſee ſuch another young fellow every day. However, it's as well not, before his face, for it might only make him think himſelf ſomebody: and that, while I am alive, I don't intend he ſhould do. I can't bear a young fellow not dutiful. I've always a bad opinion of him. I can't ſay he pleaſes me."

"My dear Weſtwyn," anſwered the Baronet, "I've no doubt but what maſter Hal is very good, for which I am truly glad. But as to much over rejoicing, now, upon the ſcore of young boys, it's what I can't do, ſeeing they've turned out ſo ill, one after another, as far as I have had to do with them: for which, however, I hope I bear 'em no malice. They've enough to anſwer for without that; which, I hope, they'll think of in time."

"Why to be ſure, Sir Hugh, if you ſet about thinking of a young fellow by the pattern of my friend Clermont, I can't ſay I'm much ſurpriſed you don't care to give him a good word; I can't ſay I am. I am pretty much of the ſame way of thinking. I love

love to ſpeak the truth." He then took Mr. Tyrold apart, and ran on with a hiſtory of all he had gathered while at Leipſic, of the conduct and way of life of Clermont Lynmere. "He was a diſgrace," ſaid he, "even to the Engliſh name, as a Profeſſor told me, that I can't remember the name of, it's ſo prodigious long; but, if it had not been for my ſon, he told me, they'd have thought all the Engliſh young fellows good for nothing, except extravagance, and eating and drinking! 'They'd all round have got an ill name,' ſays he, 'if it had not been for your ſon,' were his words, which I ſhall never forget. I ſent him over a noble pipe of Madeira, which I'd juſt got for myſelf, as ſoon as I came home. I took to him very much, I can't ſay but I did; he was a very good man; he had prodigiouſly the look of an Engliſhman. He ſaid Hal was an ornament to the univerſity. I took it very well of him. I wiſh he had not ſuch a hard name. I can never call it to mind. I hate a hard name. I can never ſpeak it without a blunder."

Sir Hugh now, who had been talking with Henry, called upon Mr. Weſtwyn, to beg his pardon for not ſpeaking of him more reſpectfully, ſaying: "I ſee he's quite agreeable, which I ſhould have noticed from the firſt, only being what I did not know;

which I hope is my excuſe; my head, my dear friend, not getting on much, in point of quickneſs: though I can't ſay it's for want of pains, ſince you and I uſed to live ſo much together; but to no great end, for I always find myſelf in the back, however it happens: which your ſon, Maſter Hal, is, I ſee, quite the contrary."

Mr. Weſtwyn was ſo much gratified by this praiſe, that he immediately confeſſed the ſcheme and wiſh he had formed of marrying Hal to Camilla, only for her not approving it. Sir Hugh proteſted nothing could give him more pleaſure than ſuch a connexion, and ſignificantly added, he had other nieces, beſides Camilla.

"Why, yes," ſaid Mr. Weſtwyn, "and I can't keep from looking at 'em; I like 'em all mightily. I'm a great friend to taking from a good ſtock. I chuſe to know what I'm about. That girl at Southampton hit my fancy prodigiouſly. But I'm not for the beauty. A beauty won't make a good wife. It takes her too much time to put her cap on. That little one, there, with the hump, which I don't mind, nor the limp neither, I like vaſtly. But I'm afraid Hal won't take to her. A young man don't much fancy an ugly girl. He's always hankering after ſomething pretty. There's that other indeed, Miſs Lavinia, is as

handſome

handſome a girl as I'd wiſh to ſee. And ſhe ſeems as good too. However, I'm not for judging all by the eye. I'm paſt that. An old man ſhould not play the fool; which I wiſh ſomebody would whiſper to a certain Lord that I know of, that don't behave quite to my mind. I'm not fond of an old fool: nor a young one neither. They make me ſick."

Sir Hugh heard and agreed to all this, with the ſame ſimplicity with which it was ſpoken; and ſoon after, Yorkſhire becoming their theme, Mr. Tyrold had the pleaſure of ſeeing his brother ſo much re-animated by the revival of old ſcenes, ideas, and connexions, that he heartily joined in preſſing the Mr. Weſtwyns to ſpend a fortnight at Cleves, to which they conſented with pleaſure.

CHAP. VI.

A Bride's Refolves.

WITH every allowance for a grief in which fo deeply he fhared, Mr. Tyrold felt nearly bowed down with forrow, when he obferved his own tendernefs abate of its power to confole, and his exhortations of their influence with his miferable daughter, whofe complicated afflictions feemed defperate to herfelf, and to him nearly hopelefs.

He now began to fear the rigid œconomy and retirement of their prefent lives might add fecret difguft or fatigue to the difappointment of her heart. He fighed at an idea fo little in unifon with all that had hitherto appeared of her difpofition; yet remembered fhe was very young and very lively, and thought that, if caught by a love of gayer fcenes than Etherington afforded, fhe was at a feafon of life which brings its own excufe for fuch venial ambition.

He propofed, therefore, making an application to Mrs. Needham, a lady high in the efteem of Mrs. Tyrold, to have the goodnefs to take the charge of carrying her a little into the world, during the abfence of her mother. But fhe fincerely declined

 this

this propofition; for, joined to the want of all fpirit for recreation, fhe had a dread of appearing in the county, left fhe fhould meet with Sir Sedley Clarendel, whofe two hundred pounds were amongft the evils ever prefent to her, though the debt to Jacob was firft to be confidered; notwithftanding he had kindly protefted he was in no hafte to be paid.

Mr. Tyrold was not forry to have his propofition declined; yet faw the fadnefs of Camilla unabated, and fuggefted, for a tranfient diverfity, a vifit to the Grove; enquiring why an acquaintance began with fo much warmth and pleafure, feemed thus utterly relinquifhed? Camilla had herfelf thought with fhame of her apparently ungrateful neglect of Mrs. Arlbery; but the five guineas fhe had borrowed, and forgotten to pay, while fhe might yet have afked them of Sir Hugh, and which now fhe had no ability any where to raife, made the idea of meeting with her painful. And thus, overwhelmed with regret and repentance for all around, her fpirits gone, and her heart funk, fhe defired never more, except for Cleves, to ftir from Etherington.

Had he feen the leaft fymptom of her revival, Mr. Tyrold would have been gratified by her ftrengthened love of home; but this was far from being the cafe; and, upon

upon the marriage of Miſs Dennel, which was now celebrated, he was glad of an opportunity to force her abroad, from the neceſſity of making a congratulatory viſit to the bride's aunt, Mrs. Arlbery.

The chariot, therefore, of Sir Hugh being borrowed, ſhe was compelled into this exertion; which was ill repaid by her reception from Mrs. Arlbery, who, hurt as well as offended by her long abſence and total ſilence, wore an air of the moſt chilling coldneſs. Camilla felt ſorry and aſhamed; but too much diſturbed to attempt any palliation for her non-appearance, and remiſſneſs of even a note or meſſage.

The room was full of morning viſitors, all collected for the ſame complimentary purpoſe; but ſhe was relieved with reſpect to her fears of Sir Sedley Clarendel, in hearing of his tour to the Hebrides.

Her mournful countenance ſoon, however, diſperſed the anger of Mrs. Arlbery. "What," cried ſhe, "has befallen you, my fair friend? if you are not immeaſurably unhappy, you are very ſeriouſly ill."

"Yes,—no,—my ſpirits—have not been good—" anſwered ſhe, ſtammering;—"but yours may, perhaps, aſſiſt to reſtore them."

The compoſition of Mrs. Arlbery had no particle of either malice or vengeance; ſhe now threw off all reſerve, and taking her by the

the hand, ſaid: "Shall I keep you to ſpend the day with me? Yes, or no? Peace or war?"

And without waiting for an anſwer, ſhe ſent back the chariot, and a meſſage to Mr. Tyrold, that ſhe would carry home his daughter in the evening.

"And now, my faithleſs Fair," cried ſhe, as ſoon as they were alone, "tell me what has led you to this abominable fickleneſs? with me, I mean! If you had grown tired of any body elſe, I ſhould have thought nothing ſo natural. But you know, I ſuppoſe, that the ſame thing we philoſophiſe into an admirably good joke for our neighbours, we moraliſe into a crime againſt ourſelves."

"I thought," ſaid Camilla, attempting to ſmile, "none but country couſins ever made apologies?"

"Nay, now, I muſt forgive you without one word more!" anſwered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, and ſhaking hands with her; "ſuch a happy citation is worth any ten offences. So, you ſee, you have nine to commit, in ſtore, clear of all damages. But the pleaſure of finding one has not ſaid a good thing only for once, thence to be forgotten and die away in the winds, is far greater than you can yet awhile conceive. In the firſt pride of youth and beauty, our attention is all upon how we are looked at. But when thoſe

thoſe begin to be ſomewhat on the wane—when that barbarous time comes into play, which revenges upon poor miſerable woman all the airs ſhe has been playing upon ſilly man—our ambition, then, is how we are liſtened to. So now, cutting ſhort reproach and excuſe, and all the wearying round of explanation, tell me a little of your hiſtory ſince we laſt met."

This was by no means what Camilla meant to undertake: but ſhe began, in a heſitating manner, to ſpeak of her little debt. Mrs. Arlbery, eagerly interrupting her, inſiſted it ſhould not be mentioned; adding: "I go on vaſtly well again; I am breaking in two ponies, and building a new phaeton; and I ſhall ſoon pay for both, without the ſmalleſt inconvenience,—except pinching my ſervants, and ſtarving my viſitors. But tell me ſomething of your adventures. You are not half ſo communicative as Rumour, which has given me a thouſand details of you, and married you and your whole ſet to at leaſt half a dozen men a-piece, ſince you were laſt at the Grove. Amongſt others, it aſſerts, that my old Lord Valhurſt was ſeriouſly at your feet? That prating Mrs. Mittin, who faſtened upon my poor little niece at Tunbridge, and who is now her factotum, pretends that my lord's

own fervants fpoke of it publicly at Mrs. Berlinton's."

This was a fact that, being thus divulged, a very few queftions made impoffible to deny; though Camilla was highly fuperior to the indelicacy and ingratitude of repaying the preference of any gentleman by publifhing his rejection.

"And what in the world, my dear child," faid Mrs. Arlbery, "could provoke you to fo wild an action as refufing him?"

"Good Heaven, Mrs. Arlbery!"

"O, what—you were not in love with him? I believe not!—but if he was in love with you, take my word for it, that would have done quite as well. 'Tis fuch a little while that fame love lafts, even when it is begun with, that you have but a few months to lofe, to be exactly upon a par with thofe who fet out with all the quivers of Cupid, darting from heart to heart. He has ftill fortune enough left for a handfome fettlement; you can't help out-living him, and then, think but how delectable would be your fituation! Freedom, money at will, the choice of your own friends, and the enjoyment of your own humour!"

"You would but try me, my dear Mrs. Arlbery; for you cannot, I am fure, believe me capable of making fo folemn an engagement for fuch felfifh purpofes."

"This

"This is all the romance of falſe reaſoning. You have not ſought the man, but the man you. You would not have ſolicited his acceptance, but yielded to his ſolicitation of yours. The balance is always juſt, where force is not uſed. The man has his reaſons for chuſing you; you have your reaſons for ſuffering yourſelf to be choſen. What his are, you have no buſineſs to enquire; nor has he the ſmalleſt right to inveſtigate yours."

This was by no means the ſtyle in which Camilla had been brought up to think of marriage; and Mrs. Arlbery preſently added: "You are grave; yet I ſpeak but as a being of the world I live in: though I addreſs one that knows nothing about it. Tell me, however, a little more of your affairs. What are all theſe marriages and no marriages, our neighbourhood is ſo buſy in making and unmaking?"

Camilla returned the moſt brief and quiet anſwers in her power; but was too late to ſave the delicacy of Eugenia in concealing her late double diſappointments, the abortive preparations of Sir Hugh having travelled through all the adjoining country. "Poor tiny thing!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "ſhe will never be got off;—unleſs, indeed, that good old pedant, who teaches her that vaſt quantity of ſtuff ſhe will have to unlearn when

once ſhe goes a little about, will take compaſſion upon her and her thouſands, and put them both in his own pockets."

This raillery was painful nearly to diſguſt to Camilla; who frankly declared ſhe ſaw her ſiſter with no eyes but thoſe of reſpect and affection, and could not endure to hear her mentioned in ſo ridiculous a manner.

"Never judge the heart of a wit," anſwered ſhe, laughing, "by the tongue! We have often as good hearts, aye, and as much good-nature, too, as the careful proſers who utter nothing but what is right; or the heavy thinkers who have too little fancy to ſay any thing that is wrong. But we have a pleaſure in our own rattle that cruelly runs away with our diſcretion."

Other ſubjects were then taken up, till they were interrupted by a viſit from the young bride, Mrs. Liffin.

Jumping into the room, "I'm juſt run away," ſhe cried, "without ſaying a word to any body! I ordered my coach myſelf, and told my own footman to whiſper me when it came, that I might get off, without ſaying a word of the matter. Dear! how they'll all ſtare when they miſs me! I hope they'll be frightened!"

"And why ſo, you little chit? why do you want to make them uneaſy?"

"O! I

"O! I don't mind! I'm ſo glad to have my own way, I don't care for any thing elſe. Dear, how do you do, Miſs Camilla Tyrold? I wonder you have not been to ſee me! I had a great mind to have invited you to have been one of my bride's maids. But papa was ſo monſtrous croſs, he would not let me do hardly any thing I liked. I was never ſo glad in my life as when I went out of the houſe to be married! I'll never aſk him about any one thing as long as I live again. I'll always do juſt what I chuſe."

"And you are quite ſure Mr. Liſſin will never interfere with that reſolution?"

"O, I ſha'n't let him! I dare ſay he would elſe. That's one reaſon I came out ſo, juſt now, on purpoſe to make him ſee I was my own miſtreſs. And I told my coachman, and my own footman, and my maid, all three, that if they ſaid one word, I'd turn 'em all away. For I intend always to turn 'em away when I don't like 'em. I ſhall never ſay any thing to Mr. Liſſin firſt, for fear of his meddling. I'm quite determined I won't be croſſed any more, now I've ſervants of my own. I'm ſure I've been croſſed long enough."

Then, turning to Camilla, "Dear," ſhe cried, "how grave you look! Dear, I wonder you don't marry too! When I ordered my coach, juſt now, I was ready to cry for

joy, to think of not having to aſk papa about it. And to-day, at breakfaſt, I dare ſay I rung twenty times, for one thing or another. As faſt as ever I could think of any thing, I went to ringing again. For when I was at papa's, every time I rang the bell, he always aſked me what I wanted. Only think of keeping one under ſo!"

"And what in the world ſaid Mr. Liſſin to ſo prodigious an uproar?"

"O, he ſtared like any thing. But he could not ſay much: I intend to uſe him to it from the firſt, that he may never plague me, like papa, with aſking me what's the reaſon for every thing. If I don't like the dinner to-day, I'll order a new one, to be dreſſed for me on purpoſe. And Mr. Liſſin, and papa, and Mrs. Mittin and the reſt of 'em, may eat the old one. Papa never let me order the dinner at home; he always would know what there was himſelf, and have what he choſe. I'm reſolved I'll have every thing I like beſt, now, every day. I could not get at the cook alone this morning, becauſe ſo many of them were in the way; though I rung for her a dozen times. But to-morrow, I'll tell her of ſome things I intend to have the whole year through; in particular, currant tarts, and minced veal, and maſhed potatoes. I've

been

been determined upon that theſe three years, for againſt I was married."

Then, taking Camilla by the hand, ſhe begged ſhe would accompany her to next room, ſaying, " Pray excuſe me, aunt Arlbery, becauſe I want to talk to Miſs Tyrold about a ſecret."

When they came to another apartment, after carefully ſhutting the door, " Only think," ſhe cried, " Miſs Camilla Tyrold, of my marrying Mr. Liſſin at laſt! Pray did you ever ſuſpect it? I'm ſure I did not. When papa told me of it, you can't think how I was ſurpriſed. I always thought it would have been Colonel Andover, or Mr. Macderſey, or elſe Mr. Summers; unleſs it had been Mr. Wiggan; or elſe your brother; but Mr. Liſſin never once came into my head, becauſe of his being ſo old. I dare ſay he's ſeven-and-twenty! only think!—But I believe he and papa had ſettled it all along, only papa never told it me, till juſt before hand. I don't like him much; do you?"

" I have not the pleaſure to know him: but I hope you will like him better, now."

" I don't much care whether I do or not, for I ſhall never mind him. I always determined never to mind a huſband. One minds one's papa becauſe one can't help it: But only think of my being married before you!

you! though you're ſeventeen years old—almoſt eighteen, I dare ſay—and I'm only juſt fifteen. I could not help thinking of it al the time I was dreſſing for a bride: You can't think how pretty my dreſs was. Papa made Mrs. Mittin buy it, becauſe, he ſaid, ſhe could get every thing ſo cheap: but I made her get it the deareſt ſhe could, for all that. Papa's monſtrous ſtingy."

This ſecret conference was broken up by a violent ringing at the gate, ſucceeded by the appearance of Mr. Liſſin, who, without any ceremony, opened the door of the chamber into which the ladies had retired.

"So, ma'am!" ſaid he, viſibly very angry, "I have the pleaſure at laſt to find you! dinner has waited till it is ſpoilt, and I hope, therefore, now, you will do us the favour to come and ſit at the head of your table."

She looked frightened, and he took her hand, which ſhe had not courage to draw back, though in a voice that ſpoke a ſob near at hand, "I'm ſure," ſhe cried, "this is not being treated like a married woman! and I'm ſure if I'd known I might not do as I like, and come out when I'd a mind, I would not have married at all!"

Mr. Liſſin, with little or no apology to Mrs. Arlbery, then conveyed his fair bride to her coach.

 "Poor

"Poor ſimple girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. "Mr. Liſſin, who is a country ſquire of Northwick, will ſoon teach her another leſſon, than that of ordering her carriage juſt at dinner-time! The poor child took it into her head that, becauſe, upon marrying, ſhe might ſay, 'my houſe, 'my coach,' and 'my ſervants,' inſtead of 'my papa's;' and ring her bell for who ſhe pleaſed, and give her own orders, that ſhe was to arrive at complete liberty and independence, and that her huſband had merely to give her his name, and lodge in the ſame dwelling: and ſhe will regard him ſoon, as a tyrant and a brute, for not letting her play all day long the part of a wild ſchool-girl, juſt come home for the holidays."

The reſt of the viſit paſſed without further inveſtigation on the part of Mrs. Arlbery, or embarraſſment on that of Camilla; who found again ſome little pleaſure in the converſation which, at firſt, had ſo much charmed, and the kindneſs which even her apparent neglect had not extinguiſhed.

CHAP. VII.

The Workings of Sorrow.

THE visit of the Westwyns to Sir Hugh shewed Lavinia in so favourable a light, that nothing less than the strong prepossession already conceived for Camilla could have guarded the heart of the son, or the wishes of the father, from the complete captivation of her modest beauty, her intrinsic worth, and the cheerful alacrity, and virtuous self-denial, with which she presided in the new œconomy of the rectory. But though the utter demolition of hope played with Henry its usual part of demolishing, also, half the fervour of admiration, he still felt, in consequence of his late failure, a distaste of any similar attempt: and Mr. Westwyn, unbribed by the high praise of his son, which had won him in Camilla, left him master of his choice. Each, however, found a delight in the Tyrold society, that seconded the wishes of the Baronet to make them lengthen their visit.

The retrenchments, by which the debts of Clermont were to be paid, could no longer, nevertheless, be deferred; and Mr. Tyrold had just set out for Cleves, to give

his counsel for their arrangement, when his daughters were broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin, who desired a private interview with Camilla.

It soon appeared that, from a meeting with Mrs. Arlbery at Mrs. Lissin's, she had learnt, at length, with equal certainty and provocation, that the inheritance of Sir Hugh was entirely settled upon his youngest niece; and that the denials of all expectation on the part of Camilla, which she had always taken for closeness, conveyed but the simple truth. Alarmed lest she should incur the anger of Mr. Clykes, who was amongst her most useful friends, she had written him word of the discovery: and Mr. Clykes, judging now he had no chance of the gratuity finally promised for *honour* and *secrecy*, and even that his principal was in danger, had sent an enraged answer, with an imperious declaration, that he must either immediately be repaid all he had laid out, or receive some security for its being refunded, of higher value than the note of a minor of no fortune nor expectations.

Mrs. Mittin protested she did not know which way to turn, she was so sorry to have disobliged so good a friend; and broke forth into a vehement invective against Mr. Dubster, for pretending he knew the truth from young 'Squire Tyrold himself.

Long

Long as was her lamentation, and ſatisfied as ſhe always felt to hear her own voice, her pauſe ſtill came too ſoon for any reply from Camilla, who now felt the diſcovery of her ſituation to be inevitable, compulſatory, and diſgraceful. Self-upbraidings that ſhe had ever liſtened to ſuch an expedient, aſſailed her with the cruelleſt poignancy, mingling almoſt ſelf-deteſtation with utter deſpair.

In vain Mrs. Mittin preſſed for ſome ſatisfaction; ſhe was mute from inability to deviſe any; till the coachman of Mr. Liſſin ſent word he could wait no longer. She then, in a broken voice, ſaid, "Be ſo good as to write to Mr. Clykes, that if he will have the patience to wait a few days, I will prepare my friends to ſettle my accounts with him."

Mrs. Mittin then, recovering from her own fright in this buſineſs, anſwered, "O, if that's the caſe, my dear young lady, pray don't be uneaſy, for it grieves me to vex you; and I'll promiſe you I'll coax my good friend to wait ſuch a matter as that; he'll do any thing I aſk him, I know."

She now went away; and Lavinia, who ran to her ſiſter, found her in a ſtate of diſtreſs that melted her gentle heart to behold: but when ſhe gathered what had paſſed, "This diſcloſure, my deareſt Camilla," ſhe cried, "can never be ſo tremen-

dous

dous as your prefent fituation: endeavour, then, to bear the one great fhock, that will lead to after peace and eafe."

But Camilla could liften to no confolation, and ftill, though fhe felt it indifpenfable, was incapable to make the avowal herfelf: Lavinia had even lefs courage, and they determined, therefore, to apply to Eugenia, who, though as foftly feeling as either, mingled in her character a fort of heroic philofophy, that enabled her to execute and to endure the hardeft tafks, where fhe thought them the demand of virtue. They refolved, therefore, the next morning, to fend a note to Cleves for the carriage, and to commit the affair to this inexperienced and youthful female fage.

Far from running, as fhe was wont, to meet her father upon his entrance, Camilla was twice fent for before fhe could gain ftrength to appear in his prefence; nor could his utmoft kindnefs enable her to look up.

The heart of Mr. Tyrold was penetrated by her avoidance, and yet more funk by her fight. He related what had paffed at Cleves, with the accuftomed opennefs with which he converfed with his children as his friends. Clermont, he faid, was arrived, and had authenticated all the accounts, with fo little of either fhame or fenfe, that a character

lefs

lefs determined upon indulgence than that of Sir Hugh, muft have revolted from affording him fuccour, if merely to mortify him into repentance. The manner of making payment, however, had been the difficult difcuffion of the whole day. Sir Hugh was unequal to performing any thing, though ready to confent to every thing. When he propofed the fale of feveral of his numerous horfes, he objected, that what remained would be hard worked: when he mentioned diminifhing his table, he was afraid the poor would take it ill, as they were ufed to have his orts: and when he talked of difcharging fome of his fervants, he was fure they would think it very unkind. " His heart," continued Mr. Tyrold, " is fo bountiful, and fo full of kindnefs, that he pleads his tender feelings, and regretting wifhes, againft the found reafon of hard neceffity. What is right, however, muft only in itfelf feek what is pleafant; and there, when it ceafes to look more abroad, it is fure to find it."

He ftopt, hearing a deep figh from Camilla, who fecretly ejaculated a prayer that this fentence might live, henceforward, in her memory. He divined the wifh, which devoutly he echoed, and continued:

" There is fo little, in fine, that he could bear to relinquifh, that, with my utmoft efforts, I could not calculate any retrenchment,

ment, to which he will agree, at more than a hundred a year. Yet his ſcruples concerning his vow reſiſt all the entreaties of our diſintereſted Eugenia, to either ſell out for the ſum, or cut down any trees in Yorkſhire. Theſe difficulties, too potent for his weak frame, were again ſinking him into that deſpondence which we ſhould all ſeduloully guard againſt, as the moſt prevailing of foes to active virtue, when, to relieve him, I made a propoſal which my dear girls will both, I truſt, find peculiar pleaſure in ſeconding."

Camilla had already attempted to raiſe her drooping head, conſcience ſtruck at what was ſaid of deſpondence; and now endeavoured to join in the cheerful confidence expreſſed by Lavinia, that he could not be miſtaken.

"The little hoard, into which already we have broken for Lionel," he went on, "I have offered to lend him for preſent payment, as far as it will go, and to receive it again at ſtated periods. In the mean while, I ſhall accept from him the ſame intereſt as from the bank. For this I am to have alſo ſecurity. I run no riſk of the little all I have to leave to my two girls."

He now looked at them both, expecting to ſee pleaſure even in Camilla, that what was deſtined, hereafter, for herſelf, could prove of the ſmalleſt utility to Sir Hugh: but

but his diſappointment, and her ſhock were equal. Too true for the moſt tranſitory diſguiſe, the keeneſt anguiſh ſhot from her eye; and Mr. Tyrold, amazed, ſaid: "Is it Camilla who would draw back from any ſervice to her uncle?"

"Ah no!" cried ſhe, with claſped hands, "I would die to do him any good! and O!—that my death at this moment"——

She ſtopt, affrighted, for Mr. Tyrold frowned. A frown upon a face ſo conſtantly benign, was new, was awful to her; but ſhe inſtantly recollected his condemnation of wiſhes ſo deſperate, and fearfully taking his hand, beſought his forgiveneſs.

His brow inſtantly reſumed its ſerenity. "I have nothing," ſaid he, "my deareſt child, to forgive, from the moment you recollect yourſelf. But try, for your own ſake, to keep in mind, that the current ſorrows, however acute, of current life, are but uſeleſsly aggravated by vain wiſhes for death. The ſmalleſt kind office better proves affection than any words, however elevated."

The conference here broke up; ſomething incomprehenſible ſeemed to Mr. Tyrold to be blended with the grief of Camilla; and though from her birth ſhe had manifeſted, by every opportunity, the moſt liberal diſregard of wealth, the ſomething not to be underſtood ſeemed always to have money for

its object. What this might be, he now fervently wished to explore; yet still hoped, by patient kindness, to receive her confidence voluntarily.

Camilla now was half dead; Lavinia could with difficulty sustain, but by no possible means revive her. What a period was this to disclose to her father that she must deprive him, in part, even of his promised solace in his intended assistance to his brother, to satisfy debts of her own, of which he suspected not the existence!

When forced down stairs, by a summons to supper, Mr. Tyrold, to console her for his momentary displeasure, redoubled his caresses; but his tenderness only made her weep yet more bitterly, and he looked at her with a heart rent with anguish. For Lavinia, for Eugenia, he would have felt similar grief; but their far less gay, though equally innocent natures, would have made the view of their affliction less strikingly oppressive. Camilla had, hitherto, seemed in the spring of joy yet more than of life. Anxiety flew at her approach, and animation took its place. Nothing could shake his resignation; yet to behold her constant sadness, severely tried his fortitude. To see tears trickling incessantly down the pale cheeks so lately blooming; to see her youthful countenance wear the haggard expression of

of care; to see life, in its wish and purposes seem at an end, ere, in its ordinary calculation, it was reckoned to have begun, drew him from every other consideration, and filled his whole mind with monopolizing apprehension.

He now himself pressed her, for change of scene, to accept an invitation she had received from Mrs. Berlinton to Grosvenor Square, whither Indiana was going in a few days, to spend a fortnight or three weeks before her marriage. But she declined the excursion, as not more unseasonable in its expence, than ungenial to her feelings.

* * * *

The following morning, while they were at their melancholy breakfast, a letter arrived from Lisbon, which Mr. Tyrold read with visible disturbance, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lionel, thou art indeed punished!"

The sisters were equally alarmed, but Lavinia alone could make any enquiry.

Mr. Tyrold then informed them, their uncle Relvil had just acknowledged to their mother, that he could no longer, in justice, conceal that, previously to his quitting England, he had privately married his housekeeper, to induce her to accompany him in his

his voyage: and that, during his firſt wrath upon the detection of Lionel, he had diſinherited him in favour of a little boy of her own, by a former marriage, whom they had brought with them to Liſbon.

Mr. Tyrold, though it had been his conſtant ſtudy to bring up his children without any reference to their rich uncles, had never internally doubted, but that the bachelor brother of Mrs. Tyrold would leave his fortune to the ſon of his only ſiſter, who was his ſole near relation. And Lionel, he knew, in defiance of his admonitions, had built upon it himſelf, rather as a certainty than a hope. "He will now ſee," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "his preſumption, and feel, by what he ſuffers, what he has earned. Yet culpable as he has been, he is now, alſo, unfortunate; and where crimes are followed by puniſhment, it is not for mortal man to harbour unabating reſentment. I will write a few lines of comfort to him."

Camilla, in this conceſſion, experienced all ſhe could feel of ſatisfaction; but the ſhort ſenſation died away at the laſt words of the letter of her mother, which Mr. Tyrold let them read.

"You, I well know, will immediately in this evil, find for yourſelf, and impart to our children, ſomething of inſtruction, if not of comfort. Shall I recollect this without

emulation?

emulation? No, I will bear up from this ſtroke, which, at leaſt, permits my return to Etherington; where, in the boſom of my dear family, and ſupported by its honoured chief, I ſhall forget my voyage, my painful abſence, and my diſappointment, in exertions of practical œconomy, ſtrict, but not rigid, which our good children will vie with each other to adopt: ſedulous, all around, to ſhew in what we can moſt forbear. I hope almoſt immediately to claim my ſhare in theſe labours, which ſuch motives will make light, and ſuch companions render precious."

In agony paſt repreſſion at theſe words, Camilla glided out of the room. The return of her mother was now horrour to her, not joy; her ſhattered nerves could not bear the interview, while under a cloud threatening to burſt in ſuch a ſtorm; and ſhe entreated Lavinia to tell her father that ſhe accepted his propoſal for going to Mrs. Berlinton's; "and there," ſhe cried, "Lavinia, I will wait, till Eugenia has told the dreadful hiſtory that thus humbles me to the duſt!"

Lavinia was too timid to oppoſe reaſon to this ſuffering; and Mr. Tyrold, already cruelly apprehenſive ſhe compared her preſent privations to the loſt elegancies of Beech Park, ſighed deeply, yet ſaid he

was

was glad ſhe would remove from a ſpot in which reminiſcence was ſo painful.

This ſtep once decided, brought with it ſomething like a gloomy compoſure. "I ſhall avoid," ſhe cried, "at leaſt, with my Mother, theſe killing careſſes of deluded kindneſs that break my heart with my Father. She, too, would ſoon diſcover there was ſomething darker in my ſadneſs than even grief! She would be ſure that even my exquiſite loſs could not render me ungrateful to all condolement; ſhe would know that a daughter whom ſhe had herſelf reared and inſtructed, would bluſh ſo unceaſingly to publiſh any perſonal diſappointment, let her feel it how ſhe might. O my loved Mother! how did the delight of knowing your kind expectations keep me, while under your guidance, in the way I ought to go! O Mother of my heart! what a grievous diſappointment awaits your ſad return! To find, at the firſt opening of your virtuous ſchemes of general ſaving—that I, as well as Lionel, have involved my family in debts—that I, as well as Clermont, have committed them clandeſtinely to a uſurer!"

Lavinia undertook to give Eugenia proper inſtructions for her commiſſion; but news arrived, the next day, that Sir Hugh would take no denial to Eugenia's being herſelf of the party. This added not, however, to

the courage of Camilla for ſtaying, and her next determination was to reveal the whole by letter.

Mr. Tyrold would not ſend her to Cleves to take leave, that her uncle might not be tempted to exerciſe his wonted, but now no longer convenient generoſity, nor yet be expoſed to the pain of withholding it: but he advanced her next quarter's allowance, ſaying "You will go now, my dear girl, in your priſtine ſimplicity, and what can ſo every way become you? It is not for a ſcheme of pleaſure, but for a ſtimulus to mental exertion, I part with you. When you return, your excellent Mother will aid your taſk, and reward its labour. Remember but, while in your own hands, that open œconomy, ſpringing from diſcretion, is always reſpected. It is falſe ſhame alone that begets ridicule."

Weeping and ſilent ſhe heard him, and his fears gained ground that her diſappointment, joined to a view of gayer life, had robbed Etherington of all charms to her. Bitterly he regretted he had ever ſuffered her to leave his roof, though he would not now force her ſtay. Compulſion could only detain her perſon; and might heighten the diſguſt of her mind.

The little time which remained was given wholly to packing and preparing; and continued

tinued employment hid from Mr. Tyrold her emotion, which increaſed every moment, till the carriage of Sir Hugh ſtopt at the gate. Loſt, then, to all ſenſation, but the horrour of the avowal that muſt intervene 'ere they met again, with incertitude if again he would ſee her with the ſame kindneſs, ſhe flew into his arms, rather agonized than affectionate; kiſſed his hands with fervour, kiſſed every ſeparate finger, reſted upon his ſhoulder, hid her face in his boſom, caught and preſſed to her lips even the flaps of his coat, and ſcarcely reſtrained herſelf from bending to kiſs his feet; yet without uttering a word, without even ſhedding a tear.

Strangely ſurpriſed, and deeply affected, Mr. Tyrold ſtraining her to his breaſt, ſaid: "Why, my dear child, why, my deareſt Camilla, if thus agitated by our parting, do you leave me?"

This queſtion brought her to recollection, by the impoſſibility ſhe found to anſwer it; ſhe tore herſelf, therefore, away from him, embraced Lavinia, and hurried into the coach.

CHAP. VIII.

A Surprise.

CAMILLA ſtrove to check her grief upon entering the carriage, in which Miſs Margland had again the charge of the young party; but the interrogatory of her Father, *Why will you leave me?* was mentally repeated without ceaſing. Ah! why, indeed! thought ſhe, at a moment when every filial duty called more than ever for my ſtay!—Well might he not divine the unnatural reaſon! can I believe it myſelf?—Believe ſuch an hour arrived?—when my Mother—the beſt of Mothers!—is expected—when ſhe returns to her family, Camilla ſeeks another abode! is not this a dream? and may I not one day awake from it?

Miſs Margland was in the higheſt good humour at this expedition: and Indiana was ſtill enraptured to viſit London, from old expectations which ſhe knew not how to relinquiſh; though they were fixed to no point, and as fantaſtic as vague. Eugenia, whoſe dejection had made Sir Hugh preſs her into the party, found nothing in it to revive her; and Camilla entered Groſvenor-ſquare with keen diſſatisfaction of every ſort.

The

The cautions of Edgar againſt Mrs. Berlinton broke into all the little relief ſhe might have experienced upon again ſeeing her. She had meant to keep his final exhortations conſtantly in her mind, and to make all his opinions and counſels the rule and meaſure of her conduct: but a cruel perverſity of events ſeemed to caſt her every action into an apparent defiance of his wiſhes.

Mrs. Berlinton, who, in a manſion the moſt ſplendid, received her with the ſame gentle ſweetneſs ſhe had firſt ſought her regard, was delighted by the unexpected ſight of Eugenia, and careſſed Indiana immediately as a ſiſter: though paſſionleſs, in this caſe, herſelf, the deluſions of beauty deceived not her underſtanding; and a very ſhort time ſufficed to ſhew her to be frivolous, uncultivated, and unmeaning.

The wretched Camilla quitted them all as ſoon as poſſible, to retire to her chamber, and ruminate upon her purpoſed letter. She meant, at firſt, to write in detail; but her difficulties accumulated as ſhe weighed them; and vainly ſhe took up her pen; not even a line could ſhe write.

Eugenia, when able, followed her; and had no ſooner heard the whole hiſtory, than, tenderly embracing her, ſhe ſaid, "Let not this diſtreſs ſeem ſo deſperate to you, my

dearest fister! your own account points out to me how to relieve it, without either betraying our poor Lionel, or further weighing down our already fo heavily burthened friends."

"And how, my dear Eugenia?" cried Camilla, with fearful gratitude, and involuntarily reviving by the most diftant idea of fuch a project.

By adopting, fhe faid, the fame means that had been invented by Mrs. Mittin. She had many valuable trinkets, the annual offerings of her munificent uncle, the fale of which would go far enough, fhe could not doubt, towards the payment of the principal, to induce the money-lender to accept intereft for the reft, till the general affairs of their houfe were re-eftablifhed; when what remained of the fum could be difcharged, without difficulty, by herfelf.

Camilla preffed her in her arms, almoft kneeling with fond acknowledgments, and accepted, without hefitation, her generous offer.

"All then is arranged," faid Eugenia, with a fmile fo benign it feemed nearly beautiful; "and to friendfhip, and each other, we will devote our future days. My fpirits will revive in the revival of Camilla. To fee her once more gay will be renovation to my uncle; and who knows, my dear fifter, but

our

our whole family, ere long, may again be bleſt with peace?"

* * * *

The next morning they ſent a note to the money-lender, whoſe direction Camilla had received from Mrs. Mittin, entreating his patience for a fortnight, or three weeks, when he would receive the greateſt part of his money without fail.

Camilla, much relieved, went to ſit with Mrs. Berlinton, but on entering the dreſſing room, was ſtruck by the ſight of Bellamy, juſt quitting it.

Mrs. Berlinton, upon her appearance, with a look of ſoft rapture approaching her, ſaid: "Felicitate me, lovelieſt Camilla!—my friend, my choſen friend, is reſtored to me, and the ſociety for which ſo long I have ſighed in vain, may be once more mine!"

Camilla ſtartled, exclaimed with earneſtneſs, "My deareſt Mrs. Berlinton, pardon me, I entreat—but is Mr. Bellamy your choſen friend?—and is he known to Mr. Berlinton?"

"Mr. Berlinton, anſwered ſhe, diſdainfully, is a ſtranger to merit or taſte; and Alphonſo, to him, is but as any other man."

She then added that, after her marriage, ſhe remained three months in Wales with her

her aunt, where Bellamy was travelling to view the country, and where, almoſt immediately after that unhappy enthralment, ſhe firſt knew him, and firſt learnt the ſoothing charms of friendſhip; but from that period they had met no more, though they had conſtantly correſponded.

Camilla was now firſt ſenſible to all the alarm with which Edgar had hitherto endeavoured to impreſs her in vain. The impropriety of ſuch a connexion, the danger of ſuch a partiality, filled her with wonder and diſturbance. She heſitated whether to relate or not the adventure of Bellamy with her ſiſter; but the ſtrong repugnance of Eugenia to having it named, and the impoſſibility of proving the truth of the general opinion of his baſe ſcheme, decided her to ſilence. Upon the plans and the ſentiments, however, of Mrs. Berlinton herſelf, ſhe ſpared not the extremeſt ſincerity; but ſhe gained no ground by the conteſt, though ſhe loſt not any kindneſs by the attempt.

At dinner, ſhe felt extremely diſturbed by the re-appearance of Bellamy. He ſeemed himſelf much ſtruck at the ſight of Eugenia, who bluſhed and looked embaraſſed by his preſence. He did not, however, addreſs her; he confined his attentions to Mrs. Berlinton, or Miſs Margland.

The

The former received them with diſtinguiſhing ſoftneſs; the latter, at firſt, reſentfully repelled them, from the general belief at Cleves of his attempted elopement with Eugenia; but afterwards, finding ſhe was left wholly to a perſon who had no reſources for entertaining her, namely, herſelf,—and knowing Eugenia ſafe while immediately under her eye, ſhe deigned to treat him with more conſideration.

The opera was propoſed for the evening, Mrs. Berlinton, having tickets and her box at the ſervice of her fair friends, as the lady with whom ſhe had ſubſcribed was out of town. Indiana was enchanted, Miſs Margland was elevated, and Eugenia not unwilling to ſeek ſome recreation, though hopeleſs of finding it. But Camilla, notwithſtanding ſhe was lightened, at this moment, from one of her moſt corroſive cares, was too entirely miſerable for any ſpecies of amuſement. The ſame ſtrong feelings that gave to pleaſure, when ſhe was happy, ſo high a zeſt, rendered it nearly abhorrent to her, when grief had poſſeſſion of her mind.

After dinner, when the ladies retired to dreſs, Camilla, with ſome uneaſineſs, conjured Eugenia to avoid renewing any acquaintance with Bellamy.

Eugenia bluſhing, while a tear ſtarted into either eye, ſaid ſhe was but too well guarded

from Bellamy, through a late tranſaction, which had exalted her to a ſummit of happineſs, from which ſhe could never now deſcend to any new plan of life, beyond the ſingle ſtate and retirement.

* * * *

At night, the whole party went to the opera, except Camilla, who, in ſpending the evening alone, meant to ruminate upon her affairs, and arrange her future conduct: but Edgar, his virtues, and his loſs, took imperious poſſeſſion of all her thoughts; and while ſhe dwelt upon his honour, his ſincerity, and his goodneſs, and traced, with cheriſhed recollection, every ſcene in which ſhe had been engaged with him, they recurred to her as viſions of all earthly felicity.

Awakened from theſe reveries, by the ſound of the carriage, and the rapping at the ſtreet door, ſhe was haſtening down ſtairs to meet her ſiſter, when ſhe heard Melmond call out from the coach: "Is Miſs Eugenia Tyrold come home?"

"No;" the man anſwered; and Melmond exclaimed; "Good Heaven! — I muſt run then back to the theatre. Do not be alarmed, my Indiana, and do not alarm Miſs Camilla, for I will not return without her."

They

They all entered but himſelf; while Camilla, fixed to the ſtair upon which ſhe had heard theſe words, remained ſome minutes motionleſs. Then, tottering down to the parlour, with a voice hollow from affright, and a face pale as death, ſhe tremulouſly articulated, "where is my ſiſter?"

They looked all aghaſt, and not one of them, for ſome time, was capable to give any account that was intelligible. She then gathered that, in coming out of the opera houſe, they had miſſed her. None of them knew how, which way, in what manner.

"And where's Mr. Bellamy?" cried ſhe, in an agony of apprehenſion; "was he at the opera?"

Miſs Margland looked diſmayed, and Mrs. Berlinton amazed, at this interrogatory; but they both ſaid he had only been in the box at the beginning of the opera, and afterwards to help them out of the crowd.

"And who did he help? who? who?" exclaimed Camilla.

"Me,—firſt—" anſwered Miſs Margland,—"and, when we got into a great crowd, he took care of Miſs Eugenia too." She then added, that in this crowd, both ſhe and Eugenia had been ſeparated from Mrs. Berlinton and Indiana, who by Melmond and another gentleman had been handed

ſtraight to the carriage, without difficulty; that ſoon after, ſhe had loſt the arm of Bellamy, who, by ſome miſtake, had turned a wrong way; but ſhe got to the coach by herſelf; where they had waited full half an hour, Melmond running to and fro, and ſearching in every direction, but in vain, to find Eugenia. Nor had Bellamy again appeared. They then came home, hoping he had put her into a chair, and that ſhe might be arrived before them.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" cried Camilla, ſinking on the floor, "ſhe is forced away! ſhe is loſt!"

When again her ſtrength returned, ſhe deſired that ſome one might go immediately to the houſe or lodgings of Bellamy, to enquire if he were come home.

This was done by a footman, who brought word he had not been ſeen there ſince ſix o'clock in the evening, when he dreſſed, and went out.

Camilla now, confirmed in her horrible ſurmiſe, was nearly frantic. She bewailed her ſiſter, her father, her uncle; ſhe wanted herſelf to ruſh forth, to ſearch Eugenia in the ſtreets; ſhe could ſcarcely be detained within, ſcarcely kept off from entire delirium.

CHAP. IX.

A Narrative.

IT was four o'clock in the morning when Melmond returned.. Camilla rufhed to the ftreet door to meet him. His filence and his mournful air announced his ill fuccefs. She wrung her hands in anguifh, and befought him to fend inftantly an exprefs to Etherington, with the fatal tidings.

He went himfelf to the neareft ftables, defiring fhe would prepare a letter while he got a man and horfe for the journey.

In fcrawling and indiftinct characters fhe then wrote:

"O my Father—our Eugenia has difappeared! fhe was loft laft night at the opera—Mr. Bellamy was conducting her to Mrs. Berlinton's coach—but we have feen neither of them fince!—what—what muft we do?"

Melmond wrote the addrefs, which her hand could not make legible; and Mifs Margland prepared for the poft a laboured vindication to Sir Hugh of her own conduct upon this occafion.

Indiana was long gone to bed. She was really very forry; but fhe was really much tired;

tired; and ſhe could do, as ſhe ſaid, no good.

But Mrs. Berlinton felt an alarm for Eugenia, and an aſtoniſhment concerning Bellamy, that would fully have wakened her faculties, had ſhe been wholly unmoved by the miſery of Camilla. Far other was, however, her nature, gentle, compaſſionate, and ſympathiſing; and her own internal diſturbance, though great even beyond her own conception why, ſunk at ſight of the exceſs of wretchedneſs which diſordered her poor friend.

There could be but one poſſible opinion of this diſaſtrous adventure, which was, that Bellamy had ſpirited this young creature away, to ſecure her fortune, by her hand. Melmond again went forth, to make enquiry at all the ſtables in London, for any carriage that might have been hired for a late hour. And at ſix o'clock, in great perturbation, he came back, ſaying, he had juſt traced that ſhe was put into a chaiſe and four from a hackney coach; that the chaiſe was hired in Piccadilly, and engaged for a week. He was now determined to ride poſt himſelf in the purſuit, that if any accidental delay retarded them, he might recover her before ſhe arrived at Gretna Green, whither he could not doubt ſhe was to be conveyed: but as ſhe could not be married by force, his pre-

ſence

ſence might yet be in time to prevent perſe-cution, or foul play.

Camilla nearly embraced him with tranſ-port at this ray of hope, and, leaving his tendereſt condolements for Indiana, whom he implored his ſiſter to watch ſedulouſly, he galloped northwards.

His heart was moſt ſincerely in the bu-ſineſs; what he owed to the noble conduct which the high ſentiments and pure regard of Eugenia had dictated, had excited a tender veneration, which made him hold his life as too ſmall an offering to be refuſed for her ſervice, if its ſacrifice could eſſentially ſhew his gratitude. And often his ſecret mind had breathed a wiſh, that her love of literature had been inſtilled into her couſin; though he ſtudiouſly checked, as profane, all that was not admiration of that moſt ex-quiſite workmanſhip of nature.

The expreſs from Etherington brought back only a few lines written by Lavinia, with an account that Mr. Tyrold, in deep miſery, was ſetting out poſt for Scotland.

A week paſt thus in ſuſpence, nearly in-tolerable to Camilla, before Melmond re-turned.

Always upon the watch, ſhe heard his voice, and flew to meet him in the dreſſing room. He was at the feet of Indiana, to whom he was pouring forth his ardent la-

mentations

mentations at this long deprivation of her ſight.

But joy had evidently no part in his tenderneſs; Camilla ſaw at once depreſſion and evil tidings, and, ſinking upon a chair, could ſcarcely pronounce, "Have you not then found her?"

"I have left her but this minute," he anſwered, in a tone the moſt melancholy.

"Ah! you have then ſeen her! you have ſeen my deareſt Eugenia?—O, Mr. Melmond, why have you left her at all?"

It was long before he could anſwer; he beſought her to compoſe herſelf; he expreſſed the extremeſt ſolicitude for the uneaſineſs of Indiana, whoſe eternal interruptions of "Dear! where is ſhe?—Dear! why did not ſhe come back?—Dear! who took her away?" he attributed to the agitation of the fondeſt friendſhip, and conjured, while tears of terror ſtarted into his eyes, that ſhe would moderate the exceſs of her ſenſibility. It ſeems the peculiar province of the lover to transfuſe all that he himſelf moſt prizes, and thinks praiſe-worthy, into the breaſt of his choſen object; nor is he more blind to the defects with which ſhe may abound, than prodigal in gifts of virtues which exiſt but in his own admiration.

"And

"And my Father! my poor Father!" cried Camilla, "you have ſeen nothing of my Father?"

"Pardon me; I have juſt left him alſo."

"And not with Eugenia."

"Yes; they are together."

Rapture now defied all apprehenſion with Camilla; the idea of Eugenia reſtored to her Father, was an idea of entire happineſs; but her joy affected Melmond yet more than her alarm: he could not let her faſten upon any falſe expectations; he bid his ſiſter aid him to ſupport Indiana, and then, with all the gentleneſs of the ſincereſt concern, confeſſed that Eugenia was married before ſhe was overtaken.

This was a blow for which Camilla was ſtill unprepared. She concluded it a forced marriage; horror froze her veins, her blood no longer flowed, her heart ceaſed to beat, ſhe fell lifeleſs on the ground.

Her recovery was more ſpeedy than it was happy, and ſhe was aſſiſted to her chamber, no longer aſking any queſtions, no longer deſiring further information. All hope was over: and the particulars ſeemed immaterial, ſince the cataſtrophe was as irreverſible as it was afflicting.

Mrs. Berlinton ſtill attended her, grieved for her ſuffering, yet believing that Eugenia muſt be the happieſt of women; though an indignation

indignation the moſt forcible mingled with her ſurpriſe at the conduct of Bellamy.

This dread ſort of chaſm in the acuteneſs of the feelings of Camilla laſted not long; and Mrs. Berlinton then brought from Melmond the following account.

With the utmoſt ſpeed he could uſe, he could not, though a ſingle horſeman, overtake them. They never, as he learnt by the way, remitted their journey, nor ſtopt for the ſmalleſt refreſhment but at ſome cottage. At length, in the laſt ſtage to Gretna Green, he met them upon their return. It was eaſy to him to ſee that his errand was vain, and the knot indiſſolubly tied, by the blinds being down, and the eaſy air with which Bellamy was looking around him.

Eugenia ſat back in the chaiſe with a handkerchief to her eyes. He ſtopt the vehicle, and told Bellamy he muſt ſpeak with that lady. "That lady, Sir," he proudly anſwered, "is my wife; ſpeak to her, therefore;— but in my hearing." Eugenia at this dropt her handkerchief, and looked up. Her eyes were ſunk into her head by weeping, and her face was a living picture of grief. Melmond loudly exclaimed: "I come by the authority of her friends, and I demand her own account of this tranſaction." "We are now going to our friends,"

friends," replied he, "ourſelves, and we ſhall ſend no meſſages." He then ordered the poſtillion to drive on, telling him at his peril to ſtop no more; Eugenia, in a tone but juſt audible, ſaying: "Adieu, Mr. Melmond! Adieu!"

To have riſked his life in her reſcue, at ſuch a moment, ſeemed to him nothing, could he but more certainly have aſcertained her own wiſhes, and real ſituation: but as ſhe attempted neither reſiſtance nor remonſtrance, he concluded Bellamy ſpoke truth; and if they were married, he could not unmarry them; and if they were going to her friends, they were doing all he could now exact. He reſolved, however, to follow, and if they ſhould turn any other road, to call for aſſiſtance till he could inveſtigate the truth.

They ſtopt occaſionally for refreſhments at the uſual inns, and travelled no more in the dark; but Bellamy never loſt ſight of her; and Melmond, in watching, obſerved that ſhe returned to the chaiſe with as little oppoſition as ſhe quitted it, though weeping always, and never, for a voluntary moment, uncovering her face.

On the ſecond days journey, juſt as Bellamy had handed her from the chaiſe, at the inn where they meant to dine, and which Melmond, as uſual, entered at the ſame time,

time, he ſaw Mr Tyrold—hurrying, but ſo ſhaking he could ſcarcely ſupport himſelf, from a parlour, whence he had ſeen them alight, into the paſſage. The eyes, ever downcaſt, of Eugenia, perceived him not, till ſhe was claſped, in mute agony, in his arms. She then looked up, ſaw who it was, and fainted away. Bellamy, though he did not know him, ſuppoſed who he might be, and his reverend appearance ſeemed to impreſs him with awe. Nevertheleſs, he was himſelf ſeizing the now ſenſeleſs Eugenia, to convey her to ſome room; when Mr. Tyrold, reviving from indignation, fixed his eyes upon his face, and ſaid: "By what authority, Sir, do you preſume to take charge of my daughter?"—"By the authority," he anſwered, "of a huſband." Mr. Tyrold ſaid no more; he caught by the arm of Melmond, though he had not ſeen who he was, and Bellamy carried Eugenia into the firſt vacant parlour, followed only by the woman of the houſe. Melmond then, reſpectfully, and filled with the deepeſt commiſeration, ſought to make himſelf known to Mr. Tyrold; but he did not hear him, he heeded no one; he ſat down upon a trunk, accidentally in the paſſage where all this had paſſed, ſaying, but almoſt without ſeeming conſcious that he ſpoke aloud: "This, indeed, is a blow to break our hearts!" Melmond then ſtood

ſtood ſilently by, for he ſaw, by his folded hands and uplifted eyes, he was ejaculating ſome prayer: after which, with a countenance more firm, and limbs better able to ſuſtain him, he roſe, and moved towards the parlour into which the fainting Eugenia had been carried.

Melmond then again ſpoke to him by his name. He recollected the voice, turned to him, and gave him his hand, which was of an icy coldneſs. "You are very kind, Mr. Melmond," he ſaid; "my poor girl"—but ſtopt, checking what he meant to add, and went to the parlour-door.

It was locked. The woman of the houſe had left it, and ſaid, the lady was recovered from her fit. Mr. Tyrold, from a thouſand feelings, ſeemed unable to demand admiſſion for himſelf: he deſired Melmond to ſpeak, and claim an audience alone for him with his daughter.

Bellamy opened the door with a look evidently humbled and frightened, yet affecting perfect eaſe. When Melmond made known his commiſſion, Eugenia, ſtarting up, exclaimed: "Yes, yes! I will ſee my dear Father alone!—and O! that this poor frame might ſink to reſt on his loved boſom!"

"In a moment! in a moment!" cried Bellamy, motioning Melmond to withdraw; "tell

"tell Mr. Tyrold he ſhall come in a moment."

Melmond was forced to retreat; but heard him haſtily ſay, as again he faſtened the door, "My life, O Eugenia! is in your hands—and is it thus you requite my ardent love and conſtancy?"

Mr. Tyrold now would wait but a few minutes: it was palpable Bellamy feared the interview; and he could fear it but from one motive: he ſent him, therefore, word by Melmond, that if he did not immediately retire, and leave him to a conference alone with his daughter, he would apply no more for a meeting till he claimed it in a court of juſtice.

Bellamy ſoon came out, bowed obſequiouſly to Mr. Tyrold, who paſſed him without notice, and who was then for half an hour ſhut up with Eugenia. Longer Bellamy could not endure; he broke in upon them, and left the room no more.

Soon after, Mr. Tyrold came out, his own eyes now as red as thoſe of the weeping bride. He took Melmond apart, thanked him for his kindneſs, but ſaid nothing could be done. He entreated him therefore to return to his own happier affairs; adding, "I cannot talk upon this miſerable event. Tell Camilla, her ſiſter is, for the preſent, going home with me—though not, alas! alone!

alone! Tell her, too, I will write to her upon my arrival at Etherington."

"This," concluded Mrs. Berlinton, "is all my brother has to relate; all that for himſelf he adds, is, that if ever, to ſomething human, the mind of an angel was accorded—that mind ſeems enſhrined in the frame of Eugenia!"

Nothing that Camilla had yet experienced of unhappineſs, had penetrated her with feelings of ſuch deadly woe as this event. Eugenia, from her childhood, had ſeemed marked by calamity: her ill health, even from infancy, and her ſubſequent misfortunes, had excited in her whole houſe the tendereſt pity, to which the uncommon character with which ſhe grew up, had added reſpect and admiration. And the ſtrange, and almoſt continual trials ſhe had had to encounter, from the period of her attaining her fifteenth year, which, far from ſouring her mind, had ſeemed to render it more perfect, had now nearly ſanctified her in the eſtimation of them all. To ſee her, therefore, fall, at laſt, a ſacrifice to deceit or violence,—for one, if not both, had palpably put her into the poſſeſſion of Bellamy, was a grief more piercingly wounding than all ſhe had yet ſuffered. Whatever ſhe had perſonally to bear, ſhe conſtantly imagined ſome imprudence or impropriety had

had provoked; but Eugenia, while ſhe appeared to her ſo blameleſs that ſhe could merit no evil, was ſo amiable, that willingly ſhe would have borne for her their united portions.

How it had been effected, ſince force would be illegal, ſtill kept amazement joined to ſorrow, till the promiſed letter arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an account of the tranſaction.

Eugenia, parted from Miſs Margland by Bellamy, in the crowd, was obliged to accept his protection, which, till then, ſhe had refuſed, to reſtore her to her company. The coach, he ſaid, he knew, had orders to wait in Pall Mall, whither the other ladies would be conveyed in chairs, to avoid danger from the ſurrounding carriages. She deſired to go alſo in a chair: but he hurried her by quick ſurprize into a hackney-coach, which, he ſaid, would be more ſpeedy, and bidding the man drive to Pall Mall, ſeated himſelf oppoſite to her. She had not the moſt remote ſuſpicion of his deſign, as his behaviour was even coldly diſtant, though ſhe wondered Pall Mall was ſo far off, and that the coachman drove ſo faſt, till they ſtopt at a turnpike——and then, in one quick and decided moment, ſhe comprehended her ſituation, and made an attempt for her own deliverance—but he prevented her

her from being heard.—And the ſcenes that follow ſhe declined relating. Yet, what ſhe would not recount, ſhe could not, to the queſtions of her father, deny, that force, from that moment, was uſed, to repel all her efforts for obtaining help, and to remove her into a chaiſe.

Mr. Tyrold required to hear nothing more, to eſtabliſh a proſecution, and to ſeize her, publickly, from Bellamy. But from this ſhe recoiled. "No, my dear father," ſhe continued, the die is caſt and I am his!—Solemn has been my vow! ſacred I muſt hold it!"

She then briefly narrated, that though violence was uſed to ſilence her at every place where ſhe ſought to be reſcued, every interval was employed, by Bellamy, in the humbleſt ſupplications for her pardon, and in declaring, that to live longer without her was impoſſible. When they were near their journey's end, he owned that his life was in her hands, but he was indifferent whether he loſt it from the miſery of living without her, or from her vengeance of this laſt ſtruggle of his deſpair. She offered him pardon upon condition of immediate reſtoration to her friends; but, ſuddenly producing a piſtol, "Now then," he ſaid, "O! cruel object of my conſtant love! bleſs me with your hand, or prepare to ſee me die at your

feet !" And, with a terrifying oath, he bound himſelf not to loſe her and outlive her loſs. She beſought him to be more reaſonable, with the gentleſt prayers; but his vehemence only encreaſed. She then pronounced, though in trembling, a poſitive refuſal. Inſtantly he lifted up his piſtol, and calling out; " Forgive, then, O hard-hearted Eugenia, my uncontroulable paſſion, and ſhed a tear over the corpſe I am going to proſtrate at your feet !" was pointing it to his temple, when, overcome with horror, ſhe caught his arm, exclaiming; " Ah! ſtop! I conſent to what you pleaſe!" It was in vain ſhe ſtrove afterwards to retract; one ſcene followed another, till he had bound her by all ſhe herſelf held ſacred, to reſcue him from ſuicide, by conſenting to the union. He found a perſon who performed the marriage ceremony on the minute of her quitting the chaiſe. She uttered not one word; ſhe was paſſive, ſcared, and hardly alive; but reſiſted not the eventful ring, with which he encircled her finger, and ſeemed rouſing as from a dream, upon hearing him call her his wife.

When Mr. Tyrold had heard her hiſtory, abhorrence of ſuch barbarous force, and deteſtation of ſuch foul play upon the ingenuous credulity of her nature, made him inſiſt, yet more ſtrongly, upon taking legal mea-

ſures for procuring an immediate ſeparation, and ſubſequent puniſhment; but the reiterated vows with which, ſince the ceremony, he had bound her to himſelf, ſo forcibly awed the ſtrict conſcientiouſneſs of her principles, that no repreſentations could abſolve her opinion of what ſhe now held her duty; and while ſhe confeſſed her unhappineſs at a connection formed by ſuch cruel means, ſhe conjured him not to encreaſe it, by rendering her, in her own eſtimation, perjured.

"Patiently, therefore," continued Mr. Tyrold, "we muſt bear, what vainly we ſhould combat, and bow down to thoſe calamities of which the purpoſe is hidden. I reſign myſelf with reverence to this blow; though none yet has ſtruck ſo hardly at my heart. We muſt now do what we can for this victim to her own purity, by ſeeking means to ſecure her future independence, and by bettering—if poſſible!—her betrayer. What a daughter, what a ſiſter, what a friend, has her family thus loſt! How will your poor mother receive ſuch killing tidings! Misfortune, ſickneſs, and poverty, ſhe has heroiſm to endure; but innocence oppreſſed through its own artleſſneſs, and inexperience duped by villany, will ſhake her utmoſt firmneſs, and harraſs into diſorder her, as yet, unbroken powers of encountering adverſity. Alas!—no evils that viſited the early

early years of this loved child, have proved to her ſo grievous as the large fortune with which they were followed! We repined, my Camilla, at the deprivation you ſuſtained at that period.—We owe to it, perhaps, that you have not as treacherouſly been betrayed!

"How has the opening promiſe of our Eugenia more than anſwered our fondeſt expectations! Her knowledge is ſtill leſs uncommon than her ſimplicity, her philoſophy for herſelf than her zeal in the ſervice of others. She is ſingular with ſweetneſs, peculiar, yet ductile, generous without parade, and wiſe without conſciouſneſs. Yet now, ſo ſacrificed ſeems all,—that I dwell upon her excellencies as if enumerating them over her tomb!"

A letter from Lavinia contained ſome further particulars. Their Father, ſhe ſaid, finding the poor victim reſolute, meant to ſpare Sir Hugh all that was poſſible of the deteſtable craft of Bellamy; and Eugenia was already ſtruggling to recover her natural ſerenity, that ſhe might appear before him without endangering his own. Bellamy talked of nothing but love and rapture; yet the unſuſpicious Eugenia was the only perſon he deceived; for ſo little from the heart ſeemed either his looks or his expreſſions, that it was palpable he was acting

a part,

a part, to all who believed it poſſible words and thoughts could be divided.

A poſtſcript to this letter was added by Eugenia herſelf.

"Ah, my Camilla!—where now are all our ſweet promiſed participations?—But let me not talk of myſelf; nor do you, my affectionate ſiſter, dwell upon me at this period. One thing I undertook ſhall yet be performed; the moment I am able to go to Cleves, I will deliver, through Lavinia, what I mentioned. Does any thing elſe remain that is yet in my power? Tell me, my Camilla, and think but with what joy you will give joy again to your

"Eugenia."

Broken hearted over theſe letters, Camilla ſpent her time in their perpetual peruſal, in wiping from them her tears, and preſſing with fond anguiſh to her lips the ſignature of her hapleſs ſiſter, ſelf-beguiled by her own credulous goodneſs, and ſelf-devoted by her conſcientious ſcruples.

CHAP. X.

The Progress of Dissipation.

MR Clykes, by the promised payment and reward, being for the present appeased, Camilla still admitted some hope of waiting a more favourable moment for her cruel confession. She lived, meanwhile, wholly shut up from all company, consigned to penitence for her indiscretions, to grief for the fate of her sister, and to wasting regret of her lost felicity.

Indiana smiled not more sweetly upon Melmond for Miss Margland's advising her to consider, in time, whether the promises made by Miss Eugenia Tyrold would be binding to Mrs. Bellamy. She saw, nevertheless, no good, she said, it could do her cousin, that she should neglect such an opportunity of seeing London: and Miss Margland, in aid of this desire, spared so much trouble to Mrs. Berlinton, who soon wearied of Indiana, that she had the satisfaction of being invited to remain in Grosvenor-square till the two young ladies returned into the country.

Mrs. Berlinton, who indulged, in full extent, every feeling, but investigated none, had

had been piqued and hurt to extreme unhappineſs at the late conduct of Bellamy. Attracted by his fine perſon, and caught by the firſt flattery which had talked to her of her own, ſhe had eaſily been captivated by his deſcription of the ſympathy which united, and penetrated by his lamentations at the deſtiny which parted them. His requeſt for her friendſhip had been the firſt circumſtance, after her marriage, which had given her any intereſt in life; and ſoon, with the common effect of ſuch dangerous expedients to wile away chagrin, had occupied all her thoughts, and made the reſt of the univerſe ſeem to her as a blank. Yet, from their continued ſeparation, the day ſoon grew too long for mere regret; and her pliant mind, in this ſtate of vacancy, had been bent to the new purſuit preſſed upon her by Mrs. Norfield; which, however, upon the reappearance of Bellamy, would ſpeedily have given way to the reſumption of his influence, had not his elopement with Eugenia left her again all at large. It deſtroyed an illuſion ſtrong though not definable; demoliſhed a friendſhip ill conceived, and worſe underſtood; and brought with it a diſappointment which confuſed all her ideas. To be inactive was, however, impoſſible; ſimplicity, once given up, returns to the diſſipated no more; or returns but when experience brings conviction. That all is hollow

low where the heart bears no part; all is peril where principle is not the guide.

The Faro Table was now re-opened, and again but too powerfully ſharpened the faculties which mortification had blunted. A company the moſt miſcellaneous compoſed her evening aſſemblies, which were ſoon, nevertheleſs, amongſt the moſt faſhionable, as well as crowded of the metropolis. Whatever there, is new and ſplendid, is ſure of a run for at leaſt a ſeaſon. Enquiries into what is right, or ſtrictures upon what is wrong, rarely moleſt popularity, till the riſe of ſome freſher luminary gives faſhion another abode.

Calamity requires not more fortitude than pleaſure. What ſhe began but to divert diſappointment and laſſitude, ſhe continued to attain celebrity; and the company which Faro and Faſhion brought together, ſhe ſoon grew ambitious to collect by motives of more appropriate flattery. All her aim, now, was to be univerſally alluring; and ſhe looked from object to object, in ſmiling diſcourſe, till one by one, every object could look only at her: and the grace and ſoftneſs which had been ſecretly bewitching while ſhe had the dignity to keep admiration aloof, were boldly declared to be invincible, ſince ſhe permitted ſuch profeſſions to reach her ear.

Long ſurrounded by gazing admirers, ſhe became now encircled by avowed adorers; and what for victory ſhe had eſſayed, ſhe purſued ardently for pleaſure. Coquetry is as faſcinating to thoſe who practiſe it, as to thoſe whom it ſeduces; and ſhe found herſelf, ſhortly, more happy by a conqueſt effected by wiles and by art, than by any devotion paid ſtraight forward, and uncourted. The generality of her new ambition protected it from permanent ill conſequences; aiming at every one, ſhe cared for no one; mortified by Bellamy, ſhe reſolved to mortify others, and in proportion as her ſmiles grew ſofter her heart became harder.

Indiana, at this period, emerged at once from the moſt private retreat into the gayeſt vortex of pleaſure, thought herſelf in the upper regions, where happineſs, compoſed by her own ideas, conſiſted of perpetual admiration to unfading beauty: but though the high qualities with which the devotion of Melmond had gifted her, had enſlaved his reaſon and underſtanding from ſuſpecting that ſo fair a form could encloſe aught ſhort of its own perfection, his heart was ſtruck, and all his feelings were offended, when he ſaw her capable of diſſipation upon a ſeaſon of calamity to Eugenia; Eugenia, whom though he could not love, he venerated; Eugenia whoſe nature he thought divine,

divine, though her perſon, unhappily, was but too human; Eugenia, to whom he owed the union upon which hung all his wiſhes . . . to ſeek pleaſure while Eugenia ſuffered, was aſtoniſhing, was incomprehenſible. He felt as if every principle of his love were violated; he looked another way, to diſguiſe his ſhock;—but when he looked at her again, it was forgotten.

* * * *

Camilla ſoon after learnt, from Lavinia, that Sir Hugh had been deeply affected by the hiſtory of the elopement, though it had been ſoftened to him by all poſſible means, at the deſire of the heroic Eugenia herſelf. Bellamy continued the moſt unremitting demonſtrations of affection, but abſolutely refuſed a reſidence offered for them both at Cleves, and made Eugenia herſelf aſk a ſeparate proviſion of her uncle. Sir Hugh had ſorrowfully yielded; and notwithſtanding his preſent embarraſſments from Clermont, inſiſted upon ſettling a thouſand pounds a year upon her immediately; in conſequence of which, Bellamy had taken a houſe at Belfont, to which they were already removing. Eugenia ſeemed to ſubmit to her deſtiny, and repined ſolely ſhe could not, yet, keep her engagement with

reſpect

respect to the trinkets, which though ſhe had openly told Bellamy were promiſed to a friend, he had packed up, and ſaid, " he could not re-deliver till they were arranged in their new dwelling." But ſhe charged Lavinia to expreſs her hopes that the detention would not laſt long.

* * * *

When the given three weeks expired, Indiana, infatuated with London, begged and obtained leave to ſtretch her reſidence there to a month.

Eugenia was now ſettled at Belfont; but ſtill Camilla received no intelligence of the promiſed boon, and ſpent her lingering hours in her chamber, no longer even invited thence, except at meals, by Mrs. Berlinton; whoſe extreme and encreaſing diſſipation, from firſt allowing no time, took off, next, all deſire for ſocial life. Surpriſed and hurt, Camilla was called off a little from herſelf, through concern. She ſincerely loved Mrs. Berlinton, whom it was difficult to ſee and know with indifference, and ſhe ſoftly repreſented to her how ill ſhe felt at eaſe in the falling off ſhe experienced in her partiality.

Mrs. Berlinton tenderly embraced her, proteſting ſhe was dear to her as ever; and

feeling, while ſhe ſpoke, her firſt affection return; but not a moment had ſhe to beſtow from her new mode of life: ſome party was always formed which ſhe had not force of mind to break; an internal reſtleſsneſs, from the want of ſome right purſuit, joined to a diſappointment ſhe could not own, made that party induce another; and though none gave her real pleaſure, which her ſtrong, however undiſciplined and unguided feelings, ſhut out from ſuch a ſpecies of vague life, all gave employment to expectation, and were preferable to a regret at once conſuming and mortifying.

Her gentleneſs, however, and her perſonal kindneſs, encouraged Camilla to repeat her admonitions, and engage aſſiſtance from Melmond; who, at any other period, would, uncalled, have given his whole attention to a ſiſter dear at once to his honour and his heart; but Indiana more than occupied, ſhe engroſſed him. She now expected an adoration ſo unremitting, that if ſhe ſurpriſed his eyes turned any other way even a moment, ſhe reproached him with abated love, and it was the buſineſs of a day to obtain a reconciliation.

Gratefully, however, at the inſtigation of Camilla, he reſumed the vigilance with which, upon her firſt entering London the preceding year, he had attended to all the

actions

actions of his ſiſter. But the difference already produced by the effect of flattery, the hardening of example, and the ſway of uncontrolled early power, aſtoniſhed and alarmed him. At her firſt ſetting out, ſhe had harkened to all counſel, frightened by every repreſentation of danger, and humbled by every remonſtrance againſt impropriety. But ſhe now heard him with little or no emotion; and from beginning to liſten unmoved, ſoon proceeded to reply and reſiſt. A ſearch, rather than a love, of pleaſure had ſeized her young mind, which had now gained an aſcendant that rendered conteſt leſs ſhocking, than yielding would have been painful.

The tribulation of Melmond at this ill ſucceſs, reſted not ſolely upon his ſiſter; he ſaw yet more danger for Indiana, who now ſeemed hardly to live but while arraying, or diſplaying herſelf. His paſſion had loſt its novelty, and her eyes loſt their beaming pleaſure in liſtening to it; and the regard he had fondly expected to take place of firſt extacy, he now found unattainable, from want of all materials for its ſtructure. His diſcourſe, when not of her beauty, but ſtrained her faculties; his reading, when compelled to hear it, but wearied her intellects. She had no genius to catch his meaning, and no attention to ſupply its place.

Deeply he now thought of Eugenia, with that regret ever attached to frail humanity, for what is removed from poſſible poſſeſſion. The purity of her love, the cultivation of her mind, and the nobleneſs of her ſentiments, now bore forth a contraſt to the general mental and intellectual littleneſs of Indiana, which made him blame the faſtidious eyes, that could dwell upon her face and form; and feel that, even with the matchleſs Indiana, he muſt ſigh at their mutual perverſity of fate.

Nor miſſed he more in ſoul, than Indiana in adoration, who turned from what ſhe now reſented as coldneſs, to the violent praiſes of Macderſey, who became, at this period, a frequenter of Mrs. Berlinton's aſſemblies. She underſtood not the inevitable difference of the altered ſituation; that he who was accepted might be grateful, but could not be anxious; and that Melmond, while in ſuſpenſe, wore the ſame impaſſioned air, and ſpoke the ſame impaſſioned feelings as Macderſey. To her, all ſeemed the change not from doubt to ſecurity, but from love to inſenſibility.

To live always at her feet, while he thought her all-divine, was his own firſt joy and greateſt pride: but when once he found his goddeſs had every mortal imperfection, his homage ceaſed, with amazement that ever

it

it could have been excited. Thoſe eyes, thought he, which I have gazed at whole days with ſuch unreflecting admiration; and whoſe ſhape, colour, ſize, and ſweet proportion ſtill hold their pre-eminence, now, while retaining their firſt luſtre, have loſt all their illuſory charm! I meet them—but to deplore their vacancy of the ſoul's intelligence I fondly—vainly ſeek!

* * * *

Even when again the time arrived for returning to Cleves, Indiana, hanging languidly upon every minute ſhe could ſteal from it, petitioned for a few days more from the ever-granting Baronet, which, while by her devoted to coquetry, admiration, and dreſs, were conſumed by Camilla in almoſt every ſpecies of wretchedneſs. Mrs. Mittin wrote her word that Mr. Clykes was become more uneaſy than ever for his money, as ſhe had thought it indiſpenſable to acquaint him of the reports in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Tyrold had met with misfortunes, and was retrenching: if he could not, therefore, be paid quickly, he muſt put in his claims elſewhere.

The ſame poſt brought from Lavinia an account ſo afflicting of Eugenia, as nearly to annihilate even this deep perſonal diſtreſs.

It

It was known, through Molly Mill, who, by the exprefs infiftance of Sir Hugh, continued to live with her young Miftrefs, that Bellamy had already, at Belfont, caft off the mafk of pretended paffion, and grofsly demanded of her Miftrefs to beg money for him of Sir Hugh; acknowledging, without fcruple, large debts, that demanded fpeedy payment, and preffing her to afk for the immediate poffeffion of the Yorkfhire eftate. Her Miftrefs, though mildly, always fteadily refufed; which occafioned reproaches fo rude and violent as almoft to frighten her into fits; and fo loud, that they were often heard by every fervant in the houfe.

Camilla, at this dreadful hiftory, grew nearly indifferent to all elfe, and would have relinquifhed, almoft unrepining, her expectations of perfonal relief, but that Lavinia, in the name of their unhappy fifter, bid her ftill cherifh them; affuring her fhe hoped yet to perform her engagement, as Mr. Bellamy never difputed her already given promife, though he had miflaid the key of the box in which the trinkets were depofited.

Nor even here refted the mifery of Camilla: another alarm ftole upon her mind, of a nature the moft dreadful.

Upon the firft evening of this newly-granted ftay, while fhe was converfing alone with Mrs. Berlinton before the nocturnal

toilette

toilette of that lady, a ſervant announced Mr. Bellamy. Mrs. Berlinton bluſhed high, evidently with as much of anger as ſurpriſe; Camilla haſtily withdrawing, to avoid an object abhorrent to her, wondered ſhe would admit him: yet, anxious for any intelligence that could relate to her ſiſter, enquired when he was gone, and ran towards the dreſſing-room to aſk what had paſſed: but before ſhe reached the door, the ſound of his voice re-entering the hall, and of his ſtep re-aſcending the ſtairs, made her fly into the adjoining apartment not to encounter him. The inſtant he had ſhut the door, and before ſhe could move, ſhe heard him exclaim, "You weep ſtill, my lovely friend? Ah! can one doubt ſo injurious remain upon your mind, as to ſuppoſe any thing but the cruel neceſſity of my misfortunes, could have made me tarniſh our celeſtial friendſhip with any other engagement? Ah! look at her . . . and look at yourſelf!"

Camilla, who, at firſt, had been immoveable from conſternation, now recovered ſufficiently to get back to her room. But ſhe returned no more to Mrs. Berlinton, though Bellamy ſoon departed; her eagerneſs for information ſubſided in indignant ſorrow. That Eugenia, the injured, the ineſtimable Eugenia, ſhould be ſpoken of, by the very violator

violator who had torn her from her friends, as a mere burthen attached to the wealth ſhe procured him, ſtruck at her heart as a poignard. And the impropriety to herſelf, and the wrong to Eugenia, of Mrs. Berlinton, in liſtening to ſuch a diſcourſe, totally ſunk that lady in her eſteem; though it determined her, as a duty due to them all around, to repreſent what ſhe felt upon this ſubject: and the next day, the inſtant ſhe was viſible, ſhe begged an audience.

Mrs. Berlinton was penſive and dejected, but, as uſual, open and unguarded: ſhe began herſelf to ſpeak of the viſit of Bellamy, and to aſk why ſhe ran away.

Camilla, without anſwer or heſitation, related what ſhe had overheard; adding: "O, Mrs. Berlinton! can you ſuffer him to talk thus? Can you think of my injured Eugenia—lately your own favourite friend—and bear to hear him?"

"How injured, my ever dear Camilla? Does ſhe know what he ſays? Can it hurt her unheard? Can it affect her unimagined? He but ſolaces his ſadneſs by a confidence he holds ſacred; 'tis the type of our friendſhip, now dearer, he ſays, than ever, ſince reciprocated by ſuch ſympathy."

"You affright me, Mrs. Berlinton! what a perverſion of reaſon to talk of ſympathy in your ſituations? Did Eugenia preſs him to

the

the altar? Did any friends ſolicit the alliance? Oh, Mrs. Berlinton! think but a moment, and your own feeling mind will paint his conduct in colours I have not the ſkill to attain!"

"You are right!" cried ſhe, bluſhing in her unwilling conviction; "I know not how he could delude me to believe our fates reſembled. Certainly nothing can be leſs ſimilar."

Camilla was happy in this victory; but the following day, Bellamy, at the ſame hour was announced, and in the ſame manner was admitted; Camilla flying, and Mrs. Berlinton proteſting ſhe ſhould attack his miſtaken compariſon with ſeverity.

Severity, however, was a quality with which ſhe was unacquainted; Camilla, anxious in every way, haſtened to her when he was gone, but found her diſſolved in tender tears, ſhed, ſhe declared, in regret of the uneaſineſs ſhe had given him, for he had now made her fully ſenſible his deſtiny alone was to blame. The underſtanding of Camilla was highly ſuperior to being duped by ſuch flimſy ſophiſtry, which ſhe heard with added deteſtation of the character of Bellamy; yet perceived that no remonſtrance could prevent his admittance, and that every interview regularly deſtroyed the effect of every exhortation.

In

In this melancholy period, the sole satisfaction she received was through a letter written by Lionel from Ostend, in which he told her that the dread of imprisonment, or want, in a foreign country, made him lead a life so parsimonious, so totally deprived of all pleasure and all comfort, that he was almost consumed with regret for the wilfulness with which he had thrown away his innumerable advantages; and so much struck with the retrospection of the wanton follies and vices which had involved him in such dishonour and ruin, that he began now to think he had rather been mad than wicked;—so unmeaning, unreflecting, and unprovoked, as well as worthless, had been the course he had pursued.

Camilla sent this letter immediately to her Father, who remitted to Lionel such a sum as must obviate distress, with such intimation for the future as he hoped would best encourage more solid reformation.

Thus passed the time, improperly, or unhappily to all, till the third period fixed for the return to the country elapsed: and Camilla, finding the whole view of her journey abortive, saw the accumulated yet useless suffering involved through her ill-judged procrastination. Yet, as Eugenia still did not despair, even her confession was

unwritten;

unwritten; and as Miſs Margland and Indiana granted her requeſt of going round by Belfont, which ſhe had previouſly arranged from an arrant deſire to embrace her loved ſiſter, ſhe ſtill dwelt on a laſt hope from that interview.

CHAP. XI.

Hints upon National Prejudice.

WITH mingled diſquietude and diſtaſte, Melmond ſaw the reluctance of Indiana to quit town, and that he was leſs than a cypher with her upon the laſt evening's aſſembly, where, without deigning to beſtow one look upon him, ſhe chatted, ſmiled, and fluttered with every one elſe; undiſguiſedly betraying, that he whom ſhe ſhould ſoon have alone, and have always, ſhould not rob of even one precious moment this laſt ſplendid blaze of general admiration. He ſighed; and in common with the hapleſs perverſeneſs of mortals, thought he had *thrown away*, in Eugenia, *a gem richer than all her tribe!* (a)

Camilla, whoſe heart, however dead to joy, was invariably open to tenderneſs, was melted with fond emotions in the idea of again meeting her beloved Eugenia, and ready for her journey nearly with the light.

Soon after ſhe was dreſſed, a houſe maid, tapping at her door, ſaid, "Pray, Ma'am, is Miſs Lynmere with you?"

(a) Shakeſpeare.

"No."

"No."

Presently Miss Margland came herself.

"Pray, Miss Camilla, do you know any thing of Miss Lynmere? It's the oddest thing in the world where she can be!"

Camilla, now, went forth to aid the search; Melmond, who was waiting to hand her into the carriage, looked amazed at the enquiry. It soon, however, was clear, that she was no where in the house; and, after sundry examinations and researches, one of the maids was brought to confess having aided her, in the middle of the night, to go into the street, where she was handed into a post chaise by Mr. Macdersey.

Melmond appeared thunder struck.

An action so unexpected at the period of a solemn engagement which waited but the journey to Cleves for being compleated, seemed to him, at first, incredible. But, when Miss Margland exclaimed, "O pursue her; Mr. Melmond! order your horse, and gallop to Scotland immediately!" he gravely, and rather drily answered: "By no means, Ma'am! The man who has the honour of her preference, is the only one who can have any hope to make her happy.

He then returned, quietly, to his own lodgings; far more indignant than hurt at this abrupt conclusion of a connexion which, though it had opened to him as a promise

of

of Elyſium, was cloſing with every menace of mutual diſcontent.

Camilla was truly concerned; and not merely for the future riſk run by her Couſin, in this raſh flight, but for the new diſappointment to her Uncle. She was obliged, however, to beſtow her whole attention upon Miſs Margland, whoſe tribulation was yet greater, and who, in loſing thus her pupil, loſt the expected reward of near thirteen years of unwilling attendance.

To return to Sir Hugh without her charge, without indeed either of the young ladies who were put under her care, ſhe had not courage. Nor could Camilla ſo little feel for her diſtreſs as to requeſt it. An expreſs, therefore, was ordered to Cleves, for informing him of theſe ill tidings; with a very elaborate panegyric from Miſs Margland of her own conduct; and a deſire to know whether or not ſhe ſhould remain in town till ſomething tranſpired concerning Indiana.

The expreſs was but juſt gone, when a packet, which ought to have arrived two days before, by the ſtage, was delivered to Camilla. Its intention was to convey more ſpeedily a letter from Lavinia, containing the terrible information that Mr. Clykes had juſt been at Etherington himſelf, to deliver in his accounts, and preſs immediate payment!

ment! Their Father, Lavinia ſaid, conceived the wholeſome impoſition, till the man produced the paper ſigned by his daughter. She had then been called in, and obliged to confeſs her knowledge of the tranſaction. She would avoid, ſhe ſaid, particulars that could be only uſeleſsly afflicting; but the interview had ended in their Father's agreeing to pay, when it ſhould be poſſible, the ſums actually delivered to the creditors, and for which Mr. Clykes could produce their own receipts: but refuſing, poſitively and abſolutely, any gratuity whatſoever, from deteſtation of ſo dangerous and ſeductive a ſpecies of trade as clandeſtine and illegal money-lending to minors: The man acknowledged the law againſt him for the intereſt; but threatened to ſend in an account for his own trouble, in collecting and paying the bills, that he would diſpute, for validity, in any court of juſtice to which he could be ſummoned: and, in leaving the houſe, menaced an immediate writ, if all he could legally claim were not paid the next day; unleſs a new bond were properly ſigned, with a promiſe to abide by that already drawn up. Their Father, ſhe was forced to confeſs, had now lent his every guinea, for the debts of Clermont, to Sir Hugh; and was at this inſtant deliberating to whom he ſhould apply; but deſired, meanwhile, an exact

exact ſtatement of the debts which this man had in commiſſion to diſcharge. The letter concluded with Lavinia's unfeigned grief in the taſk of writing it.

Camilla read it with a diſtraction that made it wholly unintelligible to her; yet could not read it a ſecond time; her eyes became dim, her faculties confuſed, and ſhe rather felt deprived of the power of thinking, than filled with any new and dreadful ſubjects for rumination.

In this ſtate, the letter on the floor, her eyes ſtaring around, yet looking vacant, and ſearching nothing, ſhe was called to Lord O'Lerney, who begged the honour of a conference with her upon buſineſs.

She ſhook her head, in token of denial, but could not ſpeak. The ſervant looked amazed; yet brought her a ſecond meſſage, that his Lordſhip was extremely ſorry to torment her, but wiſhed to communicate ſomething concerning his kinſman, Mr. Macderſey.

She then faintly articulated, "I can ſee nobody."

Still the ſame dreadful vacuity ſuperſeded her ſenſibility, till, ſoon after, ſhe received a note from Lady Iſabella Irby, deſiring to be admitted to a ſhort converſation with her upon the part of Lord O'Lerney.

With

With the name of Lady Iſabella Irby recurred the remembrance that ſhe was a favourite of Edgar—and burſting into tears, ſhe conſented to the interview; which took place immediately.

The terrible ſtate in which ſhe appeared was naturally, though not juſtly, attributed by her ladyſhip to the elopement of her Couſin: while Camilla, called by her ſight to ſofter regrets, beheld again, in mental view, the loved and gentle image of Edgar.

Lady Iſabella apologiſed politely, but briefly, for her intruſion, ſaying: "My Lord O'Lerney, whoſe judgment is never in any danger, but where warped by his wiſh of giving pleaſure, inſiſts upon it that you will be leſs incommoded by a quick forced admiſſion of me than of himſelf. Nobody elſe will think ſo: but it is not eaſy to refuſe him: ſo here I am. The motive of this intruſion you can but too readily divine. Lord O'Lerney is truly concerned at this raſh action in his kinſman, which he learnt by an accidental call at his lodgings, where various circumſtances had juſt made it known.

He could not reſt without deſiring to ſee ſome part of the young lady's family, and making an offer of his own beſt ſervices with reſpect to ſome arrangement for her future eſtabliſhment. It is for this purpoſe, you

you have been ſo importunately hurried; Lord O'Lerney wiſhing to make the firſt news that is ſent to Sir Hugh Tyrold leſs alarming, by ſtating, at once, what he can communicate concerning Mr. Macderſey."

Camilla was now ſoftened into ſome attention, and much gratitude.

"Will you," ſaid Lady Iſabella, "now you underſtand the purport of his viſit, ſee Lord O'Lerney himſelf? He can give you much better and clearer documents than I can; and it is always the beſt and ſhorteſt mode to deal with principals."

Camilla mechanically complied, and Lady Iſabella ſent her footman with a note to his Lordſhip, who was waiting at her houſe in Park-lane.

The diſcourſe ſtill fell wholly upon Lady Iſabella; Camilla, loſt alternately in miſery and abſence, ſpoke not, heard not; yet former ſcenes, though not preſent circumſtances, were brought to her mind by the object before her, and almoſt with reverence, ſhe looked at the favourite of Edgar, in whoſe ſweetneſs of countenance, good ſenſe, delicacy, and propriety, ſhe conceived herſelf reading every moment the cauſes of his approbation. Ah, why, thought ſhe, while unable to reply, or to liſten to what was ſaid, why knew I not this charming woman, while yet he took an intereſt in my conduct

and connexions! Perhaps her gentle wiſdom might have drawn me into its own path! how would he have delighted to have ſeen me under ſuch influence! how now, even now,—loſt to him as I am!—would he generouſly rejoice, could he view the condeſcending partiality of looks and manner that ſeem to denote her diſpoſition to kindneſs!

Lord O'Lerney ſoon joined them; and after thanking Camilla for granting, and his Ambaſſadreſs for obtaining him an audience, ſaid; "I have been eager for the honour of a conference with Miſs Tyrold, in the hope of ſomewhat alleviating the fears for the future, that may naturally join with diſpleaſure for the preſent, from the very unadviſed ſtep of this morning. But, however wrong the manner in which this marriage may be effected, the alliance in itſelf will not, I hope, be ſo diſadvantageous as matches of this expeditious character prove in general. The actual poſſeſſions of Macderſey are, indeed, far beneath what Miſs Lynmere, with her uncommon claims, might demand; but his expectations are conſiderable, and well founded; and his family will all come forward to meet her, with every mark of reſpect, for which, as its head, I ſhall lead the way. He is honeſt, honourable, and good natured; not particularly endowed with judgment or diſcretion, but by no means want-

ing in parts, though they are rather wild and eccentric."

His Lordſhip then gave a full and ſatisfactory detail of the preſent ſtate, and future hopes of his kinſman; and added, that it ſhould be his own immediate care to endeavour to ſecure for the fair bride a fixed ſettlement, from a rich old relation who had long promiſed to make Macderſey his heir. He told Camilla to write this, without delay, to the young lady's Uncle, with full leave to uſe his name and authority.

"At all times," he continued, "it is neceſſary to be quick, and as explicit as poſſible, in repreſenting what can conciliate an adventure of this ſort, of which the clandeſtine meaſure implies on one ſide, if not on both, ſomething wrong; but moſt eſpecially it is neceſſary to uſe ſpeed where the flight is made with an Hibernian; for with the Engliſh in general, it is nearly enough that a man ſhould be born in Ireland, to decide him for a fortune-hunter. If you lived, however, in that country, you would ſee the matter pretty equally arranged; and that there are not more of our pennyleſs beaux who return laden with the commodity of rich wives, than of thoſe better circumſtanced who bring home wives with more eſtimable dowries."

He

He then added, that it was from Miſs Lynmere herſelf he had learnt the reſidence of Camilla in Groſvenor Square; for, having made ſome acquaintance with her at one of Mrs. Berlinton's evening parties, he had heard ſhe was a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, and immediately enquired after her fair kinſwoman, whom he had ſeen at Tunbridge.

Camilla thanked him for remembering her; and Lady Iſabella, with a countenance that implied approbation in the remark, ſaid; "I have never once heard of Miſs Tyrold at the aſſemblies of this houſe."

She quietly replied, ſhe had never been preſent at them; but a look of ſenſibility with which her eyes dropt, ſpoke more than ſhe intended of concern at their exiſtence, or at leaſt frequency.

"Your lovely young Hoſteſs," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, "has entered the world at too early an hour to be aware of the ſurfeit ſhe is preparing herſelf, by this unremitting luxury of pleaſure; but I know ſo well her innocence and good qualities, that I doubt not but the error will bring its own cure, and ſhe will gladly return to the literary and elegant intercourſe, which ſhe has juſt now given up for one ſo much more tumultuous."

"I am glad you ſtill think ſo, my Lord;" ſaid Lady Iſabella, alſo looking down; "ſhe is a very ſweet creature, and the little I have ſeen of her, made me, while in her ſight, warmly her well-wiſher. Nevertheleſs I ſhould rather ſee any young perſon, for whom I was much intereſted,—unleſs endowed with the very remarkable forbearance of Miſs Tyrold,—under her influence after the period your Lordſhip expects to return, than during its *interregnum!*"

Camilla diſavowed all claim to ſuch praiſe, bluſhing both for her friend and herſelf at what was ſaid. Lord O'Lerney, looking concerned, pauſed, and then anſwered, "You know my partiality for Mrs. Berlinton: yet I always ſee with freſh reſpect the courage with which my dear Lady Iſabella caſts aſide her native reſerve and timidity, where ſhe thinks a hint—an intimation—may do good, or avert danger."

His eye was then fixed upon Camilla, who ſurprized, turned haſtily to Lady Iſabella, and ſaw a tender compaſſion in her countenance, that confirmed the interpretation of Lord O'Lerney; joined with a modeſt confuſion that ſeemed afraid, or aſhamed, of what had eſcaped her.

Grateful for herſelf, but extremely grieved for the idea that ſeemed to have gone forth

of Mrs. Berlinton, ſhe felt a tear ſtart into her eye. She chaced it with as little emotion as ſhe could ſhew; and Lord O'Lerney, with an air of gayer kindneſs, ſaid; "As we muſt now, Miſs Tyrold, account ourſelves to be ſomewhat allied, you permit me, I hope, to recommend my gallant Couſin to your protection with Sir Hugh? That he has his ſhare of the wildneſs, the blunders, the eccentricities, and the rhodomontade, which form, with you Engliſh, our ſtationary national character, muſt not be denied; but he has alſo, what may equally, I hope, be given us in the lump, generoſity, ſpirit, and good intentions. With all this—"

He was here interrupted; the door being ſuddenly burſt open by Mrs. Mittin, who entered, exclaiming, "Lord, Miſs, what a ſad thing this is! I declare it's put me quite into a quiver! And all Wincheſter's quite in an uproar, as one may ſay."

Here ended the little interval of horrour in Camilla. Mrs. Mittin and Mr. Clykes ſeemed to her as one; yet that, already, her Couſin's elopement ſhould have ſpread ſo near home, ſeemed impoſſible. "When," ſhe cried, "were you in Wincheſter? And how came this affair known to you?"

"Known? why, my dear Miſs, it was there it all happened. I come through it with Mr. Dennel, who was ſo obliging as to

to bring me to town, for a little buſineſs I've got to do; and next week he'll take me back again; for as to poor little Mrs. Liſſin, ſhe'll be quite loſt without me. She don't know her right hand from her left, as one may ſay. But how ſhould ſhe, poor child? Why ſhe is but a babby? What's fifteen? And ſhe's no more."

"We'll talk of that," ſaid Camilla, colouring at her loquacious familiarity, "ſome other time." And attempted to beg Lord O'Lerney would finiſh what he was ſaying. But Mrs. Mittin, ſomewhat affronted, cried; "Lord, only think of your ſitting here, talking, and making yourſelf ſo comfortable, juſt as if nothing was the matter! when every body elſe is in ſuch a taking as never was the like! I muſt ſay, as to that, a gentleman in more reſpect never was, I believe; and I can't ſay but what I'm very ſorry myſelf for what Mr. Clykes has done; however, I told you, you know, you'd beſt not provoke him."

"For Heaven's ſake," cried Camilla, ſtartled, "what—"

"What?—Why, Lord, Miſs! don't you know your Papa's took up? He's put in Wincheſter Priſon, for that debt, you know."

The breath of Camilla inſtantly ſtopt, and ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs, ſhe ſunk upon the floor.

Lord O'Lerney quitted the room in great concern, to call ſome female aſſiſtants; but Lady

Lady Iſabella remained, contributing with equal tenderneſs and judgment to her aid, though much perſonally affected by the incident.

Her recovery was quick, but it was only to deſpair; to ſcreams rather than lamentations, to cries rather than tears. Her reaſon felt the ſhock as forcibly as her heart: the one ſeemed tottering on its ſeat; the other burſting its abode. Words of alarming incoherency proclaimed the danger menacing her intellects, while agonies nearly convulſive diſtorted her features, and writhed her form.

Unaffectedly ſhocked, yet not venturing, upon ſo ſlight an acquaintance, to interfere, Lady Iſabella uttered gently but impreſſively her good wiſhes and concern, and glided away.

The nearly diſtracted Camilla ſaw not that ſhe went; and knew no longer that ſhe had been in the room. She held her forehead one moment; called for death the next; and the next wildly deprecated eternal puniſhment. But as the horrour nearly intolerable of this firſt abrupt blow gave way, the deſire of flying inſtantly to her father was the ſymptom of reſtored recollection.

Haſtening then to Miſs Margland, ſhe conjured her, by all that was moſt affecting, to

to ſet off immediately for Wincheſter. But Miſs Margland, though ſhe ſpared not the moſt ſevere attacks upon the already ſelf-condemned and nearly demoliſhed Camilla, always found ſomething relative to herſelf that was more preſſing than what could regard any other, and declared ſhe could not ſtir from town till ſhe received an anſwer from Sir Hugh.

Camilla beſought at leaſt to have the carriage; but of this ſhe aſſerted herſelf at preſent the miſtreſs, and would not liſten to parting with it. Camilla, frantic to be gone, flew then down ſtairs, and called to the porter in the hall, that ſome one ſhould inſtantly ſeek her a chaiſe, coach, or any conveyance whatever, that could carry her to Wincheſter.

She perceived not that Lady Iſabella, waiting for her footman, who had, accidentally, gone on further, upon ſome meſſage, now opened the door of the parlour, where Lord O'Lerney was converſing with her upon what had happened: ſhe was flying back, though not knowing whither, nor which way ſhe turned, when Lord O'Lerney, gently ſtopping her, aſked, why ſhe would not, on ſuch an emergence, apply for the carriage of Mrs. Berlinton? Lady Iſabella ſeconded the motion, by a ſoft, but juſt hint, of the danger of her taking ſuch a journey,

journey, in a hired carriage, entirely unprotected.

She had hardly consideration enough left to either thank or understand them, yet mechanically followed their counsel, and went to Mrs. Berlinton; Lord O'Lerney, deeply touched by her distress, sending in a servant at the same time with his name, and following; while Lady Isabella, too much interested to go till something was decided, quietly shut herself into the parlour, there to wait his Lordship's information.

The request for the carriage was, indeed, rather made by him than by Camilla, who, when she entered the room, and would have spoken, found herself deprived of the power of utterance, and looked a picture of speechless dismay.

The tender feelings of Mrs. Berlinton were all immediately awakened by this sight, and she eagerly answered Lord O'Lerney, that both her carriage and herself should be devoted to her distressed friend: yet, the first emotion over, she recollected an engagement for the evening she could not break, though one she hesitated to mention, while the colour, of which her late hours had robbed her lovely cheeks, returned to them as she stammered her retractation.

The next day, however, she was beginning to promise,—but Camilla, to whom the next minute

minute ſeemed endleſs, flew down again to the hall, to ſupplicate the firſt footman ſhe could meet, to run and order any ſort of carriage he could find; with but barely ſufficient ſelf-command to refrain running out with that view herſelf.

Lady Iſabella, again coming forth, entreated to know if there were any commiſſion, any poſſible ſervice ſhe could herſelf perform: and Lord O'Lerney, who was deſcending the ſtairs, repeated ſimilar offers. But wild with affright, or ſhuddering with horrour, ſhe paſſed without hearing or obſerving them.

To ſee a young creature in a ſtate ſo deplorable, and to conſider her as travelling without any friend or ſupport, in ſo ſhaken a condition, to viſit an impriſoned Father, touched theſe benign obſervers with the ſincereſt commiſeration; and the connexion of a part of his family forming at this moment with a branch of her own, induced Lord O'Lerney to believe he was almoſt bound to take care of her himſelf. "And yet," ſaid he to Lady Iſabella, "though I am old enough to be her grandfather, the world, ſhould I travel with her, might impute my aſſiſtance to a ſpecies of admiration which I hope to experience no more—as witneſs my truſting myſelf ſo much with Lady Iſabella Irby!"

Lady

Lady Isabella, from the quick coincidence of similar feelings, instantly conceived his wishes, and paused to weigh their possibility. A short consideration was sufficient for this purpose. It brought to her memory, her various engagements; but it represented at the same time to her benevolence that they would be all, by the performance of one good action,

More honour'd in the breach than the observance:

She sent, therefore, a message after Camilla, entreating a short conference.

Camilla, who was trying to comprehend some further account from Mrs. Mitten, silently, but hastily obeyed the call; and her look of wild anguish would have fixed the benign intention of Lady Isabella, had it been wavering. In a simple phrase, but with a manner the most delicate, her Ladyship then offered to conduct her to Winchester. A service so unexpected, a goodness so consoling, instantly brought Camilla to the use of her frightened away faculties, but with sensations of gratitude so forcible, that Lord O'Lerney with difficulty saved her from falling at the feet of his amiable friend, and with yet more difficulty restrained his own knees from doing her similar homage.

No time was to be lost; Lady Isabella determined to do well what she once undertook

took to do at all; ſhe went to Park-lane, to make known her excurſion, and arrange ſome affairs, and then inſtantly returned, in her own poſt-chaiſe and four horſes, for Camilla; who was driven from the metropolis.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

The Operation of Terror.

LADY Iſabella, for the firſt two or three miles, left Camilla uninterruptedly to her own thoughts; ſhe then endeavoured to engage her in ſome diſcourſe, but was ſoon forced to deſiſt. Her miſery exceeded all meaſure of reſtraint, all power of effort. Her Father in priſon! and for debts of her contracting! The picture was too horrible for her view, yet too adheſive to all her thoughts, all her feelings, all her faculties, to be removed from them a moment. Penetrated by what ſhe owed to Lady Iſabella, ſhe frequently took her hand, preſſed it between her own, preſſed it to her lips; but could ſhew her no other gratitude, and force herſelf to no other exertion.

It was ſtill early, they travelled poſt, and with four horſes, and arrived at Wincheſter before eight o'clock.

Shaking, ſhe entered the town, half fainting, half dead. Lady Iſabella would have driven ſtraight on to Etherington, which was but a ſtage further; but to enter the rectory, whence the Rector himſelf was torn—

torn—"No!" cried ſhe, "no! there where abides my Father, there alone will I abide! No roof ſhall cover my head, but that which covers his! I have no wiſh but to ſink at his feet—to crawl in the duſt—to confine myſelf to the hardeſt labour for the remnant of my miſerable exiſtance, ſo it might expiate but this guilty outrage!"

Lady Iſabella took not any advantage of the anguiſh that was thus burſting forth with ſecret hiſtory; ſhe was too delicate and too good to ſeize ſuch a moment for ſurpriſing confidence, and only enquired if ſhe had any friend in the town, who could direct her whither to go, and accompany as well as direct.

She knew no one with ſufficient intimacy to endure preſenting herſelf to them upon ſuch an occaſion; and preferred proceeding alone to the ſad and cruel interview. Lady Iſabella ordered the chaiſe to an hotel, where ſhe was ſhewn into a room up ſtairs, whence ſhe ſent one of her own ſervants to enquire out where debtors were confined, begging Camilla to get ready a note to prepare her Father for the meeting, and prevent any affecting ſurpriſe. She then went to chuſe herſelf a chamber, determined not to quit her voluntary charge, till ſhe ſaw her in the hands of her own friends.

Camilla could not write: to kneel, to weep, to ſue, was all ſhe could bear to plan; to preſent to him the ſight of her handwriting ſhe had not courage.

Preſently ſhe heard a chaiſe drive rapidly through the inn gate: it might be him, perhaps releaſed; ſhe flew down the ſtairs with that wild hope; but no ſooner had deſcended them, than a dread of his view took its place, and ſhe ran back: ſhe ſtopt, however, in the landing place, and ſuddenly a voice ſtruck her ear that vibrated quick to her heart, and there ſeemed to arreſt the ſprings of life: ſhe thought it the voice of her Mother——

It ceaſed to ſpeak; and ſhe dropt on one knee, inwardly, but fervently praying her ſenſes might deceive her.

Again, however, and more diſtinctly, it reached her; doubt then ceaſed, and terrour next to horrour took its place. What was ſaid ſhe knew not, her trepidation was too great to take in more than the ſound.

Proſtrate ſhe fell on the floor; but hearing a waiter ſay, "Up ſtairs, madam, you may have a room to yourſelf;" ſhe ſtarted, roſe, and ruſhing violently back to the apartment ſhe had quitted, bolted herſelf in; exclaiming, "I am not worthy to ſee you, my Mother! I have caſt my Father into priſon—and I know you will abhor me!"

She

She then ſat down againſt the door, to liſten if ſhe were purſued; ſhe heard a footſtep, a female ſtep; ſhe concluded it that of her Mother; "She can come," cried ſhe, "but to give me her malediction!" And flew frantic about the room, looking for any means of eſcape, yet perceiving only the window, whence ſhe muſt be daſhed to deſtruction.

She now heard a hand upon the lock of the door. "O that I could die! that I could die!" ſhe cried, madly advancing to the window, and throwing up the ſaſh, yet with quick inſtinctive repentance pulling it down, ſhuddering and exclaiming: "Is there no death for me but murder—no murder but ſuicide?"

A voice now found its way through her cries to her ear, that ſaid, "It is me, my dear Miſs Tyrold; will you not admit me?"

It was Lady Iſabella; but her Mother might be with her: ſhe could not, however, refuſe to open the door, though deſperately ſhe ſaid to herſelf: If ſhe is there, I will paſs her, and ruſh into the ſtreets!

Seeing, however, Lady Iſabella alone, ſhe dropt on her knees, ejaculating, "Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! one moment yet I am ſpared!"

"What is it, my dear Miſs Tyrold," ſaid Lady Iſabella, "that cauſes you this ſudden agony?

agony? what can it be that thus dreadfully diſorders you?"

"Is ſhe with you?" cried ſhe, in a voice ſcarcely audible; "does ſhe follow me? does ſhe demand my father?"

"Riſe, dear madam, and compoſe yourſelf. If you mean a Lady whom this minute I have paſſed, and whoſe countenance ſo much reſembles yours, that I thought her at once ſome near relation, ſhe is juſt gone from this houſe."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" again ejaculated the proſtrate Camilla; "My Mother is ſpared a little longer the dreadful ſight of all ſhe muſt now moſt abominate upon earth!"

She then begged Lady Iſabella inſtantly to order the chaiſe, and return to town.

"On the contrary," anſwered her Ladyſhip, extremely ſurpriſed at ſo wild a requeſt, "Let me rather, myſelf, carry you to your family."

"O no, Lady Iſabella, no!" cried Camilla, ſpeaking with frightful rapidity, and ſhaking in every limb, "all now is changed. —I came to wait upon my Father—to humble myſelf at his feet—not to obtrude myſelf upon my Mother!—O Lady Iſabella!—I ſhall have broken her heart—and I dare not offend her with my ſight!"

Lady

Lady Iſabella, with the moſt judicious gentleneſs, endeavoured to render her more reaſonable. " I pretend not," ſhe ſaid, " to decide upon your ſituation, though I comprehend its general affliction: yet ſtill, and at all events, its termination muſt be a meeting. Suffer me, therefore, rather to haſten than retard ſo right a meaſure. Allow of my mediation, and give me the infinite pleaſure of leaving you in the hands of your friends."

Camilla, though ſcarcely able to articulate her words, declared the motive to her journey was at an end; that her Father had now one to watch, ſoothe, and attend him, who had none of her dreadful drawbacks to conſoling powers; and that ſhe would remain at Mrs. Berlinton's till ſummoned home by their immediate commands.

Lady Iſabella began pleading their own rights to decide if or not the meeting ſhould be deferred: but wildly interrupting her, " I have not nerves, I have not hardineſs," ſhe cried, " to force myſelf into ſuch a preſence. An injured Father—an offended Mother—O Lady Iſabella! if you knew how I adore—and how I have ruined them!—"

" Let me go to them from you, myſelf; let me repreſent your ſituation. They are

now

now probably together. That Lady whom I ſaw but from the ſtairs, though her countenance ſo much ſtruck me, and whom I now conclude to be Mrs. Tyrold, ſaid, as ſhe paſſed, I ſhall walk; I only want a guide;"——

"They had not, then, even met!" cried Camilla, ſtarting up with freſh horrour; "ſhe is but juſt arrived—has but juſt been at Etherington—and there heard—that her huſband was in priſon—and in priſon for the debts of her daughter! her guilty—perhaps reprobated daughter!"—

Again, wringing her hands, half diſtracted, "O, that the earth," ſhe cried, "had received me, ere I quitted the parental roof! Innocent I had then died, no ſhame would have embittered my Father's ſorrow—no wrath my Mother's—no diſgrace would have blighted their ſo long—long wiſhed-for meeting!"

The compaſſionating, yet judicious Lady Iſabella, willing to ſhorten the ſufferings ſhe pitied, made yet another effort to prevent this unadviſed return, by propoſing they ſhould both ſleep this night at Wincheſter, that Camilla might better judge what ſtep to purſue. But all deſire of meeting was now converted into horrour; and her ſhattered intellects could not bear paſſing a whole night in expectation of a diſcovery through

through ſome accident. "Have I not already," cried ſhe, "heard her voice and fled its ſound? Judge then, Lady Iſabella, if I can preſent myſelf before her! No, I muſt write, firſt. I have a long and dreadful hiſtory to relate —— and then, when ſhe has heard it—and when the rectory has received again its reverend maſter—and when they find ſome little palliation, where now they can ſee only guilt—and when all is committed without diſguiſe to their goodneſs—their mercy—they may ſay to me perhaps themſelves: Unhappy Camilla! thou haſt paid thy juſt penalty; come home, then, to thy parent's roof, thou penitent child!"

Lady Iſabella knew too little of the characters with which ſhe had to deal, to judge if it would be right to inſiſt any further: ſhe ordered, therefore, freſh horſes to her chaiſe, and as ſoon as her footman came back, who brought the now uſeleſs direction where Mr. Tyrold was to be found, they drove out of Wincheſter.

At Alton they ſtopt to ſleep; and, her immediate terrour removed, ſhe became more ſenſible of what ſhe owed to Lady Iſabella, to whom, in the courſe of the evening, ſhe recounted frankly the whole hiſtory of her debts, except what related to Lionel.

"Your

"Your Ladyſhip hears me," ſaid ſhe, in concluſion, "with the patience of benevolence, though I fear, with the cenſure of all judgment. What evils have accrued from want of conſideration and foreſight! My errours have all been doubled by concealment—every miſchief has been augmented by delay. O, Lady Iſabella! how ſad an example ſhall I add to your powers of benign inſtruction!—From day to day, from hour to hour, I planned expedients, where I ought to have made confeſſions! To avoid one dreadful—but direct evil, what I have ſuffered has been nearly intolerable—what I have inflicted, unpardonable!"

Lady Iſabella, much touched by her openneſs and confidence, repaid them by all that compaſſion could ſuggeſt, or that a ſincere diſpoſition towards kindneſs could anticipate of eſteem. She gathered the amount of the ſum for which Mr. Tyrold was confined, and aſſured Camilla ſhe could herſelf undertake that Lord O'Lerney would accommodate him with it immediately, and wait his perfect leiſure for re-payment. "I have known him," ſaid ſhe, "from a child, and have always ſeen, with reſpect and admiration, the prompt pleaſure with which he rather ſeizes than accepts every opportunity to do good."

Camilla, returning the moſt grateful thanks, acknowledged ſhe had no apprehenſion but that the writ would immediately be withdrawn, as the country was almoſt filled with friends to her Father, who would come forward upon ſuch an occaſion. "What reſts thus upon my mind," ſaid ſhe, "and what upon his—and upon my Mother's will reſt—is the diſgrace—and the cauſe! the one ſo public, the other ſo clandeſtine! And though this debt will be eaſily diſcharged, its payment by a loan is but incurring another: and how that is to be paid, I know not indeed. Alas! Lady Iſabella!—the Father I have thus dreadfully involved, has hitherto, throughout his exemplary life, held it a ſacred duty to adapt his expences to his income!"

Again Lady Iſabella gave what conſolation ſhe could beſtow; and, in return for her truſt, ſaid, ſhe would ſpeak to her with ſincerity upon a point of much delicacy. It was of her friend, Mrs. Berlinton; "who now," ſaid ſhe, "you are not, perhaps, aware, is become a general topic of diſcourſe. To the platonics, with which ſhe ſet out in life, ſhe has, of late, joined coquetry; nor even there ſtops the ardour with which ſhe ſeeks to animate her exiſtence; to two characters, hitherto thought the moſt contradictory, the ſentimental and the

the flirting, ſhe unites yet a third, till now believed incompatible with the pleaſures and purſuits of either; this, I need not tell you, is that of a gameſtreſs. And when to three ſuch attributes is added an open averſion to her huſband, a profeſſed, an even boaſted hatred of his perſon, his name, his very being—what hope can be entertained, be her heart, her intentions what they may, that the various dangers ſhe ſets at defiance, will not ultimately take their revenge, and ſurpriſe her in their trammels?"

Edgar himſelf ſeemed, to Camilla, to be ſpeaking in this repreſentation; and that idea made it catch her attention, in the midſt of her utmoſt miſery. She urged, however, all ſhe knew, and could ſuggeſt, in favour of Mrs. Berlinton; and Lady Iſabella expreſſed much concern in occaſioning her any painful ſenſations. "But who," ſaid ſhe, "can ſee you thus nearly, and not be intereſted in your happineſs? And I have known, alas!—though I am ſtill under thirty, inſtances innumerable of ſelf-deluded young women, who, truſting to their own pure intentions, have neither feared nor heeded the dangers which encircled them, till imperceptibly, from the inſidious influence of levity, they have purſued the very courſe they began with diſclaiming, and followed the very ſteps from

from which at firſt they unaffectedly recoiled."

Inſtructed and grateful, though incapable of being tranquiliſed, Camilla the next day reached Groſvenor Square long before her fair friend had left her downy pillow. Lady Iſabella exacted a promiſe to be informed of her proceedings, and, loaded with merited acknowledgments, returned to her own manſion.

Camilla took poſſeſſion of the firſt room in which ſhe found a pen and ink, and wrote inſtantly to Lavinia a ſhort, rapid, and incoherent letter, upon the diſtraction of her mind at the dreadful calamity ſhe had occaſioned her Father, and the accumulated horrours to which her Mother had returned. She durſt not preſent herſelf before them uncalled, not even by letter; but ſhe would live in the ſtricteſt retirement and penance till they ordered her home, for which epoch, not more longed for than dreaded, ſhe beſought her ſiſter's mediation.

This ſent off, ſhe forced herſelf to wait upon Miſs Margland, who had received an anſwer from Cleves to continue in town till Indiana wrote or re-appeared. She then ſtrove to recollect all ſhe had been told by Lord O'Lerney of Mr. Macderſey, and Miſs Margland, pleaſed and ſurpriſed, undertook to write it to Sir Hugh.

To

To three days of dreadful fuſpenſe ſhe now ſaw herſelf inevitably condemned, in waiting an anſwer from Lavinia: but as her eyes were opened to remark, by the admonitions of Lady Iſabella, and her attention was called back to the earlier cautions of Edgar, her time, though ſpent with miſery, hung not upon her unoccupied. She thought herſelf called upon by every tie of friendſhip, faithfully and courageouſly to repreſent to Mrs. Berlinton her impropriety of conduct with regard to Bellamy, and the reports that were ſpread abroad to her more general diſadvantage.

Her reception from that lady, ſhe had thought, for the firſt time, cold. She had welcomed her, indeed, with an accuſtomed embrace, but her kindneſs ſeemed ſtrained, her ſmile was faint, and the eyes which ſo ſoftly uſed to ſecond it, were averted.

As ſoon as they were alone together, Camilla took her hand; but, without returning its preſſure, Mrs. Berlinton preſented her with a new poem for her evening's amuſement.

Camilla put it down, but while heſitating how to begin, Bellamy was announced. She ſtarted, and flew away, but returned when he was gone, and begged a conference.

Mrs. Berlinton anſwered certainly; though ſhe looked embarraſſed, and added not immediately, as ſhe was obliged to dreſs for the evening.

Camilla entreated ſhe might ſpeak with her before dinner the next day.

To this ſhe received a gentle aſſent: but no interview at the time appointed took place; and when at dinner they met, no notice was taken of the neglect.

She now ſaw ſhe was pointedly avoided. Her courage, however, was called upon, her gratitude was indebted for paſt kindneſſes, and her honour felt a double engagement. The opportunity therefore ſhe could not obtain by requeſt, ſhe reſolved to ſeize by ſurpriſe.

Bellamy was again, however, announced; but the moment that, from her own chamber, ſhe heard him deſcend the ſtairs, ſhe flew to the dreſſing-room, and abruptly entered it.

The ſurpriſe ſhe gave was not greater than that ſhe received. Mrs. Berlinton, her fine eyes ſtreaming with tears, and her white hands uplifted with an air of ſupplication, was evidently in an act of devotion. Camilla drew back, and would have retired, but ſhe haſtily dried her eyes, and ſaid: "Miſs Tyrold? Do you want me? where's Miſs—Miſs Margland?"

"Ah!

"Ah! my deareſt Mrs. Berlinton! my friend, as I had hoped, and by me, ſurely I truſt loved for ever," cried Camilla, throwing her arms round her neck, "why this ſorrow? why this diſtance? why this unkind avoidance?"

Mrs. Berlinton, who, at firſt, had ſhrunk from her embrace, now fell, in trembling agitation, upon her breaſt. Camilla hoped this was the inſtant to improve, when ſhe appeared to be, herſelf, calling religion to her aid, and when the tenderneſs of her appeal ſeemed to bring back a movement of her firſt partiality. "Suffer, ſuffer me," ſhe therefore cried, "to ſpeak to you now! hear me, my dear and amiable friend, with the ſweetneſs that firſt won my affection!"

Mrs. Berlinton, affrighted, drew back, acknowledging herſelf unhappy; but ſhrinking from all diſcourſe, and ſtarting when Camilla named Bellamy, with a confuſion ſhe vainly ſtrove to repreſs.

Unhackneyed in the world as was Camilla, her underſtanding and ſenſe of right ſtood here in the place of experience, to point out the danger and impropriety ſurrounding her friend; and catching her by the gown, as ſhe would have quitted the room, "Mrs. Berlinton," ſhe emphatically cried, "if you perſiſt in this unhappy, this

perilous intercourse, you risk your reputation, you risk my sister's peace, you risk even your own future condemnation!—O forgive me, forgive me! I see how I have affected you—but you would listen to no milder words!"

Mrs. Berlinton had sunk upon a chair, her hands clasped upon her forehead, and tears running rapidly down her cheeks. Brought up with religious terrours, yet ill instructed in religious principles, the dread of future punishment nearly demolished her, though no regular creed of right kept her consistently in any exercise of good. But thus forcibly surprised into sudden conscientious recollections, she betrayed, rather than opened her heart, and acknowledged that she was weeping at a denial she had given to Bellamy; who, molested by the impossibility of ever conversing with her undisturbed, had entreated her to grant him, from time to time, a few hours society, in a peaceful retirement. "Nor should I—nor could I—" she cried, "refuse him—for I have every reliance in his honour—but that the guilty world, ignorant of the purity of our friendship, might causelessly alarm my brother for my fame. And this, and the fear of any—though so groundless—uneasiness to your sister, makes me resist his powerful eloquence, and even

my

my own notions of what is due to our exalted league of friendſhip."

Camilla liſtened with horrour to this avowal, yet ſaw, with compaſſion, that her friend endeavoured to perſuade herſelf, ſhe was free from wrong; though with cenſure that ſhe ſought to gloſs over, rather than inveſtigate, every doubt to the contrary: but while fear was predominant for the event of ſuch a ſituation to herſelf, abhorrence filled her whole mind againſt Bellamy, in every part, every plan, and every probability of the buſineſs.

"O Mrs. Berlinton!" ſhe cried, "conquer this terrible infatuation, which obſcures danger from your ſight, and right from your diſcernment! Mr. Bellamy is married; and if you think, yourſelf, my ſiſter would be hurt to know of theſe unhallowed leagues and bonds, you muſt be ſure, with the leaſt reflection, that they are wrong: you too, are married; and if Mr. Melmond would join with the world in condemning the extraordinary project you mention, you muſt feel, with the leaſt reflexion, it ought not to be granted. I have committed many errours; yet not one of them wilfully, or againſt conviction: nevertheleſs, the ill conſequences that have enſued, tear me at this moment with repentant ſorrow: Ah! think then, what

you—ſo tender, ſo ſuſceptible, ſo feeling, will ſuffer, if with your apprehenſions all awake, you liſten to any requeſt that may make my ſiſter unhappy, or involve your deſerving brother in any difficulty or hazard!"

Mrs. Berlinton was now ſubdued. Touched, terrified, and convinced, ſhe embraced Camilla, wept in her arms, and promiſed to ſee Bellamy no more.

The next day arrived an anſwer from Lavinia, long, minute, and melancholy, but tenderly affectionate and replete with pity.

"Ah, my ſiſter," ſhe began, "we cannot yet meet! Our Mother is in no ſtate to bear any added emotion. The firmneſs of her whole character, the fortitude of her whole life, hitherto unbroken by any paſſion, and ſuperior to any misfortune, hath both given way, ſuddenly and dreadfully, to the ſcene following her arrival."

She then went back to particulars.

Mr. Clykes, ſhe had heard, finding his bill for his own trouble poſitively refuſed, had conceived the Tyrold family in danger of bankruptcy, by the general rumours of the joint claimants of Lionel and Clermont; and imagining he had no time to loſe, hoped by an arreſt to frighten their Father to

terms. Their Father would, however, hear of none, nor pay any thing above the exact amount of the ſigned receipts of the various creditors; and ſubmitted to the confinement, in preference to applying to any friend to be his bail, till he could conſult with a lawyer. He was already at Wincheſter, where he had given Clykes a meeting, when the writ was ſerved againſt him. He ſent a diſpatch to Etherington, to prevent any ſurpriſe at his not returning, and to deſire the affair might not travel to Cleves, where Lavinia was then with Sir Hugh. This note, addreſſed to the upper ſervant, fell into the hands of Mrs. Tyrold herſelf, the next evening, upon her ſudden arrival. She went on inſtantly to Wincheſter, and alighting at an hotel, took a guide and went to the place of confinement.

"The meeting that enſued," continued Lavinia, "no one witneſſed, but every one may imagine. I will not, therefore, wound your feelings, my deareſt Camilla, with even touching upon my own."

She then beſought her to take, nevertheleſs, ſome comfort, ſince ſhe had the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction to inform her that their Father was returned to the rectory. He had been liberated, from the writ's being withdrawn; though without his conſent,

without even his knowledge, and contrary to his wishes. Nor was it yet ascertained by whom this was done, though circumstances allowed no division to their conjectures.

Harry Westwyn had learnt the terrible event in a ride he had accidentally taken to Winchester; and, upon returning to Cleves, had communicated it, with the most feeling circumspection, to herself. The excess of grief with which she had heard him, had seemed to penetrate to his quickly sensitive soul, "for he is yet more amiable," she added, "than his Father's partiality paints him;" they agreed not to name it to Sir Hugh; though Harry assured her that no less than five gentlemen in the vicinity had already flown to Mr. Tyrold, to conjure to be accepted as his bail: but he chose first to consult his lawyer upon the validity of the claim made against him. All their care, however, was ineffectual; through some of the servants, Sir Hugh was informed of the event, and his affliction was despair. He accused himself as being the cause of this evil, from the money he had borrowed for Clermont, which might wholly have been avoided, had he followed his brother's advice in immediate and severe retrenchments. These, however, he now began, in a manner that threatened

threatened to rob him of every comfort; and Mr. Weſtwyn was ſo much affected by his diſtreſs, that, to relieve him, at leaſt, from the expence of two gueſts and their ſervants, he inſtantly took leave, promiſing nevertheleſs, to yet ſee him again, before he returned for the reſt of his days to his native home. In a few hours after the departure of theſe gentlemen, news arrived that Mr. Tyrold was again at the rectory. Mr. Clykes had ſuddenly ſent his receipt, in full of all demands, and then ſet off for London.

"There cannot be a doubt this was the deed of the generous Mr. Weſtwyn, in compact with his deſerving Son," continued Lavinia; "they have been traced to Wincheſter; but we none of us know where, at preſent, to direct them. The delight of my Uncle at this act of his worthy old friend, has extremely revived him. My Father is much diſſatisfied the wretched Clykes ſhould thus be paid all his fraudulent claims; but my Mother and my Uncle would, I believe, ſcarcely have ſupported life under his longer confinement."

The letter thus concluded:

"My Mother, when firſt ſhe heard you were in town, was herſelf going to ſend for you; but when ſhe underſtood that Miſs Margland

Margland was with you, and you lived in utter ſeclufion from company, ſhe ſaid; "Since ſhe is ſafe, I had rather not yet ſee her." "Our beloved Father acquieſces, for he thinks you, at preſent, too much ſhaken, as well as herſelf, for ſo agitating an interview. Judge, then, my ſiſter, ſince even he is for the delay, if your Lavinia can gather courage to plead againſt it?

"You know, my deareſt Camilla, her extreme and tender fondneſs; you cannot, therefore, doubt, that her diſpleaſure will ſoon paſs away. But when, to the dreadful pangs of hearing the hapleſs fate of Eugenia, was added the baneful ſight of an adored huſband in cuſtody, you cannot wonder ſuch complicated ſhocks ſhould have diſordered her frame, and taught her, —even her, as my incomparable Father has juſt ſaid to me, "that always to be ſuperior to calamity, demands a mental ſtrength beyond the frail texture of the human compoſition; though to wiſh, and to try for it, ſhews we have "*that within*," which aſpires at a higher ſtate, and prepares us for fuller perfection."

"Can I better finiſh my letter than with words ſuch as theſe? Adieu, then, my dear ſiſter, I hope ſoon to write more chearful tidings.

"Our

"Our poor Mother is gone to Belfont. What a meeting again there!

"LAVINIA TYROLD."

A wiſh for death, immediate death, in common with every youthful mourner in the firſt paroxiſm of violent ſorrow, was the ſole ſenſation which accompanied the reading, or remained after the finiſhing of this letter, with Camilla. "Here," ſhe cried, falling proſtrate, "here might I but at once expire! cloſe theſe unworthy eyes, forbidden to raiſe themſelves to the authors of my exiſtence! finiſh my ſhort and culpable career, forgotten—ſince no longer cheriſhed—by the parents I have offended—by the Mother who no longer wiſhes to ſee me!"

She laid down her head, and her ſight became dim; a convulſive ſhivering, from feelings over-ſtrained, and nerves dreadfully ſhattered, ſeized her; ſhe ſighed ſhort and quick, and thought her prayer already accompliſhing: but the deluſion ſoon ceaſed; ſhe found life ſtill in its vigour, though bereft of its joy; and death no nearer to her frame, for being called upon by her wiſhes.

In the heavineſs of diſappointment, "I have lived," ſhe cried, "too long, and yet

yet I cannot die! I am become an alien to my family, and a burthen to myſelf! ordered from my home by my Father, leſt my ſight ſhould be deſtructive to my Mother—while my ſiſter durſt not even plead for me—O happy Edgar! how great has been thy eſcape not to have taken for thy wife this excommunicated wretch!"—

To live thus, ſeemed to her impoſſible; to paſs even the day in ſuch wretchedneſs ſhe believed impracticable. Any, every period appeared to her preferable, and in the deſperation of her heart, ſhe determined inſtantly to purſue her Mother to Belfont; and there obtain her pardon, or ſink to death at her feet.

Relieved from the intenſeneſs of her agony by this plan, and ever eager to purſue the firſt idea that aroſe, ſhe flew to borrow from Mrs. Berlinton her poſt-chaiſe for the next morning, and to ſupplicate that Miſs Margland would accompany her to Belfont; whence, if ſhe miſſed Mrs. Tyrold, they could eaſily return the ſame day, as the diſtance was not more than thirteen miles.

The chaiſe was readily granted by Mrs. Berlinton, and no regret expreſſed at the uncertainty of Camilla whether or not ſhe ſhould return; but Miſs Margland, though burning

burning with curiofity to fee Eugenia as Mrs. Bellamy, would not quit town, from continual expectation of fome news of Indiana.

At an early hour the following morning, and feeling as if fufpended between life and death, Camilla fet off for Belfont.

CHAP. II.

The Reverse of a Mask.

THE plan of Camilla was to ſtop within twenty yards of the houſe of Bellamy, and then ſend for Molly Mill. But when the poſtillion rang at a bell, her terrour, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuddenly encounter Mrs. Tyrold, made her bid him open the chaiſe door, that ſhe might get out and walk on, before he enquired for Molly. But, in ſtepping from the carriage, ſhe diſcerned, over a paling at ſome diſtance, Eugenia herſelf, alone, ſlowly walking, and her head turned another way.

Every perſonal, and even every filial idea, was buried inſtantly in this ſight. The diſaſtrous ſtate of this beloved and unhappy ſiſter, and her own recent diſcovery of the worthleſs character of the wretch who had betrayed her into his ſnares, penetrated her with an anguiſh that took thought from all elſe; and darting through the great gate, and thence through a ſmaller one, which opened to the ſpot where ſhe ſaw her walking, ſhe flew to her in a ſpeechleſs tranſport of ſorrow, folded her in her arms, and ſobbed upon her ſhoulder.

Starting,

Starting, ſhaking, amazed, Eugenia looked at her; "Good Heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "is it my ſiſter?—Is it Camilla?—Do I, indeed, ſee one ſo dear to me?" And, too weak to ſuſtain herſelf, ſhe ſunk, though not fainting, upon the turf.

Camilla could not articulate a ſyllable. The horrour ſhe had conceived againſt Bellamy chilled all attempt at conſolation, and her own miſery which, the preceding moment, ſeemed to be cruſhing the ſprings of life, vaniſhed in the agonized affliction with which ſhe felt the misfortunes of her ſiſter.

Eugenia ſoon recovered, and riſing, and holding her by the hand, yet ſeeming to refuſe herſelf the emotion of returning her embraces, ſaid, with a faint effort to ſmile; "You have ſurpriſed me, indeed, my dear Camilla, and convicted me to myſelf of my vain philoſophy. I had thought I ſhould never more be moved thus again. But I ſee now, the affections are not ſo ſpeedily to be all vanquiſhed."

The melancholy conveyed by this idea of believed apathy, in a young creature ſo innocent, and but juſt dawning into life, ſtill beyond ſpeech, and nearly beyond ſufferance, affected Camilla, who hanging over her, ſighed out: "My deareſt! - - - deareſt Eugenia!

"And

"And what is it has brought to me this unexpected, but loved ſight? Does Mr. Bellamy know you are here?

"No," ſhe anſwered, ſhuddering at his name.

Eugenia looked penſive, looked diſtreſſed; and caſting down her eyes and heſitating, with a deep ſigh ſaid: "I, - - I have not the trinkets for my dear ſiſter - - - Mr. Bellamy - - -" ſhe ſtopt.

Called to her ſad ſelf by this ſhock, of which ſhe ſtrove to repreſs the emotion, Camilla recollected her own "almoſt blunted purpoſe," and fearfully aſked if their Mother were yet at Belfont.

"Ah, no!" ſhe anſwered, claſping her hands, and leaning her head upon her ſiſter's neck: "She is gone!—The day before yeſterday ſhe was with me,—with me only for one hour!—yet to paſs with her ſuch another, I think, my dear Camilla, would ſoon lead me where I might learn a better philoſophy than that I ſo vainly thought I had already acquired here!"

Camilla, ſtruck with awe, ventured not even at an enquiry; and they both, for ſome little time, walked on in ſilence.

"Did ſhe name to you," at length, in broken accents, ſhe aſked, "did ſhe name to you, my Eugenia, - - - the poor, baniſhed - - - Camilla?"——

"Baniſhed?

"Baniſhed? No. How baniſhed?"

"She did not mention me?"

"No. She came to me but upon one ſubject. She failed in her purpoſe, - - - and left me."

A ſigh that was nearly a groan finiſhed this ſhort little ſpeech.

"Ah, Heaven! my Eugenia," cried Camilla, now in agony unreſiſted, tell me, then, what paſſed! what new diſappointment had my unhappy Mother to ſuſtain? And how, and by what cruel fatality, has it fallen to your lot - - - even to yours - - - to ſuffer her wiſhes to fail?"

"You know nothing, then," ſaid Eugenia, after a pauſe, "of her view—her errand hither?"

"Nothing; but that to ſee you could alone again have torn her from my Father."

"Bleſſed may ſhe be!" cried Eugenia, fervently, "and rewarded where rewards are juſt, and are permanent!"

Camilla zealouſly joined in the prayer, yet beſought to know if ſhe might not be informed of the view to which ſhe alluded?

"We muſt go, then," ſaid Eugenia, "into the houſe; my poor frame is yet feebler than my mind, and I cannot ſupport it unaided while I make ſuch a relation."

Camilla

Camilla affrighted, now gave up her request; but the generous Eugenia would not leave her in suspense. They went, therefore, to a parlour, where, shutting the doors and windows, she said, "I must be concise, for both our sakes; and when you understand me, we must talk instantly of other things."

Camilla could give only a tacit promise; but her air shewed she would hold it as sacred as any bond.

"The idea which brought to me this inestimable Parent, and which brought her, at a moment when she knew me to be alone - - - Camilla! how shall I speak it? It was to exonerate me from my vows, as forced! to annul all my engagements, as compulsatory! and restore me again - - - O, Camilla! Camilla! to my Parents, my Sisters, my Uncle, my dearly-loved Cleves!

She gaped almost convulsively; yet though Camilla now even conjured her to say no more, went on: "A proposal such as this, pressed upon me by one whose probity and honour hold all calamity at nought, if opposed to the most minute deviation from right—a proposal such as this - - - ah! let me not go back to the one terrible half instant of demur! It was heart-rending, it

was

was killing! I thought myſelf again in the boſom of my loved family!—

"And is it ſo utterly impoſſible? And can it not yet be effected?

"No, my dear Siſter, no! The horrible ſcenes I muſt go through in a public trial for ſuch a purpoſe—the ſolemn vows I muſt ſet aſide, the reiterated promiſes I muſt break,——no, my dear Siſter, no! - - - And now, we will ſpeak of this no more."

Camilla knew too well her firmneſs, her enthuſiaſm to perform whatever ſhe conceived to be her duty, to enter into any conteſt. Yet to ſee her thus ſelf devoted, where even her upright Mother, and pious Father, thoſe patterns of reſignation to every heaven-inflicted ſorrow, thought her ties were repealed by the very villainy which had formed them, ſeemed more melancholy, and yet harder for ſubmiſſion than her firſt ſeizure by the worthleſs Bellamy.

"And how bore my poor Mother - - - my poor unfortunate Mother! deſtined thus to woes of every ſort, though from children who adore her! how bore ſhe the deprivation of a hope that had urged her ſo far?"

"Like herſelf! nobly! when once it was decided, and ſhe ſaw that though, upon certain

certain avowals, the law might revoke my plighted faith, it could not abrogate the ſcruples of my conſcience. She thinks them overſtrained, but ſhe knows them to be ſincere, and permitted them, therefore, to ſilence her. Unfit to be ſeen by any others, ſhe hurried then away. And then, Camilla, began my trial! Indeed I thought, when ſhe had left me, - - - when my arms no more embraced her honoured knees, and neither her bleſſings nor her ſorrows ſoothed or wounded my ears, I thought I might defy all evil to aſſault, all woe to afflict me ever again! that my eyes were exhauſted of every tear, and my heart was emptied of all power of future feeling. I ſeemed ſuddenly quite hardened;——transformed I thought to ſtone, as ſenſeleſs, as immovable, and as cold!"

The ſenſations of Camilla were all ſuch as ſhe durſt not utter; but Eugenia, aſſuming ſome compoſure; added, "Of this and of me now enough—ſpeak, my dear Siſter, of yourſelf. How have you been enabled to come hither? And what could you mean by ſaying you were baniſhed?"

"Alas! my deareſt Eugenia, if my unhappy ſituation is unknown to you, why ſhould I agitate you with new pain? my Mother, I find, ſpared you; and not only you, but me—though I have wrung her

heart, tortured it by a ſight never to be obliterated from her memory—ſhe would not rob me of my beloved ſiſter's regard; nor even name me, leſt the altered tone of her voice ſhould make you ſay, Of what Camilla does my Mother ſpeak?"

Eugenia, with earneſt wonder, begged an explanation; but when Camilla found her wholly uninformed of the hiſtory of their Father's confinement, ſhe recoiled from giving her ſuch a ſhock: yet having gone too far entirely to recede, ſhe reſted her account upon the debts, and the dealings with a uſurer; both ſufficiently repugnant to the ſtrictneſs and nobleneſs of Mrs. Tyrold, to ſeem ample juſtification of her diſpleaſure.

Eugenia entered into the diſtreſſes of her ſiſter as if exempt herſelf from all ſuffering: and Camilla, thus commiſerating and commiſerated, knew not how to tear herſelf away; for though Eugenia preſſed not her ſtay, ſhe turned pale, when a door opened, a clock ſtruck, or any thing ſeemed to prognoſticate a ſeparation.

At length, however, the lateneſs of the day forced more reſolution. But when Camilla then rang to give orders for the carriage, the footman ſaid it had been gone more than two hours. The poſtillion, being left without any directions, thought it

convenient to ſuppoſe he was done with; and knowing Camilla had no authority, and his lady no inclination to chide him, had given in her little packet, and driven off.

Far from repining at this mixture of impertinence and careleſſneſs, Camilla would have rejoiced in an accident that ſeemed to invite her ſtay, had not her ſiſter ſeemed more ſtartled than pleaſed by it. She begged, therefore, that a poſt chaiſe might be ordered; and Molly Mill, the only ſervant to whom the miſtreſs of the houſe appeared willing to ſpeak, received the commiſſion. At ſight of Camilla, Molly had cried bitterly, and beginning "O Miſs!—" ſeemed entering into ſome lamentation and detail; but Eugenia, checking her, half whiſpered: "Good Molly, remember what you promiſed!"

When Molly came back, ſhe ſaid that there were no horſes at Belfont, and would be none till the next morning.

The ſiſters involuntarily congratulated one another upon this accident; though they reciprocated a ſigh, that to neceſſity alone they ſhould owe their lengthened intercourſe.

"But, my dear miſtreſs," cried Molly, "there's a lad that I know very well, for I always ſee him when I go of an errand,

that's

that's going to Salifbury; and he fays he muft go through Etherington, and if you've any thing you want to fend he'll take it for you; and he can bring any thing back, for he fhall be here again to-morrow, for he goes poft."

Eugenia, fending away Molly, faid, "Why fhould you not feize fuch an opportunity to addrefs a few lines to our dear Mother? I may then have the fatisfaction to fee her anfwer; and if, - - - as I cannot doubt, fhe tells you to return home with Mifs Margland;—for fhe will not, I am fure, let you travel about alone;—what a relief will it be to me to know the diftreffes of my beloved fifter are terminated! I fhall paint your meeting in my "mind's eye," fee you again reftored to the funfhine of her fondnefs, and wile away my folitary langour with reveries far more foothing than any that I have yet experienced at Belfont."

Camilla embraced her generous Sifter; and always readieft for what was fpeedieft, wrote and fent off thefe lines, directed

To Mifs Tyrold.

I cannot continue filent, yet to whom may I addrefs myfelf? I dare not apply to my

my Father—Encompaſſed with all the guilt with which imprudence could enſnare me, my courage is gone with my happineſs! which way may I then turn? In pity to a wretched ſiſter, O drop at the feet of HER I durſt not name, but whom I revere, if poſſible, even more than I have offended, this ſmall and humble memorial of my unhappy exiſtence—my penitence, my ſupplication, my indeſcribable, though merited anguiſh!

CAMILLA.

Could the two ſiſters, even in this melancholy ſtate, have continued together, they felt that yet from tender ſympathy, conſolation might reviſit their boſoms. The day cloſed in; but they could not bear to part; and though, from hour to hour, they pronounced an adieu, they ſtill ſat on, talked on, and found a balm in their reſtored intercourſe, ſo healing and ſo ſweet, that the ſun, though they hailed not its beams, roſe while they were yet repeating Good Night!

They then thought it too late to retire, mutually agreeing with how much greater facility they might recover their loſt reſt, than an opportunity ſuch as this for undiſturbed converſation.

Every

Every minute of this endearing commerce made ſeparation ſeem harder; and the anſwer for which they waited from Etherington, anxiouſly and fearfully as it was expected, ſo wiled away the minutes, that it was noon, and no chaiſe had been ordered, when they heard one driving up to the houſe.

Alarmed, they liſtened to know what it portended. "Mr. Bellamy," ſaid Eugenia, in a low voice, "hardly ever comes home at this hour."

"Can it be my Mother herſelf? cried Camilla."

In a few minutes, however, Eugenia looked pale, "'Tis his ſtep!" ſhe whiſpered; and preſently Bellamy opened the door.

Obliged to acknowledge his entrance, Camilla aroſe; but her parched lips and clammy mouth made her feel as if his ſight had given her a fever, and ſhe attempted not to force any ſpeech.

He did not ſeem ſurpriſed at ſeeing her, aſked how ſhe did, rather cavalierly than civilly; rang the bell, and gave various orders; addreſſed ſcarcely a word to his wife, and walked whiſtling about the room.

A change ſo groſs and quick from the obſequious Bellamy, Camilla had hitherto ſeen,

ſeen, was beyond even her worſt expectations, and ſhe conceived as low an opinion of his underſtanding and his manners as of his morals.

Eugenia kept her eyes rivetted to the ground; and though ſhe tried, from time to time, to ſay ſomething to them both, evidently required her utmoſt fortitude to remain in the room.

At length; "Miſs Camilla," he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe you know Miſs Margland is gone?"

"Gone! whither?—how gone?"

"Why home. That is to her home, as ſhe thinks it, Cleves. She ſet off this morning with the light."

Camilla, aſtoniſhed, was now called forth from her taciturnity; "What poſſibly," ſhe cried, "can have induced this ſudden journey? Has my uncle ſent for her?"

"No; your uncle has nothing to do with it. She had a letter laſt night from Mrs. Macderſey, with one encloſed for Sir Hugh, to beg pardon and ſo forth; and this morning ſhe ſet off to carry it."

Camilla was confounded. Why Miſs Margland had not, at leaſt, called at Belfont to enquire if ſhe would proceed with her, was beyond all her conjecture.

Soon after, Bellamy's ſervant came in with a letter for Camilla, which had arrived

rived after ſhe left town, and was given to him by Mrs. Berlinton's butler. She retired into the next room to read it, where, to her great conſternation, ſhe found it was from Jacob, and had been written the day of Mr. Tyrold's arreſt, though, as it was ſent by a private hand, it had only now arrived. "Things going," he ſaid, "ſo bad "at Cleves, on account of ſo many misfor-"tunes, his maſter was denying himſelf all "his natural comforts, and in particular he "had ſent to un-order a new pipe of Ma-"deira, ſaying, he would go without; "though, as Miſs might remember, it was "the very wine the doctors had ordered "for his ſtomach. This all the ſervants "had taken ſo to heart, that they had re-"ſolved to buy it among 'em, and get it "privately laid in, and not let his honour "know but what it was always the ſame, "till he had drunk ſo much he could not "help himſelf. For this, they were to "join, according to their wages or ſavings. "Now I," ſays Jacob, "being, by his gud "honnur's genroſty, the ritchiſt ammung "us, fur my kalling, wants to do the moſt, "after nixt to the buttlur and huſkippir; "ſo, der Miſs, awl I've gut beng in the "funs, witch I cant fil out withowt los, if "you can lit me hav the munny fur the "hurs, without ullconvenince, til Miſs Geny "that

"that was can pay it, I ſhul be mutch "obbleggd, poor Miſs Geny nut havving of "a fardin, witch wil be a gret fevur to, "Madm,

Yur humbbel ſurvent til deth

JACCUB MORD."

So touching a mark of the fond gratitude of the Cleves' ſervants to their kind maſter, mingled tenderneſs, in defiance of all horrour, in the tears of Camilla; but her total inability to ſatisfy the juſt claims of Jacob, ſince now her reſource even in Eugenia failed, with the grief of either defeating his worthy project, or making it laſtingly hurtful to him, was amongſt the ſevereſt ſtrokes which had followed her ill adviſed ſchemes. To proclaim ſuch an additional debt, was a ſhame from which ſhe ſhrunk; yet to fly immediately to Cleves, and try to ſoothe her oppreſſed uncle, was an idea that ſtill ſeemed gifted with ſome power to ſoothe herſelf. Whither indeed elſe could ſhe now go? ſhe had no longer either carriage or protectreſs in town; and what ſhe gathered of the re-admiſſion of Bellamy to Groſvenor-ſquare, from his account of Miſs Margland, made the cautions and opinions of Edgar burſt forcibly upon her mind, to impede,

pede, though moſt mournfully, all future return to Mrs. Berlinton.

"Ah Edgar!" ſhe cried, "had I truſted you as I ought, from the moment of your generous declaration—had my confidence been as firm in your kindneſs as in your honour, what miſery had I been ſaved!

Theſe regrets were, as uſual, reſuming their abſorbing powers;—for all other evils ſeemed fluctuating, but here miſery was ſtationary; when the voice of Bellamy, ſpeaking harſhly to his unhappy wife, made her conclude him not aware he was overheard, and force herſelf back to the parlour. But his inattention upon her return was ſo near rudeneſs, that ſhe ſoon felt convinced Mrs. Berlinton had acquainted him with her remonſtrances and ill opinion: he ſeemed in guilty fear of letting her converſe even a moment with Eugenia; and preſently, though with an air of pretended unconcern, ſaid: "You have no commands for the chaiſe I came in, Miſs Camilla?

"No, Sir, - - - What chaiſe? - - - Why? - - -" She ſtammered.

"It's difficult ſometimes to get one at this place; and theſe horſes are very freſh. I bid them ſtay till they aſked you."

This was ſo palpable a hint for her to depart, that ſhe could not but anſwer ſhe would make uſe of it, when ſhe had taken leave

leave of her ſiſter; whom ſhe now looked at with emotions near deſpair at her fate, and with difficulty reſtrained even its moſt unbridled expreſſions. But Bellamy kept cloſe, and no private conference could take place. Eugenia merely ſaid: "Which way, my dear ſiſter, ſhall you go?"

"I - - - I am not fixed—to - - - to Cleves, I believe," anſwered ſhe, not knowing herſelf what to determine.

"I am very glad of it," ſhe replied, "for the ſake of my poor—" ſhe found her voice faulter, and did not pronounce "uncle;" but added, "as Miſs Margland has already left London, I think you right to go thither at once."

They then embraced tenderly, but parted without any further ſpeech, and ſhe ſet off, rather mechanically than deſignedly, for Cleves.

CHAP. III.

A new View of an old Mansion.

CAMILLA, for some time, bestowed no thought upon what she was doing, nor whither she was going. A scene so dreadful as that she now quitted, and a character of such utter unworthiness as that with which her sister for life was tied, absorbed her faculties, and nearly broke her heart.

When she stopt, however, at Bagshot, for fresh horses, the obligation of giving directions to others, made her think of herself; and, bewildered with uncertainty whether the step she took were right or wrong, she regretted she had not, at least, desired to stay till the answer arrived from Etherington. Yet her journey had the sanction of Eugenia's concurrence; and Eugenia seemed to her oracular.

When she came upon the cross road leading from Winchester to Cleves, and felt her quick approach to the spot so loved yet dreaded, the horses seemed to her to fly. Twenty times she called out to the driver not to hurry; who as often assured her the bad roads prevented any haste; she wanted to form some appropriate plan and speech for

for every emergence; but ſhe could ſuggeſt none for any. She was now at the feet of her Mother, now kiſſing the hands of her Father, now embraced again by her fond uncle;—and now rejected by them all. But while her fancy was at work alternately to ſoothe and to torture her, the park lodge met her eyes, with ſtill no reſolution taken.

Vehemently ſhe ſtopt the chaiſe. To drive in through the park would call a general attention, and ſhe wiſhed, ere her arrival were announced, to conſult alone with Lavinia. She reſolved, therefore, to get out of the carriage, and run by a private path, to a ſmall door at the back of the houſe, whence ſhe could glide to the chamber commonly appropriated to her ſiſter.

She told the poſtillion to wait, and alighting, walked quick and fearfully towards the lodge.

She paſſed through the park gate for foot paſſengers without notice from the porter. It was twilight. She ſaw no one; and rejoiced in the general vacancy. Trembling, but with celerity, ſhe, "*ſkimmed*," like her celebrated name-ſake, the turf; and annoyed only by the ſhadows of the trees, which all, as firſt they caught her eye, ſeemed the precurſors of the approach

of Mrs. Tyrold, ſpeedily reached the manſion: but when ſhe came to the little door by which ſhe meant to enter, ſhe found it faſtened.

To the front door ſhe durſt not go, from the numerous chances by which ſhe might ſurpriſe ſome of the family in the hall: and to preſent herſelf at the ſervant's gate would have an appearance degrading and clandeſtine.

She recollected, at laſt, the ſaſh-door of a bow-window belonging to a room that was never occupied but in ſummer. Thither ſhe went, and knowing the ſpring by which it could be opened on the outſide, let herſelf into the houſe.

With ſteps not to be heard, and ſcarcely breathing, ſhe got thence into a long ſtone paſſage, whence ſhe meant to mount the back ſtairs.

She was relieved by not meeting any one in the way, though ſurpriſed to hear no foot-ſteps about the houſe, and no voices from any of the apartments.

Cautiouſly ſhe went on, looking round at every ſtep, to avoid any ſudden encounter; but when ſhe came to the bed-chamber gallery, ſhe ſaw that the door of the room of Sir Hugh was wide open.

It was poſſible he might be in it: ſhe had not courage to paſs; her ſight, thus unprepared,

unprepared, after ſo many heavy evils, might be too affecting for his weak frame. She turned ſhort round, and entered a large apartment at the head of the ſtairs, called the billiard room, where ſhe reſolved to wait and watch ere ſhe ventured any further.

Its aſpect was to the front of the houſe; ſhe ſtole gently to a window, whence ſhe thought the melancholy of her own mind pervaded the park. None of her uncle's horſes were in ſight; no one was paſſing to and fro; and ſhe looked vainly even for the houſe-dog who ordinarily patrolled before the manſion.

She ventured to bend forwarder, to take a view of the ſide wings; theſe, however, preſented not any ſight more exhilarating. Nothing was in motion, no one was viſible, not even a fire blazed chearfulneſs.

She next ſtrove to catch a glance of the windows belonging to the chamber of Eugenia; but her ſigh, though ſad, was without ſurpriſe to ſee their ſhutters ſhut. Thoſe of Indiana too, were cloſed. But deeper ſtill was her ſigh, ſince mingled with ſelf-reproach, to perceive her own chamber alſo ſhut up. "Alas!" ſhe cried, "my poor uncle conſiders us all as dead to him!" ſhe durſt not lean ſufficiently forward to examine the drawing-room, in which

which ſhe concluded the family aſſembled; but ſhe obſerved, with wonder, that even the library was not open, though it was ſtill too light for candles; and Dr. Orkborne, who uſually ſat there, from the forgetfulneſs of application, was the laſt to demand them.

The fear of diſcovery was now combated by an anxiety to ſee ſome one,—any one,—and ſhe returned to the paſſage. All there was ſtill quiet, and ſhe hazarded gliding paſt the open door, though without daring to look into the room; but when ſhe came to the chamber of Lavinia, which ſhe ſoftly entered, all was dark, and it was evidently not in preſent uſe.

This was truly diſtreſsful. She concluded her ſiſter was returned to Etherington, and knew not to whom to apply for counſel or mediation. She no longer, however, feared meeting her parents, who certainly had not made her ſiſter quit Cleves without themſelves; and, after a little heſitation, relying upon the ever ſure lenity of her uncle, ſhe determined to caſt herſelf upon his kindneſs: but firſt to ſend in a ſhort note, to avoid giving him any ſurpriſe.

She returned down the gallery, meaning to apply for pen and ink to the firſt perſon ſhe could find: no longer, however, quite ſo cautious, ſhe ſtopt near the chamber

of

of Sir Hugh, and convinced by the ſtillneſs it was empty, could not reſiſt ſtepping into the appartment.

It looked deſpoiled and forſaken. Nothing was in its wonted order; his favourite guns hung not over the chimney-piece; the corners of the room were emptied of his ſticks; his great chair was in a new place; no cuſhions for his dogs were near the fire; the bedſtead was naked.

She now felt petrified; ſhe ſunk on the floor, to ejaculate a prayer for his ſafety, but knew not how to riſe again for terrour; nor which way next to turn, nor what even to conjecture.

Thus ſhe remained, till ſuſpenſe grew worſe than certainty, and ſhe forced herſelf from the room to ſeek ſome explanation. She deſcended the ſtairs with almoſt equal apprehenſion of meeting any one or ſeeing no one. The ſtone paſſage was now nearly dark. It was always the firſt part of the houſe that had been lighted, as its windows were ſmall and high: but no preparations were now making for that purpoſe. She went to the houſe-keeper's room, which was at the foot of the ſtairs ſhe had deſcended. The door was ſhut, and ſhe could not open it. She tried repeatedly, but vainly, to be heard by ſoft taps and whiſperings; no one anſwered.

Amazed,

Amazed, confounded, ſhe turned ſlowly another away; not a ſoul was in ſight, not a ſound within hearing. Every thing looked deſolate, all the family ſeemed to be vaniſhed.

Inſenſibly, yet irreſiſtibly, ſhe now moved on towards the drawing-room. She heſitated whether or not to enter. She liſtened. She hoped to catch the voice of her uncle: but all was inviolably ſtill.

This was the only place of aſſembling in the evening; but her uncle might have dropt aſleep, and ſhe would not hazard ſtartling him with her preſence. She would ſooner go to the hall at once, and be announced in the common way by a ſervant.

But what was her aſtoniſhment in coming to the hall, to find neither ſervant, light, nor fire? and the marble pavement covered with trunks, packing mats, ſtraw, ropes, and boxes? Terrified and aſtoniſhed, ſhe thought herſelf walking in her ſleep. She could combine no ideas, either good or bad, to account for ſuch a ſcene, and ſhe looked at it bewildered and incredulous.

After a long heſitation, ſpent in wonder rather than thought, ſhe at length determined to enter the breakfaſt-parlour, and ring the bell: when the diſtant ſound of a carriage,

carriage, that was juſt entering the park, made her ſhut herſelf into the room, haſtily, but ſilently.

It advanced rapidly; ſhe trembled; it was ſurely, ſhe thought, her Mother.

When it drove up to the portico, and ſhe heard the houſe-bell ring, ſhe inſtinctively barred her door; but finding no one approach to the call, while the bell was impatiently re-rung, her ſtrong emotions of expectation were taking her again into the hall, when as her hand was upon the lock of the door, a light glimmered through the key hole. She heard ſome ſtep advancing, and precipitately drew back.

The hall door was now opened, and a man enquired for a young lady juſt come from Alresford.

"There's no young lady here at all," was the anſwer, in the voice of Jacob.

Finding it only her own driver, ſhe ventered out; crying, "O Jacob! where is my dear uncle?"

Jacob was, at firſt, incapable of all anſwer, through ſurpriſe at her ſtrange appearance; but then ſaid, "O Miſs Camilla! you'll go nigh to break your good heart when you knows it all! But how you've got into the houſe is what I can't gueſs; but I wiſh, for my poor maſter's ſake, it had been before now!"

Horrour crept through every vein of Camilla, in the explanation ſhe awaited of this fearful myſtery. She made a motion to the driver to ſtay, returned back to the parlour, and beckoned, for ſhe could not ſpeak, to Jacob to follow her.

When he came, and ſhutting the door, was beginning a diffuſe lamentation, eagerneſs to avert lengthened ſuſpenſe recovered her voice, and ſhe paſſionately exclaimed: "Jacob! in two words, where is my uncle!—Is he well?"

"Why, yes, Miſs Camilla, conſidering—" he began; but Camilla, whoſe fears had been fatal, interrupted him with fervent thankſgiving, till ſhe was called back from joy by the following words:

"He's gone away, Miſs Camilla! gone Lord knows where! given up all his grand houſe-keeping, turned off almoſt all his poor ſervants, and is going to live, he ſays, in ſome little lodging, till he can ſcrape together wherewithal to pay off every thing for your papa!"

A thunder-bolt that had inſtantly deſtroyed her, would gratefully have been received, in preference to this ſpeech, by Camilla, who, caſting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed: "Then am I the moſt deteſtable, as well as the moſt wretched of human beings! My Father I have impriſoned!—my

my Uncle I have turned from his houſe and home!—and for thee, O my Mother!—this is the reception I have prepared!"

Jacob tried to conſole her; but his account was only added torture.

The very inſtant he told her, that his maſter had received the news of the arreſt of Mr. Tyrold, he determined upon this violent plan; and though the ſo ſpeedy releaſe, through the generoſity of Mr. Weſtwyn, had exceedingly calmed his firſt emotions, he would not change his purpoſe, and proteſted he would never indulge himſelf in peace nor comfort more, till he had cleared off their joint debts; of which he attributed the whole fault to himſelf, from having lived up to the very verge of his yearly income, when he ought, he ſaid, conſidering there were ſo many young people, to have always kept a few odd ſums at hand for accidents. "We all did what we could," continued Jacob, "to put him off from ſuch a thing, but all to no purpoſe; but if you'd been here, Miſs Camilla, you'd have done more with him than all of us put together: but he called Miſs Lavinia and all of us up to him, and ſaid to us, I won't have nobody tell this to my poor little girl, meaning you, Miſs Camilla, till

I've

I've got ſomewhere ſettled and comfortable; becauſe of her kind heart, ſays he."

Tenderneſs ſo partial, at ſo ſuffering an inſtant, almoſt killed Camilla. "O Jacob," ſhe cried, "where is now my dear generous uncle? I will follow him in this chaiſe (ruſhing out as ſhe ſpoke) I will be his ſervant, his nurſe, and attend him from morning to night!"

She hurried into the carriage as ſhe ſpoke, and bade him give directions to the poſtillion. But when ſhe heard he was, at preſent, only at Etherington, whence he was ſeeking a new abode, her head drooped, and ſhe burſt into tears.

Jacob remained, he ſaid, alone, to take care of all the things, and to ſhew the place to ſuch as might come.

Miſs Margland had been at the houſe about three hours ago; and had met Sir Hugh, who had come over, to give directions about what he would have packed up; and he had read a letter from Miſs Indy that was, and had forgiven her; but he was ſore vexed Miſs Margland had come without Miſs Camilla; only ſhe ſaid Miſs Camilla was at Mrs. Bellamy's, and ſhe did not call, becauſe ſhe thought it would be better to go back again, and ſee more about Miſs Indy, and ſo bring Miſs Camilla next time; ſo ſhe wheedled his maſ-

ter

ter to ſpare the chaiſe again, and let her go off directly to ſettle every thing to Miſs Indy's mind.

Camilla now repented ſhe had not returned to Mrs. Berlinton's, there, notwithſtanding all objections, to have waited her recall; ſince there her parents ſtill believed her, and thence, under the protection of Miſs Margland, they would in all probability ſummon her. To preſent herſelf, after this barbarous aggravation of the calamities ſhe had cauſed, undemanded and unforgiven at Etherington, ſhe thought impoſſible, and ſhe reſolved to return to Belfont, to ſee there if her anſwer from Lavinia contained any new directions; if not, to again go to London, and await final commands; without liſtening ever more to any hopes, projects, or judgments of her own.

Beſeeching the worthy Jacob to pardon her non-payment, with every kind aſſurance that her uncle ſhould know all his goodneſs, ſhe told the poſtillion to take her to Belfont.

He could go no further, he ſaid, and that but a foot pace, than to Alresford. Jacob marvelled, but bleſſed her, and Camilla, ejaculating, "Adieu, dear happy Cleves!" was driven out of the park.

CHAP. IV.

A Last Resource.

To leave thus a spot where she had experienced such felicity; to see it naked and forlorn, despoiled of its hospitality, bereft of its master,—all its faithful old servants unrewarded dismissed; in disgrace to have re-entered its pales, and in terrour to quit them;—to fly even the indulgent Father, whose tenderness had withstood every evil with which errour and imprudence could assail him, set her now all at war with herself, and gave her sensations almost maddening. She reviewed her own conduct without mercy; and though misery after misery had followed every failing, all her sufferings appeared light to her repentant sense of her criminality; for as criminal alone, she could consider what had inflicted misfortunes upon persons so exemplary.

She arrived at Alresford so late, with the return horses, that she was forced to order a room there for the night.

Though too much occupied to weigh well her lonely and improper situation, at an inn, and at such hours, she was too uneasy

uneaſy to go to bed, and too miſerable for ſleep. She ſat up, without attempting to read, write, or employ herſelf, patroling her chamber in mournful rumination.

Nearly as ſoon as it was light, ſhe proceeded, and arrived at the houſe of Bellamy as the ſervants were opening the window ſhutters.

Fearfully ſhe aſked who was at home; and hearing only their miſtreſs, ſent for Molly Mill, and enquired for the anſwer from Etherington; but the lad had not yet brought any. She begged her to run to the inn, to know what had detained him; and then, ordering the chaiſe to wait, went to her ſiſter.

Eugenia was gently rejoiced to ſee her, though evidently with encreaſed perſonal unhappineſs. Camilla would fain have ſpared her the hiſtory of the deſertion of Cleves; but it was an act that in its own nature muſt be public; and ſhe had no other way to account for her ſo ſpeedy return.

Eugenia heard it with the moſt piercing affliction; and, in the fulneſs of her heart, from this new blow, acknowledged the rapacity of Bellamy, and the barbarity with which he now ſcrupled not to avow the ſordid motives of his marriage; cruelly lamenting the extreme ſimplicity with which ſhe

ſhe had been beguiled into a belief of the ſincerity and violence of his attachment. "For myſelf, however," ſhe continued, "I now ceaſe to murmur. How can misfortune, perſonally, cut me deeper? But with pity, indeed, I think of a new victim!"

She then put into her ſiſter's hand a written paper ſhe had picked up the preceding evening in her room, and which, having no direction, and being in the handwriting of Mrs. Berlinton, ſhe had thought was a former note to herſelf, accidentally dropt: but the firſt line undeceived her.

"I yield, at length, O Bellamy, to the "eloquence of your friendſhip! on Friday, "—at one o'clock, I will be there—as you "appoint!"

Camilla, almoſt petrified, read the lines. She knew better than her ſiſter the plan to which this was the conſent; which to have been given after her repreſentations and urgency, appeared ſo utterly unjuſtifiable, that, with equal grief and indignation, ſhe gave up this unhappy friend as wilfully loſt; and her whole heart recoiled from ever again entering her doors.

Retracing, nevertheleſs, her many amiable qualities, ſhe knew not how, without further effort, to leave her to her threatening fate; and determined, at all riſks, to put her

her into the hands of her brother, whofe timely knowledge of her danger might refcue her from public expofure. She wrote therefore the following note:

To FREDERICK MELMOND, *Efq.*

"Watch and fave,—or you will lofe your fifter.

"C. T."

His addrefs, from frequently hearing it, was familiar to her; and to give force to her warning, fhe rifked the initials of her own name.

The repugnance, neverthelefs, to going again to Mrs. Berlinton, pointed out no new refuge; and fhe waited, with added impatience, for the anfwer from Etherington, in hopes fome pofitive direction might relieve her cruel perplexity.

The anfwer, however, came not, and yet greater grew her diftrefs. Molly Mill brought word that when the meffenger, who was a poft-boy, returned, he was immediately employed to drive a chaife to London. The people at the inn heard him fay fomething of wanting to go to 'Squire Bellamy's with a letter; but he had not time. He was to come back however at night.

To

To wait till he arrived ſeemed now to them both indiſpenſable; but while conſidering at what hour to order the chaiſe, they heard a horſeman gallop up to the houſe-door. "Is it poſſible it ſhould already be Mr. Bellamy?" cried Eugénia, changing colour.

His voice, loud and angry, preſently confirmed the ſuggeſtion. Eugenia went into the next room to him, where, as ſhe entered, he roughly exclaimed, "What have you done with what I dropt out of my pocket-book?"

"There, Sir," ſhe anſwered, in the tone of firmneſs given by the aſcendance of innocence over guilt, "There it is: but how you can reconcile to yourſelf the deluſions by which you muſt have obtained it I know not. I hope only, for her ſake, and for yours, ſuch words will never more meet my eyes."

He was beginning a violent anſwer in a raiſed voice, when Eugenia told him her ſiſter was in the next room.

He then, in a lowered tone, ſaid, "I warrant, you have ſhewn her my letter?"

The veracious Eugenia was incapable of ſaying no; and Bellamy, unable to reſtrain his rage, though ſmothering his voice through

his ſhut teeth, ſaid, "I ſhall remember this, I promiſe you! However, if ſhe dare ever ſpeak of it, you may tell her, from me, I ſhall lock you up upon bread and water for the reſt of you life, and lay it at her door. What has brought her back again?"

"She is returning to Groſvenor-ſquare, to Miſs Margland."

"Miſs Margland? There's no Miſs Margland in Groſvenor-ſquare; nor any body elſe, that deſires her company, I can tell her. However, go, and get her off, for I have other buſineſs for you."

Eugenia then, opening the door, found her ſiſter almoſt demoliſhed with terrour and diſmay. Silently, for ſome ſeconds, they ſunk on the breaſt of each other; horrour cloſing all ſpeech, drying up even their tears.

"You have no meſſage to give me!" Camilla at length whiſpered; "I have, perforce, heard all! and I will go;—though whither—"

She ſtopt, with a look of diſtreſs ſo poignant, that Eugenia, burſting into tears, while tenderly ſhe clung around her, ſaid, "My ſiſter! my Camilla! from me—from my houſe muſt you wander in ſearch of an aſylum!"

Bellamy here called her back. Camilla entreated ſhe would inquire if he knew whither Miſs Margland was gone.

He now came in himſelf, bowing civilly, though with conſtraint, and told her that Miſs Margland was with Mrs. Macderſey, at Macderſey's own lodgings. She could make no anſwer.

She looked down, to ſave her eyes the ſight of an object they abhorred; embraced Eugenia, who ſeemed a picture of death; and after ſaying adieu! added, "If I knew whither you thought I ſhould go—that ſhould be my guide?"

"Home, my deareſt ſiſter!"

"Drive then," ſhe cried, hurrying to the chaiſe, "to Etherington!"

Bellamy advancing, ſaid, with a ſmile, "I ſee you are not much uſed to travelling, Miſs Camilla," and gave the man a direction to Bagſhot.

She began, now, to feel nearly careleſs what became of her; and when ſhe turned from the high road, and ſtopt at a ſmall inn, called the half-way-houſe, about nine miles from Etherington, reſolved to remain there while ſhe ſent for her expected anſwer; ardently praying, if it were not yielding and favourable, that the ſpot upon which ſhe ſhould read it, might be that upon which her exiſtence would cloſe.

 Alighting

Alighting at the inn, which, from being upon a croſs road, had little cuſtom, and was ſcarcely more than a large cottage, ſhe entered a ſmall parlour, diſcharged her chaiſe, and ordered a man and horſe to go immediately to Belfont.

Preſently two or three gentle tappings at the door made her, though fearfully, ſay, "Come in!" A little girl then, with inceſſant low curteſies, appeared, and looking ſmilingly in her face, ſaid, "Pray, ma'am, a'n't you the Lady that was ſo good to us? and that would not let my dad be took up?"

Camilla now recollected the eldeſt little Higden, the waſherwoman's niece, and kindly enquired after her father, her aunt, and family.

"O, they all does pure now. My dad's had no more miſhaps, and he hopes, pleaſe God, to get on pretty well."

"Sweet hearing!" cried Camilla, "all my purpoſes have not, then, been fruſtrated!"

With added ſatisfaction ſhe learnt alſo that the little girl had a good place, and a kind miſtreſs. She begged her to haſten the Belfont meſſenger, giving her in charge a ſhort note for Eugenia, with a requeſt for the Etherington letter. She had ſpent nothing in London, ſave in ſome ſmall re-

membrances to one or two of Mrs. Berlinton's ſervants; and though her chaiſe-hire had now almoſt emptied her purſe, ſhe thought every expence preferable to lengthening her ſuſpenſe, or to continuing on the road.

In anſwer to the demand of what ſhe would be pleaſed to have, ſhe then ordered tea. She had taken no regular meal for two days; and for two nights had not even been in bed. But the wretchedneſs of her mind ſeemed to render her invulnerable to fatigue.

The ſhaken ſtate of her nerves warped all juſt conſideration of the impropriety of her preſent ſojourn. Her judgment had no chance, where it had her feelings to combat, and in the deſpondence of believing herſelf parentally rejected, ſhe was indifferent to appearances, and deſperate upon all other events: nor was ſhe brought to any recollection, till ſhe was informed that the meſſenger, who ſhe had concluded was half way to Belfont, could not ſet out till the next morning; this ſmall and private inn not being able to furniſh a man and horſe at ſhorter warning.

To paſs a ſecond night at an inn, ſeemed, even in the calculations of her own harraſſed faculties, utterly improper; and thus, driven to extremity, ſhe forced her-

Alighting at the inn, which, from being upon a croſs road, had little cuſtom, and was ſcarcely more than a large cottage, ſhe entered a ſmall parlour, diſcharged her chaiſe, and ordered a man and horſe to go immediately to Belfont.

Preſently two or three gentle tappings at the door made her, though fearfully, ſay, "Come in!" A little girl then, with inceſſant low curteſies, appeared, and looking ſmilingly in her face, ſaid, "Pray, ma'am, a'n't you the Lady that was ſo good to us? and that would not let my dad be took up?"

Camilla now recollected the eldeſt little Higden, the waſherwoman's niece, and kindly enquired after her father, her aunt, and family.

"O, they all does pure now. My dad's had no more miſhaps, and he hopes, pleaſe God, to get on pretty well."

"Sweet hearing!" cried Camilla, "all my purpoſes have not, then, been fruſtrated!"

With added ſatisfaction ſhe learnt alſo that the little girl had a good place, and a kind miſtreſs. She begged her to haſten the Belfont meſſenger, giving her in charge a ſhort note for Eugenia, with a requeſt for the Etherington letter. She had ſpent nothing in London, ſave in ſome ſmall remembrances

membrances to one or two of Mrs. Berlinton's ſervants; and though her chaiſe-hire had now almoſt emptied her purſe, ſhe thought every expence preferable to lengthening her ſuſpenſe, or to continuing on the road.

In anſwer to the demand of what ſhe would be pleaſed to have, ſhe then ordered tea. She had taken no regular meal for two days; and for two nights had not even been in bed. But the wretchedneſs of her mind ſeemed to render her invulnerable to fatigue.

The ſhaken ſtate of her nerves warped all juſt conſideration of the impropriety of her preſent ſojourn. Her judgment had no chance, where it had her feelings to combat, and in the deſpondence of believing herſelf parentally rejected, ſhe was indifferent to appearances, and deſperate upon all other events: nor was ſhe brought to any recollection, till ſhe was informed that the meſſenger, who ſhe had concluded was half way to Belfont, could not ſet out till the next morning; this ſmall and private inn not being able to furniſh a man and horſe at ſhorter warning.

To paſs a ſecond night at an inn, ſeemed, even in the calculations of her own harraſſed faculties, utterly improper; and thus, driven to extremity, ſhe forced her-

ſelf to order a chaiſe for home; though with a repugnance to ſo compulſatory a meeting, that made her wiſh to be carried in it a corpſe.

The tardy prudence of a character naturally raſh, commonly arrives but to point repentance that it came not before. The only pair of horſes the little inn afforded, were now out upon other duty, and would not return till the next day.

Almoſt to herſelf incredible ſeemed now her ſituation. She was compelled to order a bed, and to go up ſtairs to a ſmall chamber: but ſhe could not even wiſh to take any reſt. "I am an outcaſt," ſhe cried, "to my family; my Mother would *rather not ſee me*; my Father forbears to demand me; and he—dearer to me than life—by whom I was once choſen, has forgotten me!—How may I ſupport my heavy exiſtence?—and when will it end?"

Overpowered, neverthelefs, by fatigue, in the middle of the night, ſhe lay down in her clothes: but her ſlumbers were ſo broken by viſions of reproach, conveyed through hideous forms, and in menaces the moſt terrific, that ſhe gladly got up; preferring certain affliction to wild and fantaſtic horrours.

Nearly as ſoon as it was light, ſhe rang for little Peggy, whoſe Southampton anec-

dotes

dotes had ſecured her the utmoſt reſpect from the miſtreſs of the inn, and heard that the expreſs was ſet off.

Dreadful and dreary, in ſlow and lingering miſery, paſſed the long interval of his abſence, though his rapid manner of travelling made it ſhort for the ground he traverſed. She had now, however, bought ſufficient experience to beſpeak a chaiſe againſt his return. The only employment in which ſhe could engage herſelf, was converſing with Peggy Higden, who, ſhe was glad to find, could not remember her name well enough to make it known through her pronunciation.

From the window, at length, ſhe perceived a man and horſe gallop up to the houſe. She darted forth, exclaiming, "Have you brought me any anſwer?" And ſeizing the letter he held out, ſaw the hand-writing of Lavinia, and ſhut herſelf into her room.

She opened it upon her knees, expecting to find within ſome lines from her Mother; none, however, appeared, and ſad and mortified, ſhe laid down the letter, and wept. "So utterly, then," ſhe cried, "have I loſt her? Even with her pen will ſhe not ſpeak to me? How early is my life too long!"

 Taking

Taking up again, then, the letter, ſhe read what follows:

"*To Miſs* CAMILLA TYROLD.

"Alas, my dear ſiſter, why can I not anſwer you according to our mutual wiſhes? My Father is at Wincheſter, with a lawyer, upon the affairs of Indiana; and my Mother is abroad with my uncle, upon buſineſs which he has aſked her to tranſact: but that you may not think I have been hitherto neglectful, I am painfully reduced to own to you what already has paſſed. Yet let it not depreſs you; you know when ſhe is hurt, it is not lightly; but you know, alſo, where ſhe loves, her diſpleaſure, once paſſed, is never allowed to riſe again.

"Yeſterday I ſaw her looking at your picture; the moment ſeemed to be happy, and I ventured to ſay; "Ah, poor Camilla!" but ſhe turned to me with quickneſs, and cried; "Lament, rather, Lavinia, your Father! Did he merit ſo little truſt from his child, that her affairs ſhould be withheld from him till they caſt him—where I found him!—Dread, memorable ſight!—when may I forget it!"

"Even after this, my dear Camilla, I hazarded another word, ſhe will be miſerable,

rable, I ſaid, my dear Mother, till ſhe returns." "She will return, ſhe anſwered, with Miſs Margland. This is no ſeaſon for any expence that may be avoided; and Camilla, moſt of all, muſt now ſee the duties of œconomy. Were her underſtanding leſs good, I ſhould leſs heavily weigh her errours; but ſhe ſets it apart, to abandon herſelf to her feelings. Alas! poor thing! they will now themſelves be her puniſhers! Let her not however deſpond; tell her, when you write, her angelic Father forgives her; and tell her ſhe has always had my prayers, and will ever have my bleſſing;—though I am not eager, as yet, to add to her own reproaches, thoſe ſhe may experience from my preſence."

"I knew not how to introduce this to my deareſt Camilla, but your meſſenger, and his haſte, now forces me to ſay all, and ſay it quick. He brings, I find, the letter from Belfont, where already, through Miſs Margland, we had heard you were removed; much to the approbation of my Father and my Mother, who hope your ſojourn there is a ſolace to you both. Adieu, my deareſt ſiſter—your meſſenger cannot wait.

"LAVINIA TYROLD."

"She will not ſee me then!" cried Camilla, "ſhe cannot bear my ſight! O

 Death!

Death! let me not pray to Thee alſo in vain!

Weak from inanition, confuſed from want of ſleep, haraſſed with fatigue, and exhauſted by perturbation, ſhe felt now ſo ill, that ſhe ſolemnly believed her fatal wiſh quick approaching.

The landlord of the inn entered to ſay that the chaiſe ſhe had ordered was at the door; and put down upon the table the bill of what ſhe had to pay.

She begged him to wait, and again read her letter: when ſtartled by what was ſaid of abandoning herſelf to her feelings, ſhe thought it her immediate duty to ſtate her ſituation to her parents. She deſired, therefore, the chaiſe might be put up, and wrote theſe lines:

"I could not, unhappily, ſtay at Eugenia's; nor can I return to Mrs. Berlinton; I am now at the half-way houſe, where I ſhall wait for commands. My Lavinia will tell me what I may be ordered to do. I am ill,—and earneſtly I pray with an illneſs from which I may riſe no more. When my Father—my Mother, hear this, they will perhaps accord me to be bleſt again with their ſight; the brevity of my career may, to their kindneſs, expiate its faults; they may pray for me where my own prayers may be too unſanctified to be

heard;

heard; they may forgive me—though my own forgiveneſs never more will quiet this breaſt! Heaven bleſs and preſerve them; their unoffending daughters; and my ever loved uncle!

"CAMILLA TYROLD."

She then rang the bell, and deſired this note might go by expreſs to Etherington.

But this, the waiter anſwered, was impoſſible; the horſe on which the meſſenger had ſet out to Belfont, though it had only carried him the firſt ſtage, and brought him back the laſt, had gallopped ſo hard, that his maſter would not ſend it out again the ſame day; and they had but that one.

She begged he would ſee inſtantly for ſome other conveyance.

The man who was come back from Belfont, he anſwered, would be glad to be diſcharged, as he wanted to go to reſt.

She then took up the bill, and upon examining the ſum total, found, with the expreſs, the chaiſe in which ſhe came the laſt ſtage, that which ſhe ordered to take her to Etherington, and the expence of her reſidence, it amounted to half a crown beyond what ſhe poſſeſſed.

She

She had only, ſhe knew, to make herſelf known as the niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold, to be truſted by all the environs; but to expoſe herſelf in this helpleſs, and even pennyleſs ſtate, appeared to her to be a degradation to every part of her family.

To encloſe the bill to Etherington was to ſecure its being paid; but the ſentence *Camilla moſt of all muſt now ſee the duties of œconomy*, made her revolt from ſuch a ſtep.

All ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed of pecuniary value ſhe had in her pocket: the ſeal of her Father, the ring of her Mother, the wrath of her Uncle, and the locket of Edgar Mandlebert. With one of theſe ſhe now determined to part, in preference to any new expoſure at Etherington, or to incurring the ſmalleſt debt. She deſired to be left alone, and took them from her pocket, one by one, painfully ruminating upon which ſhe could bear to loſe. "It may not, ſhe thought, be for long; for quick, I hope, my courſe will end!—yet even for an hour,—even for the laſt final moment—to give up ſuch dear ſymbols of all that has made my happineſs in life!——"

She looked at them, kiſſed and preſſed them to her heart; ſpoke to them as if living and underſtanding repreſentatives of their donors, and beſtowed ſo much time

in

in lamenting careſſes and heſitation, that the waiter came again, while yet ſhe was undetermined.

She deſired to ſpeak with the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Inſtinctively ſhe now put away the gifts of her parents; but between her uncle and Edgar ſhe wavered. She bluſhed, however, at her demur, and the modeſty of duty made her put up the watch. Taking, then, an agitating laſt view of a locket which circumſtances had rendered inappreciable to her, "Ah! not in vain," ſhe cried, "even now ſhall I loſe what once was a token ſo bewitching—Dear precious locket! Edgar even yet would be happy you ſhould do me one laſt kind office! generouſly, benevolently, he would rejoice you ſhould ſpare me ſtill one laſt menacing ſhame!—"

When Mrs. Marl, the landlady, came in, deeply colouring, ſhe put it into her hand, turning her eyes another way, while ſhe ſaid; "Mrs. Marl, I have not quite money enough to pay the bill; but if you will keep this locket for a ſecurity, you will be ſure to be paid by and by".

Mrs. Marl looked at it with great admiration, and then, with yet greater won-

der, at Camilla, who now begged her note might be ſent without delay.

A labourer, after ſome ſearch, was found, who undertook, for handſome pay, to carry it on foot to the rectory.

CHAP. V.

A Spectacle.

THE messenger returned not till midnight; what, then, was the consternation of Camilla that he brought no answer! She suspected he had not found the house; she doubted if the letter had been delivered; but he affirmed he had put it into the hands of a maid-servant, though, as it was late, he had come away directly, and not thought of waiting for any answer.

It is not very early in life we learn how little is performed, for which no precaution is taken. Care is the offspring of disappointment; and sorrow and repentance commonly hang upon its first lessons. Unused to transact any sort of business for herself, she had expected, in sending a letter, an answer as a thing of course, and had now only herself to blame for not having ordered him to stay. She consoled herself, however, that she was known to be but nine miles distant from the rectory, and that any commands could be conveyed to her nearly in an hour.

What

What they might be, became now, therefore, her ſole anxiety. Would not her Mother write? After an avowal ſuch as ſhe had made of her deſolate, if not dying condition, would ſhe not pardon and bleſs her? Was it not even poſſible ſhe might come herſelf?

This idea mingled emotions of a contrariety ſcarcely ſupportable. "O how," ſhe cried, "ſhall I ſee her? Can joy blend with ſuch terrour? Can I wiſh her approach, yet not dare meet her eyes?—thoſe eyes which never yet have looked at me but to beam with bright kindneſs!—though a kindneſs that, even from my childhood, ſeemed to ſay, Camilla, be blameleſs—or you break your Mother's heart! - - - my poor unhappy Mother! ſhe has always ſeemed to have a preſentiment, I was born to bring her to ſorrow!"

Expectation being now, for this night, wholly dead, the exceſs of her bodily fatigue urged her to take ſome repoſe: but her ever eager imagination made her apprehenſive her friends might find her too well, and ſuſpect her repreſentation was but to alarm them into returning kindneſs. A fourth night, therefore, paſſed without ſleep, or the refreſhment of taking off her clothes;

clothes; and by the time the morning ſun ſhone in upon her apartment, ſhe was too ſeriouſly diſordered to make her illneſs require the aid of fancy. She was full of fever, faint, pallid, weak, and ſhaken by nervous tremors. "I think," ſhe cried, "I am now certainly going; and never was death ſo welcomed by one ſo young! It will end in ſoft peace my brief but ſtormy paſſage, and I ſhall owe to its ſolemn call the ſacred bleſſing of my offended Mother!"

Tranquilliſed by this hope, and this idea, ſhe had now no longer any ſufferings but thoſe of diſeaſe; her mind grew calm, her ſpirits ſerene; all fears gave way to the certainty of ſoothing kindneſs, all grief was buried in the ſolemnity of expected diſſolution.

But this compoſure outlived not the firſt hours of the morning; as they vainly advanced, produced no loved preſence, no letter, no ſummons; ſolicitude revived, diſappointment ſunk her heart, and dread preyed again upon her nerves. She ſtarted at every ſound; every breath of wind ſeemed portentous; ſhe liſtened upon the ſtairs; ſhe dragged her feeble limbs to the parlour, to be nearer at hand; ſhe forced them back again to her bed-room, to ſtrain her aching eyes out of the window; but ſtill no

voice demanded her, and no perſon approached.

Peggy, who repeatedly came to tell her the hour, now aſſured her it was dinner time: unable to eat, ſhe was heedleſs of the hint this conveyed, and it obtained from her no orders, till Peggy gave her innocently to underſtand the expectations of her hoſt and hoſteſs; but when, at five o'clock, the table was ſerved, all force and courage forſook her. To be left thus to herſelf, when her ſituation was known; to be abandoned at an inn where ſhe had confeſſed ſhe thought herſelf dying;—"My Mother, ſhe cried, cannot forgive me! my Father himſelf deſerts me! O Edgar! you did well to fly ſo unhallowed a connexion!"

She left her dinner for Peggy, and crawling up ſtairs, caſt herſelf upon the bed, with a deſperate ſupplication ſhe might riſe from it no more. "The time," cried ſhe, "is paſt for conſolation, and dead for hope! my parents own prayers have been averted, and their prognoſtics fulfilled. *May the dread forfeiture*, ſaid my deareſt Father, *not extend through my daughters!* —Alas! Lionel himſelf has not brought upon him a diſgrace ſuch as I have done! —*May heaven*, ſaid my honoured Mother, *ſpare me evil under your ſhape at leaſt!*—but under

under that it has come to her the moſt heavily!"

Diſſolving, then, in ſorrowing regret, recollections of maternal tenderneſs bathed her pillow with her tears, and reverſing all the inducements to her ſad reſignation, aboliſhed every wiſh but to fall again at the parental feet. "To ſee," cried ſhe, "once more, the dear authors of my being! to receive their forgiveneſs, their bleſſing - - - to view again their honoured countenances!—to hear once more their loved ſpeech - - - Alas! was it I that fled the voice of my Mother? That voice which, till that moment, had never reached my ear, but as the precurſor of all kindneſs! why did I not at once kneel at her feet, and ſeek my loſt path under my firſt and beſt guide?"

Shocked and contrite in this tardy view of the ſtep ſhe ought to have taken, ſhe now languiſhed to petition for pardon even for an offence unknown; and, riſing, took up a pen to relate the whole tranſaction. But her head was confuſed, and the attempt ſhewed her ſhe was more ill than ſhe had even herſelf ſuſpected. She thought all rapidly advancing, and enthuſiaſtically rejoiced.

Yet a ſecond time ſhe took the pen; but it had not touched the paper, when a buz-

zing, confuſed, ſtifled ſort of noiſe from without drew her to the window.

There ſhe perceived an immenſe crowd of people approaching ſlowly, and from a diſtance, towards the inn.

As they advanced, ſhe was ſtruck to hear no increaſe of noiſe, ſave from the nearer trampling of feet. No voice was diſtinguiſhable; no one ſpoke louder than the reſt; they ſeemed even to tread the ground with caution. They conſiſted of labourers, workmen, beggars, women, and children, joined by ſome accidental paſſengers: yet the general "hum of many" was all that was heard; they were ſilent though numerous, ſolemn though mixt.

As they came near, ſhe thought ſhe perceived ſomething in the midſt of them like a bier, and caught a glimpſe of a gentleman's habit. Startled, ſhe drew in; but ſoon, upon another view, diſcerned clearly a well-dreſſed man, ſtretched out his full length, and apparently dead.

Recoiling, ſhuddering, ſhe haſtily ſhut the window, "Yet, why," ſhe cried, the next moment, "and whence this emotion? Is not death what I am meeting?—ſeeking?—deſiring?—what I court? what I pray for?"

She ſighed, walked feebly up and down the room, breathed hard and with effort, and

and then forced herſelf again to open the window, determined to contemplate ſteadily the anticipating object of her fervent demand.

Yet not without ſevere ſelf-compulſion ſhe flung up again the ſaſh; but when ſhe looked out, the crowd alone remained; the bier was gone.

Whether carried on, or brought into the houſe, ſhe now wiſhed to know, with ſome particulars, of whom it might be, and what belonged to ſo ſtrange and horrible an appearance.

She rang for little Peggy; but Peggy came not. She rang again, but no one anſwered the bell. She opened her door, meaning to deſcend to her little parlour for information; but the murmuring buz ſhe had before heard upon the road, was now within the houſe, which ſeemed filled with people, all buſy and occupied, yet ſpeaking low, and appearing to partake of a general awe.

She could not venture to encounter ſo many ſpectators; ſhe ſhut her door, to wait quietly till this firſt commotion ſhould be paſſed.

This was not for more than an hour; when obſerving, from her window, that the crowd was diſperſed, ſhe again liſtened at the door, and found that the general diſturbance

diſturbance was ſucceeded by a ſtillneſs the moſt profound.

She then rang again, and little Peggy appeared, but looking pale and much frightened.

Camilla aſked what had been the matter. "O ma'am, ſhe anſwered, crying, "here's been murder! A gentleman has been murdered—and nobody knows who he is, nor who has done it!"

She then related that he had been found dead in a wood hard by, and one perſon calling another, and another, he had been brought to the inn to be owned.

The tale was ſhocking, and, though hardly conſcious why, Camilla deſired Peggy to ſtay with her.

The little girl was moſt willing; but ſhe was preſently called down ſtairs; and Camilla, with ſtrong ſhame of nameleſs fears and weak horrour, ſtrove to meditate to ſome uſe upon this ſcene.

But her mind was diſturbed, her compoſure was gone; her thoughts were broken, abrupt, unfixed, and all upon which ſhe could dwell with any ſteadineſs, was the deſire of one more appeal to her family, that yet they would conſent to ſee her, if they received it in time; or that they ſhould know in what frame of mind ſhe expired, ſhould it bring them too late.

With

With infinite difficulty, ſhe then wrote the following lines; every bending down of her head making it ache nearly to diſtraction.

"Adieu, my deareſt parents, if again it is denied me to ſee you! Adieu my darling ſiſters! my tender uncle! I aſk not now your forgiveneſs; I know I ſhall poſſeſs it fully; my Father never withheld it, —and my Mother, if againſt herſelf alone I had ſinned, would have been equally lenient. O tendereſt of united partners! bleſs, then, the early aſhes of your erring, but adoring daughter, who, from the moment ſhe inflicted one wound upon your boſoms, has found exiſtence intolerable, and prays now but for her earthly releaſe!

"CAMILLA TYROLD."

This ſhe gave to Peggy, with a charge that, at any expence, it might be conveyed to the rectory at Etherington immediately.

"And ſhall I not, thought ſhe, when ſhe had reſted from this exertion, and may I not at ſuch a period, with innocence, with propriety, write one poor word to him who was ſo near becoming firſt to me in all things?"

She again took her pen, but had only written "O Edgar! in this laſt farewell be

"all difpleafure forgotten!—from the firft "to the final moment of my fhort life, "dear and fole poffeffor of my heart!"—when the fhooting anguifh of her head ftopt her hand, and haftily writing the direction, left fhe could write no more, fhe, with difficulty added, *Not to be delivered till I am dead*; and was forced to lie down, and fhut all light from her ftrained and aching eyes.

Peggy prefently brought her word that all the horfes were out, and every body was engaged, and that the note could not poffibly go till the next day.

Extremely difappointed, fhe begged to fpeak with Mrs. Marl; who fent her word fhe was much engaged, but would wait upon her as foon as fhe was able.

Vainly, however, fhe expected her; it grew dufk; fhe felt herfelf worfe every moment; flufhed with fever, or fhivering with cold, and her head nearly fplit afunder with agony. She determined to go once more down ftairs, and offer to her hoft himfelf any reward he could claim, fo he would undertake the immediate delivery of the letter.

With difficulty fhe arofe; with flow fteps, and tottering, fhe defcended; but as fhe approached her little parlour, fhe heard voices in it, and ftopt. They fpoke low, and

and ſhe could not diſtinguiſh them. The door of an adjoining room was open, and by its ſtillneſs empty; ſhe reſolved to ring there, to demand to ſpeak with Mr. Marl. But as ſhe dragged her weak limbs into the apartment, ſhe ſaw, ſtretched out upon a large table, the ſame form, dreſs, and figure ſhe had ſeen upon the bier.

Starting, almoſt fainting, but too much awed to call out, ſhe held trembling by the door.

The bodily feebleneſs which impeded her immediate retreat, gave force to a little mental reflexion: Do I ſhrink thus, thought ſhe, from what ſo earneſtly I have prayed to become - - - and ſo ſoon I muſt repreſent - - - a picture of death?

She now impelled herſelf towards the table. A cloth covered the face; ſhe ſtood ſtill, heſitating if ſhe had power to remove it: but ſhe thought it a call to her own ſelf-examination; and though mentally recoiling, advanced. When cloſe to the table, ſhe ſtood ſtill, violently trembling. Yet ſhe would not allow herſelf to retreat. She now put forth her hand; but it ſhook ſuſpended over the linen, without courage to draw it aſide. At length, however, with enthuſiaſtic ſelf-compulſion, ſlightly and fearfully, ſhe lifted it up - - - but inſtantly, and with inſtinctive horrour, ſnatched her

hand away, and placed it before her ſhut eyes.

She felt, now, ſhe had tried herſelf beyond her courage, and, deeply moved, was fain to retreat; but in letting down her hand, to ſee her way, ſhe found ſhe had already removed the linen from a part of the face, and the view ſhe unintentionally caught almoſt petrified her.

For ſome inſtants ſhe ſtood motionleſs, from want of ſtrength to ſtir, but with cloſed eyes, that feared to confirm their firſt ſurmiſe; but when, turning from the ghaſtly viſage, ſhe attempted, without another glance, to glide away, an unavoidable view of the coat, which ſuddenly ſhe recognized, put her conjecture beyond all doubt, that ſhe now ſaw dead before her the huſband of her ſiſter.

Reſentment, in gentle minds, however merited and provoked, ſurvives not the breath of the offender. With the certainty no further evil can be practiſed, periſhes vengeance againſt the culprit, though not hatred of the guilt: and though, with the firſt movement of ſiſterly feelings, ſhe would have ſaid, Is Eugenia then releaſed? the awe was too great, his own change was too ſolemn. He was now where no human eye could follow, no human judgment overtake him.

Again

Again ſhe endeavoured to eſcape the dreadful ſcene, but her ſhaking limbs were refractory, and would not ſupport her. The mortal being requires uſe to be reconciled to its own viſible mortality; diſmal is its view; grim, repulſive, terrific its aſpect.

But no ſooner was her head turned from the dire object, than alarm for her ſiſter took poſſeſſion of her ſoul; and with what recollection ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe determined to go to Belfont.

An idea of any active ſervice invigorates the body as well as the mind. She made another effort to depart, but a glance ſhe knew not how to avoid ſhewed her, upon the coat of the right arm and right ſide of this ghaſtly figure, large ſplaſhes of blood.

With horrour thus accumulate, ſhe now ſunk upon the floor, inwardly exclaiming: He is murdered indeed! - - - and where may be Eugenia?

A woman who had in charge to watch by the corpſe, but who had privately ſtolen out for ſome refreſhment, now returning, ſaw with affright the new perſon in the room, and ran to call Mrs. Marl; who, alarmed alſo at the ſight of the young lady, and at her deplorable condition, aſſiſted the woman to remove her from the apartment, and convey her to the chamber,

 where

where ſhe was laid down upon the bed, though ſhe reſiſted being undreſſed, and was ſeized with an aguiſh ſhivering fit, while her eyes ſeemed emitting ſparks of fire.

"It is certainly now," cried ſhe, "over, and hence I move no more!"

The joy with which, a few minutes before, ſhe would have welcomed ſuch a belief, was now converted into an awe unſpeakable, undefinable. The wiſh of death is commonly but diſguſt of life, and looks forward to nothing further than releaſe from worldly care:—but the ſomething yet beyond - - - the ſomething unknown, untried, yet to come, the *bourne whence no traveller returns* to prepare ſucceeding paſſengers for what they may expect, now abruptly preſented itſelf to her conſideration, - - - but came to ſcare, not to ſoothe.

All here, ſhe cried, I have wiſhed to leave - - - but - - - have I fitted myſelf for what I am to meet?

Conſcience now ſuddenly took the reins from the hands of imagination, and a miſt was cleared away that hitherto, obſcuring every duty by deſpondence, had hidden from her own perceptions the faulty baſis of her deſire. Conſcience took the reins—and a miſt was cleared away that had concealed

cea'ed from her view the ſelfiſhneſs of this wiſh.

Thoſe friends, it cried, which thus impatiently thou ſeekeſt to quit, have they not loved, cheriſhed, reared thee with the moſt exquiſite care and kindneſs? If they are offended, who has offended them? If thou art now abandoned, may it not be from neceſſity, or from accident? When thou haſt inflicted upon them the ſevere pain of harbouring anger againſt what is ſo dear to them, wouldſt thou load them with regret that they manifeſted any ſenſibility of thy errours? Haſt thou plunged thy houſe in calamity, and will no worthier wiſh occur to thee, than to leave it to its ſorrows and diſtreſs, with the aggravating pangs of cauſing thy afflicting, however blamable ſelf-deſertion? of coming to thee - - - perhaps even now! - - - with mild forgiveneſs, and finding thee a ſelf-devoted corpſe—not fallen, indeed, by the profane hand of daring ſuicide, but equally ſelf-murdered through wilful ſelf-neglect?

Had the voice been allowed ſound which ſpoke this dire admonition, it could ſcarcely with more horrour, or keener repentance have ſtruck her. "That poor man," ſhe cried, "now delivering up his account, by whatever hand he periſhed, ſince leſs principled, leſs inſtructed than myſelf,

ſelf, may be criminal, perhaps, with leſs guilt!"

The thought now of her Father—the piety he had endeavoured to inculcate into her mind; his reſignation to misfortune, and his truſt through every ſuffering, all came home to her heart with religious veneration; and making prayer ſucceed to remorſe, guided her to what ſhe knew would be his guidance if preſent, and ſhe deſired to hear the ſervice for the ſick.

Peggy could not read; Mrs. Marl was too much engaged; the whole houſe had ample employment, and her requeſt was unattainable.

She then begged they would procure her a prayer-book, that ſhe might try to read herſelf; but her eyes, heavy, aching, and dim, glared upon the paper, without diſtinguiſhing the print from the margin.

"I am worſe," ſhe cried faintly, "my wiſh comes faſt upon me! Ah! not for my puniſhment let it finally arrive!"

With terrour, however, even more than with malady, ſhe now trembled. The horrible ſight ſhe had witneſſed, brought death before her in a new view. She feared ſhe had been preſumptuous; ſhe felt that her preparations had all been world-

ly, her impatience wholly ſelfiſh. She called back her wiſh, with penitence and affright: her agitation became torture, her regret was aggravated to remorſe, her grief to deſpair.

CHAP. VI.

A Viſion.

WHEN the firſt violence of this paroxyſm of ſorrow abated, Camilla again ſtrove to pray, and found that nothing ſo much ſtilled her. Yet, her faculties confuſed, hurried, and in anguiſh, permitted little more than incoherent ejaculations. Again ſhe ſighed for her Father; again the ſpirit of his inſtructions recurred, and ſhe enquired who was the clergyman of the pariſh, and if he would be humane enough to come and pray by one who had no claim upon him as a pariſhioner.

Peggy ſaid he was a very good gentleman, and never refuſed even the pooreſt perſon, that begged his attendance.

"O go to him, then," cried ſhe, "directly! Tell him a ſick and helpleſs ſtranger implores that he will read to her the prayers for the dying! - - - Should I yet live - - - they will compoſe and make me better;—if not - - - they will give me courage for my quick exit."

Peggy went forth, and ſhe laid her beating head upon the pillow, and endeavoured

to

to quiet her nerves for the ſacred ceremony ſhe demanded.

It was dark, and ſhe was alone; the corpſe ſhe had juſt quitted ſeemed ſtill bleeding in full view. She cloſed her eyes, but ſtill ſaw it; ſhe opened them, but it was always there. She felt nearly ſtiff with horrour, chilled, frozen, with ſpeechleſs apprehenſion.

A ſlumber, feveriſh nearly to delirium, at length ſurpriſed her haraſſed faculties; but not to afford them reſt. Death, in a viſible figure, ghaſtly, pallid, ſevere, appeared before her, and with its hand, ſharp and forked, ſtruck abruptly upon her breaſt. She ſcreamed—but it was heavy as cold, and ſhe could not remove it. She trembled; ſhe ſhrunk from its touch; but it had iced her heart-ſtrings. Every vein was congealed; every ſtiffened limb, ſtretched to its full length, was hard as marble: and when again ſhe made a feeble effort to rid her oppreſſed lungs of the dire weight that had fallen upon them, a voice hollow, deep, and diſtant, dreadfully pierced her ears, calling out: "Thou haſt but thy "own wiſh! Rejoice, thou murmurer, for "thou dieſt!" Clearer, ſhriller, another ſound quick vibrated in the air: "Whi-"ther goeſt thou," it cried, "and whence "comeſt thou?"

A voice from within, over which ſhe thought ſhe had no controul, though it ſeemed iſſuing from her vitals, low, hoarſe, and tremulous, anſwered, "Whither I go, "let me reſt! Whence I come let me not "look back! thoſe who gave me birth, I "have deſerted; my life, my vital powers "I have rejected." Quick then another voice aſſailed her, ſo near, ſo loud, ſo terrible - - - ſhe ſhrieked at its horrible ſound. "Prematurely," it cried, "thou art come, "uncalled, unbidden; thy taſk unfulfilled, "thy peace unearned. Follow, follow me! "the Records of Eternity are opened. "Come! write with thy own hand thy "merits, and thy claims to mercy!" A repelling ſelf-accuſation inſtantaneouſly overwhelmed her. "O, no! no! no!" ſhe exclaimed, "let me not ſign my own "miſerable inſufficiency!" In vain was her appeal. A force unſeen, yet irreſiſtible, impelled her forward. She ſaw the immenſe volumes of Eternity, and her own hand involuntarily graſped a pen of iron, and with a velocity uncontroulable wrote theſe words: "Without reſignation, I have "prayed for death: from impatience of "diſpleaſure, I have deſired annihilation: "to dry my own eyes, I have left - - - pitileſs, ſelfiſh, unnatural! - - - a Father

"the

" the most indulgent, a Mother almost " idolizing, to weep out their's!" Her head would have sunk upon the guilty characters; but her eyelids refused to close, and kept them glaring before her. They became, then, illuminated with burning sulphur. She looked another way; but they partook of the same motion; she cast her eyes upwards, but she saw the characters still; she turned from side to side; but they were always her object. Loud again sounded the same direful voice: " These are thy deserts; write now thy claims:—and next,—and quick,—turn over the immortal leaves, and read thy doom."—" Oh, " no!" she cried, " Oh, no! — O, let " me yet return! O, Earth, with all thy " sorrows, take, take me once again, that " better I may learn to work my way to " that last harbour, which, rejecting the " criminal repiner, opens its soft bosom to " the firm, though supplicating sufferer!" In vain again she called;—pleaded, knelt, wept in vain. The time, she found, was past; she had slighted it while in her power; it would return to her no more; and a thousand voices at once, with awful vibration, answered aloud to every prayer, " Death was thy own desire!" Again, unlicensed by her will, her hand seized the iron instrument. The book was open that demanded

manded her claims. She wrote with difficulty - - - but ſaw that her pen made no mark! She looked upon the page, when ſhe thought ſhe had finiſhed, - - - but the paper was blank! - - - Voices then, by hundreds, by thouſands, by millions, from ſide to ſide, above, below, around; called out, echoed and re-echoed, "Turn over, turn over - - - and read thy eternal doom!" In the ſame inſtant, the leaf, untouched, burſt open - - - and - - - ſhe awoke. But in a trepidation ſo violent, the bed ſhook under her, the cold ſweat, in large drops, fell from her forehead, and her heart ſtill ſeemed labouring under the adamantine preſſure of the inflexibly cold graſp of death. So raiſed was her imagination, ſo confuſed were all her thinking faculties, that ſhe ſtared with wild doubt whether then, or whether now, what ſhe experienced were a dream.

In this ſuſpenſive ſtate, fearing to call, to move, or almoſt to breathe, ſhe remained, in perfect ſtillneſs, and in the dark, till little Peggy crept ſoftly into the chamber.

Certain then of her ſituation, "This has been," ſhe cried, "only a viſion—but my conſcience has abetted it; and I cannot ſhake it off."

When ſhe became calmer, and further recollected

recollected herself, ſhe anxiouſly enquired if the clergyman would not come.

Peggy, heſitatingly, acknowledged he had not been ſent for; her miſtreſs had imagined the requeſt proceed from a diſturbance of mind, owing to the ſight of the corpſe, and ſaid ſhe was ſure, after a little ſleep, it would be forgotten.

"Alas!" ſaid Camilla, diſappointed, "it is more neceſſary than ever! my ſenſes are wandering; I ſeem hovering between life and death—Ah! let not my own fearful fancies abſorb this hour of change, which religious rights ſhould conſecrate!"

She then told Peggy to plead for her to her miſtreſs, and aſſure her that nothing elſe, after the dreadful ſhock ſhe had received, could ſtill her mind.

Mrs. Marl, not long after, came into the room herſelf; and enquiring how ſhe did, ſaid, if ſhe was really bent upon ſuch a melancholy thing, the clergyman had luckily juſt called, and would read the ſervice to her directly, if it would give her any comfort.

"O, great and infinite comfort!" ſhe cried, and begged he might come immediately, and read to her the prayer for thoſe of whom there is but ſmall hope of recovery. She would have riſen, that ſhe might kneel; but her limbs would not ſe-

cond

cond her desire, and she was obliged to lie still upon the outside of the bed. Peggy drew the curtains, to shade her eyes, as a candle was brought into the room; but when she heard Mrs. Marl say: "Come in, Sir,"—and "here's the prayer-book;" overpowered with tender recollection of her Father, to whom such offices were frequent, she burst into an agony of tears, and hid her face upon the pillow.

She soon, however, recovered, and the solemnity of the preparation overawed her sorrow. Mrs. Marl placed the light as far as possible from the bed, and when Camilla waved her hand in token of being ready, said, "Now, Sir, if you please."

He complied, though not immediately; but no sooner had he begun, no sooner, devoutly, yet tremblingly, pronounced, *O Father of Mercies!* than a faint scream issued from the bed.—

He stopt; but she did not speak; and after a short pause, he resumed: but not a second sentence was pronounced, when she feebly ejaculated, "Ah heaven!" and the book fell from his hands.

She strove to raise her head; but could not; she opened, however, the side curtain, to look out; he advanced, at the same moment, to the foot of the bed—fixed his eyes upon her face, and in a voice that seemed

ſeemed to come from his ſoul, exclaimed, "Camilla!"

With a mental emotion that, for an inſtant, reſtored her ſtrength, ſhe drew again the curtain, covered up her face, and ſobbed even audibly, while the words, "O Edgar!" vainly ſought vent.

He attempted not to uncloſe the curtain ſhe had drawn, but with a deep groan, dropping upon his knees on the outſide, cried, "Great God!" but checking himſelf, haſtily aroſe, and motioning to Mrs. Marl, and to Peggy, to move out of hearing, ſaid, through the curtain; "What dire calamity has brought this about?—ſpeak, I implore?—why are you here?—why alone? ſpeak! ſpeak!"

He heard ſhe was weeping, but received no anſwer, and with energy next to torture, exclaimed; "Refuſe not to truſt me!—recollect our long friendſhip—forgive—forget its alienation!—By all you have ever valued—by all your wonted generoſity—I call—I appeal—Camilla!—Camilla!—your ſilence rends my ſoul!"

Camilla had no utterance, yet could not reſiſt this urgency, and gently through the opening of the curtain, put forth her feeble hand.

He ſeemed affected to agony; he held it between each of his own, and while ſoftly

he

he uttered, "O ever—unchangeably generous Camilla!" ſhe felt it moiſtened with his tears.

Too weak for the new ſenſation this excited, ſhe drew it away, and the violence of her emotion menacing an hyſteric fit, Mrs. Marl came back to her, and wringing his hands as he looked around the room, he tore himſelf away.

CHAP. VII.

Means to ſtill Agitation.

DECLINING all aid, Camilla continued in the ſame poſition, wrapt up, coveting the dark, and ſtifling ſighs that were riſing into ſobs, till ſhe heard a gentle tap at the door.

She ſtarted, but ſtill hid herſelf: Mrs. Marl was already gone; Peggy anſwered the ſummons, and returned to the bedſide, with a note in her hand, begging Camilla to take it, as it came from the gentleman who was to have read the prayers.

"Is he then gone?" cried ſhe, in a voice announcing deep diſappointment.

"Yes, he went directly, my dear Lady."

She threw the covering from her face, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed; "O Edgar! could you ſee me thus—and leave me?"——Yet eagerly ſeizing the letter, called for a candle, and ſtrove to read it. But the characters ſeemed double to her weak and dazzled eyes, and ſhe was forced to relinquiſh the attempt. She preſſed it to her boſom, and again covered herſelf up.

Some-

Something, neverthelefs, like internal revival, once more, to her own unfpeakable amazement, began fluttering at her breaft. She had feen the beloved of her heart—dearer to her far than the life fhe thought herfelf refigning; feen him penetrated to anguifh by her fituation, awakened to the tendereft recollections, and upon her hand had dropt a teftimony of his fenfibility, that, dead as fhe had thought herfelf to the world, its views, its hopes, its cares paffed ftraight to her heart—that wonderful repofitory of fucceffive emotions, whence the expulfion of one fpecies of intereft but makes way for the entrance of another; and which vainly, while yet in mortal life, builds, even from hour to hour, upon any chafm of mortal folicitude.

While wrapt up in this reverie, poignantly agitating, yet undefinably foothing, upon the return of Edgar to England, and his aftonifhing appearance in her room, her attention was again aroufed by another gentle tap at the door.

Peggy opened it, and left the room; but foon came back, to beg an anfwer to the note, for which the gentleman was waiting upon the ftairs.

"Waiting?" fhe repeated, in extreme trepidation, "is he not then gone?"

"No

" No ma'am, only out of the room; he can't go away without the anſwer, he ſays."

A ſenſation of pleaſure was now ſo new to Camilla, as almoſt to be too potent either for her ſtrength or her intellects. She doubted all around her, doubted what ſhe heard, doubted even her exiſtence. Edgar, could it be Edgar who was waiting for an anſwer?—who was under the ſame roof—who had been in the ſame room—who was now ſeparated from her but by a thin wainſcot?—" O no, no, no!" ſhe cried, " my ſenſes all delude me! one viſion after another beguiles my deranged imagination!" Yet ſhe called Peggy to her again, again aſked her if it were indeed true; and, bidding her once more bring the candle, the new ſpirit with which ſhe was invigorated, enabled her to perſevere in her efforts, till ſhe made out the following lines; which were ſealed, but not directed.

" The ſorrow, the tumult of my ſoul, I attempt not to paint.—Forgive, O Camilla! an intruſion which circumſtances made reſiſtleſs. Deign to bury in kind oblivion all remembrance but of our early friendſhip—our intuitive attachment, our confidence, eſteem, and happy juvenile intercourſe:

tercourse: and under such auspices—animated as they are innocent—permit me to hasten Mrs. Tyrold to this spot, or trust me—I conjure—with the mystery of this dreadful desolation.—O Camilla!—by all the scenes that have passed between us—by the impression indelible they have engraved upon my heart, wound not the most faithful of your friends by rejecting his services!

"E. M."

Dissolved in tears of tenderness, relieving, nay delightful, she immediately sent him word that she accepted his kind office, and should feel eternal gratitude if he would acquaint her friends with her situation.

Peggy soon informed her the gentleman was gone; and she then inquired why he had been brought to her as a clergyman.

The little Girl gave the account with the utmost simplicity. Her mistress, she said, knew the gentleman very well, who was 'Squire Mandlebert, and lived at a great house not many miles off; and had just alighted to bait his horses, as she was asking her to send for the clergyman. He inquired who was ill; and her Mistress said it was a Lady who had gone out of her mind,

mind, by ſeeing a dead body, and raved of nothing but having prayers read to her; which her huſband would do, when his houſe was clear, if the humour laſted; for they had nobody to ſend three miles off; and by drawing the curtains, ſhe would not know if it was a clergyman or not. The young 'Squire then aſked if ſhe was a lodger or a traveller, and her miſtreſs anſwered: She's a traveller, Sir; and if it had not been for Peggy's knowing her, we ſhould have been afraid who ſhe might be; for ſhe ſtays here, and never pays us; only ſhe has given us a watch and a locket for pledges." Then he aſked on ſome more queſtions, continued Peggy, and preſently deſired to ſee the locket; and when he had looked at it, he turned as white as a ſheet, and ſaid he muſt ſee the lady. Her miſtreſs ſaid ſhe could not ſend in a gentleman; unleſs it was her huſband, juſt to quiet her poor head by reading her a prayer or two. So then the 'Squire ſaid he'd take the prayer-book and read to her himſelf, if ſhe'd ſpare time to go in the room firſt, and ſhut up the curtains. So her miſtreſs ſaid no, at firſt; but preſently up they came together.

Ah! dear darling locket! internally cried Camilla, how from the firſt have I loved—how to the laſt will I prize it!

A calm

A calm now took place of her agonies, that made her ſeem in a renovated exiſtence, till ſleep, by gentle approaches, ſtole upon her again: not to bring to her the dread viſion which accompanied its firſt return; nor yet to allow her tranquil repoſe. A ſofter form appeared before her; more afflictive, though not ſo horrible; it was the form of her mother; all diſpleaſure removed from her penetrating countenance; no longer in her dying child viewing the child that had offended her; yet while forgiving and embracing, ſeeing her expire in her arms.

She awaked, affrighted,—ſhe ſtarted, ſhe ſat upright; ſhe called aloud upon her mother, and wildly looking round, thought ſhe ſaw her at the foot of the bed.

She croſſed her eyes with her hands, to endeavour to clear her ſight: but the object only ſeemed more diſtinct. She bent forward, ſeeking conviction, yet incredulous, though ſtill meeting the ſame form.

Sighing, at laſt, from fruitleſs fatigue; "'Tis wonderous odd," ſhe cried, but I now never know when I wake or when I ſleep!"

The form glided away; but with motion ſo palpable, ſhe could no longer believe herſelf played upon by imagination. Awe-impreſt,

impreſt, and wonder-ſtruck, ſhe ſoftly opened her ſide curtain to look after it. It had ſtopt by a large cheſt of drawers, againſt which, leaning its head upon its arm, it ſtood erect, but ſeemed weeping. She could not diſcern the face; but the whole figure had the ſame ſacred reſemblance.

The pulſes of her head beat now with ſo much violence, ſhe was forced to hold her temples. Doubt, dread, and hope ſeized every faculty at once; till, at length, the upraiſed arm of the form before her dropt, and ſhe diſtinctly ſaw the profile: "It is herſelf! it is my Mother!" ſhe ſcreamed, rather than pronounced, and threw herſelf from the bed to the floor.

"Yes! it is your Mother!" was repeated, in a tone ſolemn and penetrating;—"to what a ſcene, O Camilla, returned! child of my boſom!—the conſtant terrour, yet conſtant darling of my ſoul—where, and how, do I ſee, do I meet thee, again—my Camilla!"

Then tenderly, though with anguiſh, bending over her, ſhe would have raiſed, and helped her to return to the bed: but Camilla would not be aided; ſhe would not lift up her eyes; her face ſought the ground, where leaning it upon her hands, without deſiring to ſpeak, without wiſhing

to ſtir, torn by ſelf-reproaches that made her deem herſelf unworthy to live, ſhe remained ſpeechleſs, immoveable.

" Repreſs, repreſs," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, gently, yet firmly, " theſe ſtrong feelings, uſeleſsly torturing to us both. Raiſe your head, my poor child—raiſe—and repoſe it upon the breaſt of your Mother."

" Of my Mother!" repeated Camilla, in a voice hardly audible; " have I a Mother—who again will own the blaſt of her hopes and happineſs?—the diſgrace, the ſhame of the beſt and moſt injured of Fathers!"

" Let us pray," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, with a ſigh, " that theſe evils may paſs away, and by ſalutary exertions, not deſponding repinings, earn back our fugitive peace."

Again ſhe then would have raiſed her; but Camilla ſunk from all aſſiſtance: " No," ſhe cried, " I am unworthy your lenity—I am unable even to bear it.—"

" Camilla," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, ſteadily, " it is time to conquer this impetuous ſenſibility, which already, in its effects, has nearly broken all our hearts. With what horrour have we miſſed—with what agony ſought you! Now then, that at length, we find you, excite not new terrour, by conſigning yourſelf to willing deſpair."

Struck

Struck with extreme dread of committing yet further wrong, ſhe lifted up her head, with intention to have riſen ; but the weak ſtate of her body, forgotten by herſelf, and by Mrs. Tyrold unſuſpected, took its turn for demanding attention.

"Alas! my poor child," cried ſhe, "what horrible havock has this ſhort abſence produced! O Camilla! with a ſoul of feeling like yours,—ſtrong, tender, generous, and but too much alive, how is it you can thus have forgotten the firſt ties of your duty and your heart, and have been wrought upon by your own ſorrows to forget the ſorrows you inflict? Why have you thus fled us? thus abandoned yourſelf to deſtruction? Was our anger to be ſet in competition with our miſery? Was the fear of diſpleaſure, from parents who ſo tenderly love you, to be indulged at the riſk of never ending regret to the moſt lenient of Fathers? and nearly the loſs of ſenſes to a Mother who, from your birth, has idolized you in her inmoſt ſoul?"

Bending then over her, ſhe folded her in her arms; where Camilla, overpowered with the ſtruggles of joy and contrition, ſunk nearly lifeleſs.

Mrs. Tyrold, ſeeing now her bodily feebleneſs, put her to bed, with words of ſoothing tenderneſs, no longer blended with retroſpective

retroſpective inveſtigation; conjuring her to be calm, to remember whoſe peace and happineſs were encircled in her life and health, and to remit to her fuller ſtrength all further intereſting diſcourſe.

"Ah! my Mother!" cried Camilla, "tell me firſt—if the time may ever come when with truth you can forgive me?"

"Alas, my darling Child!" anſwered the generous Mother, "I have myſelf now to pardon that I forgave thee not at firſt!"

Camilla ſeemed tranſported to another region; with difficulty Mrs. Tyrold could hold her in her bed, though hovering over her pillow with inceſſant careſſes: but to raiſe her eye only to meet that of her Mother—not as her fertile terrour had propheſied, darting unrelenting ire, but ſoftly ſolicitous, and exquiſitely kind; to feel one loved hand anxiouſly upon her forehead, and to glue her own lips upon the other; to find fears that had made exiſtence inſupportable, transformed into ſecurity that rendered it delicious;—with a floating, uncertain, yet irrepreſſible hope, that to Edgar ſhe owed this reſtoration, cauſed a revulſion in all her feelings, that ſoon operated upon her frame—not, indeed, with tranquillity, but with rapture approaching to delirium:—when ſuddenly, a heavy, lumbering noiſe, appalled her. "Ah, my Mother!"

Mother!" ſhe faintly cried, "our beloved Eugenia!—that noiſe—where—and how—is Eugenia?—The wretched Mr. Bellamy is no more!"

Mrs. Tyrold anſwered, ſhe was acquainted with the whole dreadful buſineſs, and would relate it in a ſeaſon of more ſerenity; but meanwhile, as repoſe, ſhe well knew, never aſſociated with ſuſpenſe, ſhe ſatisfied immediate anxiety, by aſſurances that Eugenia was ſafe, and at Etherington.

This was a joy ſcarcely inferiour to that which ſo recently had tranſported her: but Mrs. Tyrold, gathering from the good Peggy, that ſhe had not been in bed, nor hardly taſted food, ſince ſhe had been at the half-way houſe, refuſed all particulars, till ſhe had been refreſhed with nouriſhment and reſt. The firſt immediately was ordered, and immediately taken; and Mrs. Tyrold, to propitiate the ſecond, inſiſted upon total ſilence, and prepared to ſit up with her all night.

Long as the extreme agitation of her ſpirits diſtanced

Tir'd Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep, *

the change from ſo much miſery to heartfelt peace and joy, with the judicious nurſ-

* Young.

ing and reſtoratives deviſed by Mrs. Tyrold, for her weak and half-famiſhed frame, made her ſlumber, when at length it arrived, laſt ſo long, that, though broken by frequent ſtarts, ſhe awoke not till late the next morning.

Her eyes then opened upon a felicity that again made her think herſelf in a new world. Her Mother, leaning over her, was watching her breath, with hands uplifted for her preſervation, and looks of fondneſs which ſeemed to mark that her happineſs depended upon its being granted; and as ſhe raiſed herſelf, to throw her arms around the loved maternal neck, the ſhadow of another form, quickly, yet gently receding, ſtruck her ſight;—"Ah, Heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "who is that?"

"Will you be good," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, gently, "be tranquil, be compoſed, and earn that I ſhould tell you who has been watching by you this hour?"

Camilla could not anſwer; certain, now, who it muſt be, her emotions became again uncontrollable; her horrour, her remorſe, her ſelf-abhorrence revived, and agonizingly exclaiming, "'Tis my Father!—O, where can I hide my head?" She ſtrove again to envelop herſelf with the bed-curtain from all view.

"Here—

"Here—in his own arms—upon his own breaſt you ſhall hide it," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, returning to the bed-ſide, "and all now ſhall be forgotten, but thankfulneſs that our afflictions ſeem finding their period."

"O my Father! my Father!" cried Camilla, forgetting her ſituation, in her deſire to throw herſelf at his feet, "can you ſpeak to me thus, after the woe—the diſgrace I have brought upon you?—I deſerve your malediction!—I expected to be ſhut out from your heart,—I thought myſelf abandoned—I looked forward only in death to receiving your forgiveneſs!—"

Mrs. Tyrold held her ſtill, while her Father now bleſſed and embraced her, each uttering, in the ſame moment, whatever was ſofteſt to conſole her: but all her quick feelings were re-awakened beyond their power to appeaſe them; her penitence tortured, her very gratitude tore her to pieces: "O my mother," ſhe cried, "Can you think of what is paſſed, and ſtill pronounce your pardon? Will you not draw it back at the ſight of my injured Father? Are you not tempted to think I deſerve eternal baniſhment from you both?"

"No, my deareſt child, no! I lament only that I took you not at once to your proper ſecurity—to theſe arms, my Camilla, that

that now ſo fondly infold you! to this boſom—my darling girl!—where my heart beats your welcome!"

"You make me too—too happy! the change is almoſt killing! my Mother—my deareſt Mother!—I did not think you would permit me to ever call you ſo again! My Father I knew would pardon me, for the chief ſuffering was his own; but even he, I never expected, could look at me thus benignly again!"

Mr. Tyrold exhorted her to ſilent compoſure; but finding her agitation overpower even her own efforts, he ſummoned her to join him in ſolemn thanks for her reſtoration.

Awfully, though moſt gratefully impreſſed by ſuch a call, ſhe checked her emotion, and devoutly obeyed: and the ſhort but pious ceremony quieted her nerves, and calmed her mind.

The gentleſt tranquillity then took place in her breaſt, of the tumultuous joy which had firſt chaced her deadly affliction. The ſoothing, however ſerious turn, given by devotion to her changed ſenſations, ſoftened the acute exceſs of rapture which amounted felicity nearly to agony. More eloquent, as well as ſafer than any ſpeech, was the pauſe of deep gratitude, the ſilence of humble praiſe, which enſued. Camilla, in each hand

hand held one of each beloved parent; alternately ſhe preſſed them with grateful reverence to her lips, alternately her eyes ſought each revered countenance, and received, in the beaming fondneſs they emitted, a benediction that was balm to every woe.

CHAP. VIII.

Means to obtain a Boon.

MR. Tyrold was ſoon, by urgent claims, forced to leave them; and Camilla, with ſtrong ſecret anxiety to know if Edgar had cauſed this bleſt meeting, led to a general explanation upon paſt events.

And now, to her utter amazement, ſhe found that her letter ſent by the labourer had never been received.

Mrs. Tyrold related, that ſhe had no ſooner read the firſt letter addreſſed to her through Lavinia, than, ſoftened and affected, ſhe wrote an anſwer of the utmoſt kindneſs to Belfont; deſiring Camilla to continue with her ſiſter till called for by Miſs Margland, in her return home from Mrs. Macderſey. The viſit, meanwhile to Cleves, had tranſpired through Jacob, and, much touched by, yet much blaming her travelling thus alone, ſhe wrote to her a ſecond time, charging her to remove no more from Belfont without Miſs Margland. But, on the preceding morning, the firſt letter had been returned with a note from Eugenia, that her ſiſter had ſet out two days before for Etherington.

The

The moment of this intelligence, was the moſt dreadful to Mr. Tyrold and herſelf of their lives. Every ſpecies of conjecture was horrible. He ſet out inſtantly for Belfont, determining to make enquiries at every inn, houſe, and cottage, by the way; but by taking, unfortunately, the road through Alton, he had miſſed the half-way houſe. In the evening, while, with apprehenſions ſurpaſſing all deſcription, ſhe was waiting ſome news, a chaiſe drove up to the door. She flew out, but ſaw in it - - - alone, cold, trembling, and ſcarcely in her ſenſes, Eugenia. Inſtantly imagining ſhe came with tidings of fatal tendency concerning Camilla, ſhe ſtarted back, exclaiming, "All then, is over?" The chaiſe-door had been opened; but Eugenia, ſhaking too violently to get out; only, and faintly, anſwered, "Yes!" my Mother—all is over!—" The miſtake was almoſt inſtantaneous death to her—though the next words of Eugenia cleared it up, and led to her own dreadful narrative.

Bellamy, as ſoon as Camilla had left Belfont, had made a peremptory demand that his wife ſhould claim, as if for ſome purpoſe of her own, a large ſum of Sir Hugh. Her ſteady reſiſtance ſent him from the houſe in a rage; and ſhe ſaw no more of him till that day at noon, when he returned

in deeper, blacker wrath than ſhe had ever yet ſeen; and vowed that nothing leſs than her going in perſon to her uncle with his requeſt, ſhould induce him ever to forgive her. When he found her reſolute in refuſal, he ordered a chaiſe, and made her get into it, without ſaying for what purpoſe. She ſaw they were travelling towards Cleves, but he did not once ſpeak, except where they changed horſes, till they came upon the croſs-road, leading to the half-way houſe. Suddenly then, bidding the poſtillion ſtop at the end of a lane, he told him he was going to look at a little farm, and, ordering him to wait, made her alight and walk down it till they were out of ſight of the man and the carriage. Fiercely, then ſtopping ſhort, "Will you give me," he cried, "your promiſe upon oath, that you will aſk your uncle for the money?" "Indeed, Mr. Bellamy, I cannot!" ſhe anſwered. "Enough!" he cried, and took from his pocket a piſtol. "Good Heaven," ſhe ſaid, "you will not murder me?" —"I cannot live without the money myſelf," he anſwered, "and why ſhould I let you?" He then felt in his waiſtcoat pocket, whence he took two bullets, telling her, ſhe ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing him load the piſtol; and that when one bullet had diſpatched her, the other ſhould diſappoint the

the executioner. Horrour now conquered her, and ſhe ſolemnly promiſed to aſk whatever he dictated. "I muſt hold the piſtol to your ear," cried he, "while you take your oath. See! 'tis loaded——This is no child's play." He then lifted it up; but, at the ſame moment, a diſtant voice exclaimed, "Hold villain! or you are a dead man!" Starting, and meaning to hide it within his waiſtcoat, his hand ſhook—the piſtol went off—it ſhot him through the body, and he dropped down dead. Without ſenſe or motion, ſhe fell by his ſide; and, upon recovering, found herſelf again in the chaiſe. The poſtillion, who knew her, had carried her thither, and brought her on to Etherington. She then conjured that proper perſons might go back with the driver, and that her Father would have the benevolence to ſuperintend all that could be done that would be moſt reſpectfully decent.

The poſtillion acknowledged that it was himſelf who had cried, Hold villain! A ſuſpicion of ſome miſchief had occurred to him, from ſeeing the end of a piſtol jerk from the pocket of the gentleman, as he got out of the chaiſe; and begging a man, who accidentally paſſed while he waited, to watch his horſes, he ran down a field by the ſide of the lane, whence he heard the

words:

words: "The piſtol is loaded, and for no child's play!" upon which, ſeeing it raiſed, and the young Lady ſhrink, he called out. Yet Eugenia proteſted herſelf convinced that Bellamy had no real deſign againſt either his own life or her's, though terrour, at the moment, had conquered her: he had meant but to affright her into conſent, knowing well her word once given, with whatever violence torn from her, would be held ſacred. The reſt was dreadful accident, or Providence in that form playing upon himſelf his own toils. The pious young widow was ſo miſerable at this ſhocking exit, and the ſhocking manner in which the remains were left expoſed, that her Mother had ſet out herſelf to give orders in perſon, from the half-way houſe, for bringing thither the body, till Mr. Tyrold could give his own directions. She found, however, that buſineſs already done. The man called by the poſtillion had been joined by a party of labourers, juſt leaving off work; thoſe had gathered others; they had procured ſome broad planks which ſerved for a bier, and had humanely conveyed the body to the inn, where the landlord was aſſured the poſtillion would come back with ſome account of him, though little Peggy had only learnt in general that he had been found murdered near a wood.

" Eugenia is juſt now," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, in concluſion, " plunged into an abyſs of ideas, frightful to her humanity and oppreſſive to the tenderneſs of her heart. Her nature is too noble to rejoice in a releaſe to herſelf, worked by means ſo horrible, and big with notions of retribution for the wretched culprit, and which even vengeance the moſt implacable might ſhudder. Nevertheleſs, all will imperceptibly paſs away, ſave the pity inherent in all good minds for vice and its penalties. To know his abrupt puniſhment, and not to be ſhocked, would be inhuman; but to grieve with any regard for a man of ſuch principles and conduct, would be an outrage to all that they have injured and offended."

This view of the tranſaction, by better reconciling Camilla to the ultimate lot of her ſiſter, brought her back to reflect upon her own. Still ſhe had not gathered with preciſion how ſhe had been diſcovered. To pronounce the name of Edgar was impoſſible; but after a long pauſe, which Mrs. Tyrold had hoped was given again to repoſe, ſhe ventured to ſay, " I have not yet heard, my deareſt Mother, to what benign chance I immediately owe my preſent unſpeakable, unmerited happineſs?"

Mrs.

Mrs. Tyrold looked at her a moment in ſilence, as if to read what her queſtion offered beyond its mere words: but ſhe ſaw her eyes haſtily withdrawn from the examination, and her cheeks ſuddenly inveloped with the bed clothes.

Quietly, and without turning towards her again, ſhe reſumed her narrative.

" I engaged the worthy poſtillion of my poor Eugenia to drive me, purpoſing to ſend Ambroſe on with him, while I waited at the half-way houſe: but, about two miles off, Ambroſe, who rode before, was ſtopt by a gentleman, whom he met in a poſt-chaiſe; when I came up to him, I ſtopt alſo. It was Mr. Mandlebert."

Camilla, who had looked up, now again haſtily drew back, and Mrs. Tyrold, after a ſhort pauſe, went on.

" His intelligence, of courſe, finiſhed my ſearch. My firſt idea was to convey you inſtantly home; but the particulars I gathered made me fear removing you. When I entered your room, you were aſleep;—I dreaded to ſurpriſe, yet could not refrain taking a view of you, and while I looked, you ſuddenly awoke.

Ah! thought Camilla, 'tis to Edgar, then, that ultimately I owe this bleſt moment!

" But

"But my Father," ſhe cried, "my deareſt Mother,—how came my dear Father to know where you had found me?"

"At Belfont he learnt the way you had ſet out, and that Eugenia and Bellamy were from home; and, without loſs of time—regardleſs of the night and of faſting,—he returned by a route through which he traced you at every inn where you had changed horſes. He alſo entered as you were ſleeping—and we watched together by your ſide."

Again filial gratitude ſilenced all but itſelf, and ſleep, the ſofteſt ſhe had known for many months, ſoon gave to oblivion every care in Camilla.

The changeful tide of mental ſpirits from miſery to enjoyment, is not more rapid than the tranſition from perſonal danger to ſafety, in the elaſtic period of youth. 'Tis the epoch of extremes; and moderation, by which alone we learn the true uſe of our bleſſings, is a wiſdom we are frequently only taught to appreciate when redundance no longer requires its practice.

Camilla, from ſorrow the moſt deſolate, bounded to joy that refuſed a ſolicitude; and from an illneſs that held her ſuſpended between delirium and diſſolution, to eaſe that had no complaint. The ſufferings which had deprived her of the benefit of

reft and nourifhment were no fooner removed, than fhe appeared to be at once reftored to health; though to repair the waftes of ftrength fome time yet was neceffary.

Mrs. Tyrold determined to carry her this afternoon to Etherington. The remains of the wretched Bellamy, in a coffin and hearfe brought from Winchefter, had been fent to Belfont in the morning: and Mr. Tyrold had followed, to give every direction that he fhould be buried as the mafter of the houfe; without reference to the conduct which had forfeited all fuch refpect.

Though the evil committed by the non-deliverance of Camilla's letter was now paft all remedy, Mrs. Tyrold thought it every way right to endeavour to difcover where lay the blame: and by the two ufual modes of menace and promifes, fhe learnt that the countryman, when he ftopt to drink by the way, had, in lighting his pipe, let the letter take fire; and fearing to lofe the recompenfe he had expected, had fet his confcience apart for a crown, and returned with the eventful falfehood, which had made Camilla think herfelf abandoned, and her friends deplore her as loft.

Camilla found, with extreme satisfaction, that Mrs. Tyrold meant liberally to recompense Mrs. Marl, for the trouble and patience with which she had attended to a guest so little profitable: while Peggy, to whose grateful remembrance she owed the consideration she had met with in her deserted condition, was rewarded by a much larger sum than she had ever before possessed. Camilla was obliged to confess she had parted with a pledge for future payment: but she shewed so much distress upon the subject, that Mrs. Tyrold, though she looked anxiously surprised, demanded it without enquiring into its history.

The excess of delight to Camilla in preparing to return to Etherington, rendered her insensible to all fatigue, till she was descending the stairs; when the recollection of the shock she had received from the corpse of Bellamy, made her tremble so exceedingly, that she could scarcely walk past the door of the room in which it had been lain.

* * * *

Ambrose had announced their intended arrival, and at the gate of the garden, the timid,

timid, but affectionate Lavinia, was waiting to receive them; and as Camilla, in alighting at the houfe door, met her tender embraces, a well-known voice reached her ears, calling out in hurried accents, "Where is fhe? Is fhe come indeed? Are you quite fure? And Sir Hugh, hobbling rather than walking into the hall, folded her in his feeble arms, fobbing over her: "I can't believe it for joy! Poor finner that I am,and the caufe of all our bad doings! how can I have deferved fuch a thing as this, to have my own little girl come back to me? which could not have made my heart gladder, if I had had no fhare in all this bad mifchief! which God knows I've had enough, owing to my poor head doing always for the worft, for all my being the oldeft of us all; which is a thing I've often thought remarkable enough, in the point of my knowing no better; which, however, I hope my dear little darling will excufe for the fake of my love, which is never happy but in feeing her."

The heart of Camilla bounded with grateful joy at fight of this dear Uncle, and at fo tender a reception: and while with equal emotion, and equal weaknefs, they were unable to fupport either each other or themfelves, the worthy old Jacob, his eyes running over, came to help his Mafter back to the

parlour,

parlour, and Mrs. Tyrold and Lavinia conveyed thither Camilla; who was but juſt placed upon a ſofa, by the ſide of her fond Uncle, when the door of an inner apartment was ſoftly opened, and pale, wan, and meagre, Eugenia appeared at it, ſaying, as faintly, yet with open arms, ſhe advanced to Camilla; "Let me too—your poor harraſſed, and but half-alive Eugenia, make one in this precious ſcene! Let me ſee the joy of my kind Uncle—the revival of my honoured Mother, the happineſs of my dear Lavinia—and feel even my own heart beat once more with delight in the boſom of its darling ſiſter!—my ſo mourned—but now for ever, I truſt, reſtored to me, moſt dear Camilla!"

Camilla, thus encircled in her Mother's, Uncle's, Siſter's, arms at once, gaſped, ſighed, ſmiled, and ſhed tears in the ſame grateful minute, while fondly ſhe ſtrove to articulate, "Am I again at Etherington and at Cleves in one? And thus indulgently received? thus more than forgiven? My heart wants room for its joy! my Mother! my Siſters! if you knew what deſpair has been my portion! I feared even the ſight of my dear Uncle himſelf, leſt the ſorrows and the errours of a creature he ſo kindly loved, ſhould have demoliſhed his generous heart!

"Mine,

"Mine, my dearest little girl?" cried the Baronet, "why what would that have signified, in comparison to such a young one as yours, that ought to know no sorrow yet a while? God knows, it being time enough to begin; for it is but melancholy at best, the cares of the world; which if you can't keep off now, will be overtaking you at every turn."

Mrs. Tyrold entreated Camilla might be spared further conversation. Eugenia had already glided back to her chamber, and begged, this one solacing interview over, to be dispensed with from joining the family at present: Camllla was removed also to her chamber; and the tender mother divided her time and her cares between these two recovered treasures of her fondest affection.

CHAP. IX.

Queſtions and Anſwers.

MR. Tyrold did not return till the next day from Belfont, where through the account he gave from his daughter, the violent exit of the miſerable Bellamy was called accidental death. Various circumſtances had now acquainted him with the hiſtory of that wretched man, who was the younger ſon of the maſter of a great gaming-houſe. In his firſt youth, he had been utterly neglected, and left to run wild whither he choſe; but his father afterwards becoming very rich, had beſtowed upon him as good an education as the late period at which it was begun could allow. He was intended for a lucrative buſineſs; but he had no application, and could retain no poſt: he went into the army; but he had no courage, and was ſpeedily caſhiered. Inheriting a paſſion for the means by which the parental fortune had been raiſed, he devoted himſelf next to its purſuit, and won very largely. But as extravagance and good luck, by long cuſtom, go hand in hand, he ſpent as faſt as he acquired; and upon a tide of fortune in his disfavour,

was

was tempted to reverſe the chances by unfair play, was found out, and as ignominiouſly chaced from the field of hazard as from that of patriotiſm. His father was no more; his eldeſt brother would not aſſiſt him; he ſold therefore his houſe, and all he poſſeſſed but his wardrobe, and, relying upon a very uncommonly handſome face and perſon, determined to ſeek a fairer lot, by eloping, if poſſible, with ſome heireſs. He thought it however prudent not only to retire from London, but to make a little change in his name, which from Nicholas Gwigg he refined into Alphonſo Bellamy. He began his career by a tour into Wales; where he inſinuated himſelf into the acquaintance of Mrs. Ecton, juſt after ſhe had married Miſs Melmond to Mr. Berlinton; and though this was not an intercourſe that could travel to Gretna Green, the beauty and romantic turn of the bride of ſo diſproportioned a marriage, opened to his unprincipled mind a ſcheme yet more flagitious. Fortunately, however, for his fair deſtined prey, ſoon after the connexion was formed, ſhe left Wales; and the ſearch of new adventures carried him, by various chances, into Hampſhire. But he had eſtabliſhed with her a correſpondence, and when he had caught, or rather forced, an heireſs into legal ſnares, the diſcovery of who

who and what he was, became lefs important, and he ventured again to town, and renewed his heinous plan, as well as his inveterate early habits; till furprifed by fome unpleafant recollectors, debts of honour, which he had found it convenient to elude upon leaving the Capital, were claimed, and he found it impoffible to appear without fatisfying fuch demands. Thence his cruel and inordinate perfecution of his unhappy wife for money; and thence, ultimately, the brief vengeance which had reverberated upon his own head.

* * * *

Camilla, whofe danger was the refult of felf-neglect, as her fufferings had all flowed from mental anguifh, was already able to go down to the ftudy upon the arrival of Mr. Tyrold; where fhe received, with grateful rapture, the tender bleffings which welcomed her to the paternal arms—to her home—to peace—to fafety—and primæval joy.

Mr. Tyrold, fparing to her yet weak nerves any immediate explanations upon the paft, called upon his wife to aid him to communicate, in the quieteft manner, what had been done at Belfont to Eugenia; charging

charging Camilla to take no part in a ſcene inevitably ſhocking.

Once more in the appropriate apartment of her Father, where all her earlieſt ſcenes of gayeſt felicity had paſſed, but which, of late, ſhe had only approached with terrour, only entered to weep, ſhe experienced a delight the moſt exquiſite in the renovation of priſtine confidence, and fearleſs eaſe. She took from her boſom—where alone ſhe could ever bear to keep it—her loved locket, delighting to attribute to it this reſtoration to domeſtic enjoyment; though feeling at the ſame time, a renewal of ſuſpence from the return of its donor, and from the affecting interview into which ſhe had been ſurpriſed, that broke in upon even her filial happineſs, with bitter, tyrannical regret. Yet ſhe preſſed to her boſom the cheriſhed ſymbol of firſt regard, and was holding it to her lips, when Mrs. Tyrold, unexpectedly, re-entered the room.

In extreme confuſion, ſhe ſhut it into its ſhagreen caſe, and was going to reſtore it to her pocket; but infolding it, with her daughter's hand, between each of her own, Mrs. Tyrold ſaid, "Shall I ever, my dear girl, learn the hiſtory of this locket?"

"O, yes,

"O yes, my deareſt Mother," ſaid the bluſhing Camilla, "of that—and of every—and of all things—you have only—you have merely—"

"If it diſtreſſes you, my dear child, we will leave it to another day," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, whoſe eyes Camilla ſaw, as ſhe now raiſed her own, were ſwimming in tears.

"My Mother! my deareſt Mother!" cried ſhe, with the tendereſt alarm, "has any thing new happened?—Is Eugenia greatly affected?"

"She is all, every way, and in every reſpect" ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, "whatever the fondeſt, or even the proudeſt Mother could wiſh. But I do not at this inſtant moſt think of her. I am not without ſome fears for my Camilla's ſtrength, in the immediate demand that may be made upon her fortitude. Tell me, my child, with that ſincerity which ſo long has been mutually endearing between us, tell me if you think you can ſee here, again, and as uſual, without any riſk to your health, one long admitted and welcomed as a part of the family?"

She ſtarted, changed colour, looked up, caſt her eyes on the floor; but ſoon ſeeing Mrs. Tyrold hold an handkerchief bathed in tears to her face, loſt all dread, and even all conſciouſneſs in tender gratitude,

tude, and throwing her arms round her neck, " O my Mother," ſhe cried, " you who weep not for yourſelf—ſcarcely even in the moſt poignant ſorrow—can you weep for me ?—I will ſee—or I will avoid whoever you pleaſe—I ſhall want no fortitude, —I ſhall fear nothing—no one—not even myſelf—now again under your protection! I will ſcarcely even think, my beloved Mother, but by your guidance !"

" Compoſe yourſelf, then, my deareſt girl : and, if you believe you are equal to behaving with firmneſs, I will not refuſe his requeſt of re-admiſſion."

" His requeſt ?" repeated Camilla, with involuntary quickneſs ; but finding Mrs. Tyrold did not notice it, gently adding, " That perſon that—I believe—you mean —has done nothing, my dear Mother, to merit expulſion !—"

" I am happy to hear you ſay ſo ; I have been fearfully, I muſt own, and even piercingly diſpleaſed with him."

" Ah, my dear Mother ! how kind was the partiality that turned your diſpleaſure ſo wrong a way ! that made you,—even you, my dear Mother, liſten to your fondneſs rather than to your juſtice !—"

She trembled at the temerity of this vindication the moment it had eſcaped her, and looking another way, ſpoke again of

Eugenia ;

Eugenia; but Mrs. Tyrold now, taking both her hands, and ſeeking, though vainly, to meet her eyes, ſaid, " My deareſt child, I grow painfully anxious to end a thouſand doubts; to ſpeak and to hear without further ambiguity or reſerve. If Edgar—"

Camilla again changed colour, and ſtrove to withdraw her hands.

" Take courage, my dear love, and let one final explanation relieve us both at once. If Edgar has merited well of you, why are you parted?—If ill—why this ſolicitude, my opinion of him ſhould be unſhaken?"

Her head now dropt upon Mrs. Tyrold's ſhoulder, as ſhe faintly anſwered, " He deſerves your good opinion, my deareſt Mother—for he adores you—I cannot be unjuſt to him,—though he has made me—I own—not very happy!"

" Deſignedly, my Camilla?"

" O, no, my deareſt Mother!—he would not do that to an enemy!"

" Speak out, then, and ſpeak clearer, my deareſt Camilla. If you think of him ſo well, and are ſo ſure of his good intentions, what—in two words,—what is it that has parted you?"

" Accident, my deareſt Mother,—deluding appearances,—falſe internal reaſoning on my part,—and on his, continual miſ-

conſtruction! O my deareſt Mother! how have I miſſed your guiding care! I had ever the ſemblance, by ſome cruel circumſtance, ſome inexplicable fatality, to neglect his counſel, oppoſe his judgment, deceive his expectations, and trifle with his regard!—Yet, with a heart faithful, grateful, devoted,—O my deareſt Mother!—with an eſteem that defies all compariſon,—a reſpect cloſely meliorating even to veneration!—Never was heart—my deareſt Mother, ſo truly impreſſed with the worth of another—with the nobleneſs—"

A buzzing noiſe from the adjoining parlour, ſounding ſomething between a ſtruggle and a diſpute, ſuddenly ſtopt her—and as ſhe raiſed her head from the boſom of her Mother, in which ſhe had ſeemed ſeeking ſhelter from the very confidence ſhe was pouring forth, ſhe ſaw the door opened, and the object of whom ſhe was ſpeaking appear at it.—Fluttered, colouring, trembling,—yet with eyes refulgent with joy, and every feature ſpeaking extacy.

Almoſt fainting with ſhame and ſurpriſe, ſhe gave herſelf up as diſgraced, if not diſhonoured evermore, for a ſhort, but bitter half moment. It was not longer. Edgar ruſhing forward, and ſeizing the hands of Mrs. Tyrold, even while they were encircling her drooping, ſhrinking, half expiring

ing Camilla, preſſed them with ardent reſpect to his lips, rapidly exclaiming, "My more than Mother! my dear, kind, excellent, ineſtimable friend!—Forgive this bleſt intruſion—plead for me where I dare not now ſpeak—and raiſe your indeed maternal eyes upon the happieſt—the moſt devoted of your family!"

"What is it overpowers me thus this morning?" cried Mrs. Tyrold, leaning her head upon her clinging Camilla, while large drops fell from her eyes; "Misfortune, I ſee, is not the greateſt teſt of our philoſophy!—Joy, twice to day, has completely demoliſhed mine!"

"What goodneſs is this! what encouragement to hope ſome indulgent interceſſion here—where the ſenſe that now breaks in upon me of ungenerous—ever to be lamented—and, I had nearly ſaid, execrated doubt, fills me with ſhame and regret—and makes me—even at this ſoft reviving, heart-reſtoring moment, feel undeſerving my own hopes!"

"Shall I—may I leave him to make his peace?" whiſpered Mrs. Tyrold to her daughter, whoſe head ſought concealment even to annihilation; but whoſe arms, with what force they poſſeſſed, detained her, uttering faintly but rapidly, "O no, no, no!"

" My more than Mother!" again cried Edgar, " I will wait till that felicity may be accorded me, and put myfelf wholly under your kind and powerful influence. One thing alone I muft fay;—I have too much to anfwer for to take any fhare of the mifdemeanours of another! — I have not been a treacherous liftener, though a wilful obtruder.—See, Mrs. Tyrold! who placed me in that room?—who is the accomplice of my happinefs?"

With a fmile that feemed to beam but the more brightly for her gliftening eyes, Mrs. Tyrold looked to the door, and faw there, leaning againft it, the form fhe moft revered; furveying them all with an expreffion of fatisfaction fo perfect, contentment fo benign, and pleafure mingled with fo much thankfulnefs, that her tears now flowed faft from unreftrained delight; and Mr. Tyrold, approaching to prefs at once the two objects of his moft exquifite tendernefs to his breaft, faid, " This furprife was not planned, but circumftances made it more than irrefiftible. It was not, however, quite fair to my Camilla, and if fhe is angry, we will be felf-exiled till fhe can pardon us."

" This is fuch a dream,"—cried Camilla, as now, firft, from the voice of her Father fhe believed it reality; " fo incredible—

fo

ſo unintelligible—I find it entirely—impoſ-ſible—impoſſible to comprehend any thing I ſee or hear!"—

"Let the paſt,—not the preſent," cried Edgar, "be regarded as the dream! and generouſly drive it from your mind as a fever of the brain, with which reaſon had no ſhare, and for which memory muſt find no place."

"If I could underſtand in the leaſt," ſaid Camilla, "what this all means - - - what ——"

Mr. Tyrold now inſiſted that Edgar ſhould retreat, while he made ſome explanation; and then related to his trembling, doubting, wondering daughter, the following circumſtances.

In returning from Belfont, he had ſtopt at the half-way-houſe, where he had received from Mrs. Marl, a letter that, had it reached him as it was intended, at Etherington, would have quickened the general meeting, yet nearly have broken his heart. It was that which, for want of a meſſenger, had never been ſent, and which Peggy, in cleaning the bed-room, had found under a table, where it had fallen, ſhe ſuppoſes, when the candle was put upon it for reading prayers.

"There was another letter, too!" interrupted Camilla, with quick bluſhing recol-

 lection;—

lection;—"but my illness—and all that has followed, made me forget them both till this very moment—Did she say any thing of any—other!"

"Yes;—the other had been delivered according to its address."

"Good Heaven!"

"Be not frightened, my Camilla,—all has been beautifully directed for the best. My accomplice had received his early in the morning; he was at the house, by some fortunate hazard, when it was found, and, being well known there, Mr. Marl gave it to him immediately.

"How terrible!—It was meant only in case—I had seen no one any more!"—

"The intent, and the event, have been happily, my child, at war. He came instantly hither, and enquired for me; I was not returned; he asked my route, and rode to follow or meet me. About an hour ago, we encountered upon the road: he gave his horse to his groom, and came into the chaise to me.

Camilla now could with difficulty listen; but her Father hastened to acquaint her, that Edgar, with the most generous apologies, the most liberal self-blame, had redemanded his consent for a union, from which every doubt was wholly, and even miraculously removed, by learning thus

 the

the true feelings of her heart, as depicted at the awful crisis of expected dissolution. The returning smiles which forced their way now through the tears and blushes of Camilla, shewed how vainly she strove to mingle the regret of shame with the felicity of fond security, produced by this eventful accident. But when she further heard that Edgar, in Flanders, had met with Lionel, who, in frankly recounting his difficulties and adventures, had given some explanations that had induced him instantly to seek a passage for his return home, she felt all but happiness retire from her heart;—vanish even from her ideas.

"You are not angry, then," said Mr. Tyrold, as smilingly he read her delighted sensations, "that I waited not to consult you? That I gave back at once my consent? That I folded him again in my arms?—again—called him my son?"

She could but seek the same pressure; and he continued, "I would not bring him in with me; I was not aware my dear girl was so rapidly recovered, and I had a task to fulful to my poor Eugenia that was still my first claim. But I promised that within an hour, your Mother, at least, should welcome him. He would walk, he said, for that period. When I met her, I hinted at what was passing, and she followed me to our Eugenia; I then

briefly communicated my adventure; and your Mother, my Camilla, loſt herſelf in hearing it. Will you not,—like me—withdraw from her all reverence? Her eyes guſhed with tears,—ſhe wept, as you weep at this moment; ſhe was ſure Edgar Mandlebert could alone preſerve you from danger, yet make you happy—Was ſhe wrong, my dear child? Shall we attack now her judgment, as well as her fortitude?"

Only at her feet could Camilla ſhew her gratitude; to action ſhe had recourſe, for words were inadequate, and the tendereſt careſſes now ſpoke beſt for them all.

Reſpect for the ſituation of Eugenia, who had deſired, for this week, to live wholly up ſtairs and alone, determined Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold to keep back for ſome time the knowledge of this event from the family. Camilla was moſt happy to pay ſuch an attention to her ſiſter; but when Mr. Tyrold was leaving her, to conſult upon it with Edgar, the ingenuouſneſs of her nature urged her irreſiſtibly to ſay, "Since all this has paſſed, my deareſt Father—my deareſt Mother—does it not ſeem as if I ſhould now myſelf — —"

She ſtopt; but ſhe was underſtood; they both ſmiled, and Mr. Tyrold immediately bringing in Edgar, ſaid, "I find my pardon, my dear fellow-culprit, is already granted;

granted; if you have doubts of your own, try your eloquence for yourſelf."

He left the room, and Mrs. Tyrold was gently riſing to quietly follow, but Camilla, with a look of entreaty of which ſhe knew the ſincerity, and would not reſiſt the earneſtneſs, detained her.

"Ah yes, ſtay, deareſt Madam!" cried Edgar, again reſpectfully taking her hand, "and through your unalterable goodneſs, let me hope to procure pardon for a diſtruſt which I here for ever renounce; but which had its origin in my never daring to hope what, at this moment, I have the felicity to believe. Yet now, even now, without your kind mediation, this dear convaleſcent may plan ſome probationary trial, at which my whole mind, after this long ſuffering, revolts. Will you be my caution, my deareſt Mrs. Tyrold? Will you venture—and will you deign to promiſe, that if a full and generous forgiveneſs may be pronounced—"

"Forgiveneſs? in a ſoft voice interrupted Camilla: "Have I any thing to forgive; I thought all apology—all explanation, reſted on my part? and that my imprudencies—my raſhneſs—my ſo often-erring judgment—and ſo apparently, almoſt even culpable conduct—"

"O, my

"O, my Camilla! my now own Camilla! cried Edgar, venturing to change the hand of the Mother for that of the daughter; "what too, too touching words and conceſſions are theſe! Suffer me, then, to hope an act of oblivion may take place of retroſpection, a clear, liberal, open amneſty anticipate explanation and enquiry."

"Are you ſure," ſaid Camilla, ſmiling, "this is your intereſt, and not mine?—Does he not make a miſtake, my deareſt Mother, and turn my advocate, inſtead of his own? And can I fairly take advantage of ſuch an errour?"

The ſun-ſhine of her returning ſmiles went warm to her Mother's heart, and gave a glow to the cheeks of Edgar, and a brightneſs to his eyes that irradiated his whole countenance. "Your penetrating judgment," ſaid he, to Mrs. Tyrold, "will take in at once more than any profeſſions, any proteſtations can urge for me:—you ſee the peace, the pardon, which thoſe eyes do not ſeek to withhold—will you then venture, my more than maternal friend! my Mother, in every meaning which affection and reverence can give to that revered appellation—will you venture at once—now—upon this dear and ever after hallowed minute—to ſeal the kind conſent of

my truly paternal guardian, and to give me an example of that truſt and confidence which my whole future life ſhall look upon as its leſſon ?"

"Yes !" anſwered Mrs. Tyrold, inſtantly joining their hands, "and with every ſecurity that the happineſs of all our lives —my child's, my huſband's, your's, my valued Edgar, and my own, will all owe their felicity to the bleſſing with which I now lay my hands upon my two precious children !"

Tears were the only language that could expreſs the fulneſs of joy which ſucceeded to ſo much ſorrow ; and when Mr. Tyrold returned, and had united his tendereſt benediction with that of his beloved wife, Edgar was permitted to remain alone with Camilla ; and the cloſe of his long doubts, and her own long perplexities, was a reciprocal confidence that left nothing untold, not an action unrelated, not even a thought unacknowledged.

Edgar confeſſed that he no ſooner had quitted her, than he ſuſpected the juſtice of his deciſion ; the turn which of late he had taken, doubtfully to watch her every action, and ſuſpiciouſly to judge her every motive, though it had impelled him in her preſence, ceaſed to operate in her abſence. He was too noble to betray the well-meant, though

though-not well-applied warnings of Dr. Marchmont, yet he acknowledged, that when left to cool reflection, a thouſand palliations aroſe for every ſtep he could not poſitively vindicate: and when, afterwards, from the frank communication of Lionel, he learnt what belonged to the myſterious offer of Sir Sedley Clarendel, that ſhe would ſuperintend the diſpoſal of his fortune, and the deep obligation in which ſhe had been innocently involved, his heart ſmote him for having judged 'ere he had inveſtigated that tranſaction; and in a perturbation unſpeakable of quick repentance and tenderneſs, he ſet out for England. But when, at the half-way-houſe, he ſtopt as uſual to reſt his horſes in his way to Beech Park,—what were his emotions at the ſight of the locket, which the landlady told him had been pledged by a lady in diſtreſs! He beſought her pardon for the manner in which he had made way to her; but the almoſt frantic anxiety which ſeized him to know if or not it was ſhe, and to ſave her, if ſo, from the intended intruſion of the landlord, made him irreſiſtibly prefer it to the plainer mode of ſending in his name, and ſome meſſage. His ſhock at her view in ſuch a ſtate, he would not now revive; but the impropriety of bidding the landlady quit the chamber, and the impoſſibility of entering

tering into an explanation in her hearing, alone repreſſed, at that agitated moment, the avowal of every ſenſation with which his heart was labouring. "But when," he added "ſhall I ceaſe to rejoice that I had liſtened to the good landlady's hiſtory of a ſick gueſt! When I am tempted to turn aſide from a tale of diſtreſs, I will recollect what I owe to having given ear to one!" Loſt in wonder at what could have brought her to ſuch a ſituation, and diſturbed how to preſent himſelf at the rectory, till fixed in his plans, he had ridden to the half-way-houſe that morning, to enquire concerning the corpſe that Mrs. Marl had mentioned—and there—while he was ſpeaking with her, the little maid brought down two letters—one of them directed to himſelf.—

"What a rapid tranſition," cried he, "was then mine, from regrets that robbed life of all charms, to proſpects which paint it in its moſt vivid colours of happineſs! from wavering the moſt deplorable, to reſolutions of expiating by a whole life of devoted fondneſs, the barbarous waywardneſs that could deprive me, for one wilful moment, of the exquiſite felicity of my lot!—"

"But ſtill," ſaid Camilla, "I do not quite underſtand how you came in that room this morning? and how you autho-

rized

rized yourſelf to overhear my confeſſions to my Mother?"

"Recollect my acknowledged accomplice, before you hazard any blame. When I came hither—ſomewhat, I confeſs, within my given hour, Mr. Tyrold received me himſelf at the door. He told me I was too ſoon, and took me into the front parlour. The partition is thin. I heard my name ſpoken by Mrs. Tyrold, and the gentle voice of my Camilla, in accents yet more gentle than even that voice ever ſpoke before, anſwering ſome queſtion; I was not myſelf, at firſt, aware of its tenour—but when, unavoidably, I gathered it—when I heard words ſo beautifully harmonizing with what I had ſo lately peruſed—I would inſtantly have ventured into the room; but Mr. Tyrold feared ſurpriſing you—you went on—my faſcinated ſoul diveſted me of obedience—of caution—of all but joy and gratitude—and he could no longer reſtrain me. And now with which of her offenders will my Camilla quarrel?"

"I muſt only, in future," cried ſhe, ſmiling, "ſpeak ill of you—and then you will find leſs pleaſure in the thinneſs of a partition!"

Faithfully ſhe returned his communication, by the fulleſt, moſt candid, and unſparing account of every tranſaction of her

ſhort

ſhort life, from the ſtill ſhorter period of its being put into voluntary motion. With nearly breathleſs intereſt, he liſtened to the detail of her tranſactions with Sir Sedley Clarendel, with pity to her debts, and with horrour to her difficulties. But when, through the whole ingenuous narration, he found himſelf the conſtant object of every view, the ultimate motive to every action, even where leaſt it appeared, his happineſs, and his gratitude, made Camilla ſoon forget that ſorrow had ever been known to her.

They then ſpoke of her two favourites Mrs. Arlbery, and Mrs. Berlinton; and though ſhe was animated in her praiſe of the good qualities of the firſt, and the ſweet attraction of the laſt, ſhe confeſſed the danger, for one ſo new in the world, of chuſing friends diſtinct from thoſe of her family; and voluntarily promiſed, during her preſent ſeaſon of inexperience, to repoſe the future choice of her connections, where ſhe could never be happy without their approvance.

The two hundred pounds to Sir Sedley Clarendel, he determined, on the very day that Camilla ſhould be his, to return to the Baronet, under the privilege, and in the name of paying it for a brother.

In

In conference thus softly balsamic to every past wound, and thus deliciously opening to that summit of earthly felicity—confidence unlimited entwined around affection unbounded—hours might have passed, unnumbered and unawares, had not prudence forced a separation, for the repose of Camilla.

CHAP. X.

The last Touches of the Picture.

LATE as Edgar quitted the rectory, he went not ſtraight to Beech Park; every tie both of friendſhip and propriety carried him firſt to Dr. Marchmont; who had too much feeling to wonder at the power of his late incitements, and too much goodneſs of heart not to felicitate him upon their iſſue.

The following day, the Weſtwyns preſented themſelves at Etherington; hurried from a tour they were taking through Devonſhire and Cornwall, by intelligence which had reached them that Sir Hugh Tyrold was ruined, and Cleves was to be let. They met, by chance, with Edgar alone in the parlour, who, preſuming upon his peculiar intimacy in the family, as ward of Mr. Tyrold, though without yet daring to avow his approaching nearer affinity, inſiſted upon his ſuperiour claim for ſupplanting them in taking charge of the debt of his guardian. But Mr. Weſtwyn, almoſt angrily, proteſted he would let no man upon earth, let him be whoſe ward he pleaſed, ſhew more reſpect than himſelf for

for the brother of Sir Hugh Tyrold; "And Hal thinks the ſame too," he added, "or he's no ſon of mine; and ſo he'll ſoon ſhew you, in a way you can't gueſs, I give you my word. At leaſt that's my opinion."

He then took his ſon apart, and abruptly whiſpered to him, "As that pretty girl you and I took ſuch a fancy to, at Southton, ſerved us in that ſhabby manner, becauſe of meeting with that old lord, it's my opinion you'd do the right thing to take her ſiſter; who's pretty near as pretty, and gives herſelf no airs; and that will be ſhewing reſpect for my worthy old friend, now he's down in the world; which is exactly that he did for me when I was down myſelf. For if he had not lent me that thouſand pounds I told you of, when not a relation I had would lend me a hundred, I might have been ruined before ever you were born. Come, tell me your mind, Hal! off or on? don't ſtand ſhilly ſhally; it's what I can't bear; ſpeak honeſtly; I won't have your choice controlled; only this one thing I muſt tell you without ceremony, I ſhall never think well of you again as long as ever I live, if you demur ſo much as a moment. Its what I can't bear; it i'n't doing a thing handſomely. I can't ſay I like it."

The

The appearance of Lavinia relieved the immediate embarraſſment of Henry, while the modeſt pleaſure with which ſhe received them confirmed the partiality of both. The eagerneſs, however, of the father, admitted of no delay, and when Sir Hugh entered the room, the ſon's aſſent being obtained, he warmly demanded the fair Lavinia for his daughter-in-law.

Sir Hugh received the propoſition with the moſt copious ſatisfaction; Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold with equal, though more anxious delight; and Lavinia herſelf with bluſhing but unaffected hopes of happineſs.

Whatever was known to Sir Hugh, no cautions, nor even his own beſt deſigns, could ſave from being known to the whole houſe. Eugenia, therefore, was unavoidably informed of this tranſaction; and the generous pleaſure with which ſhe revived, from the almoſt ſettled melancholy left upon her by continual misfortunes, juſtified the impatience of Edgar to accelerate the allowed period for publiſhing his own happy hiſtory.

Eugenia wept with joy at tidings ſo precious of her beloved ſiſter, through whom, and her other dear friends, ſhe was alone, ſhe ſaid, ſuſceptible of joy, though to all ſorrow ſhe henceforth bid adieu. "For henceforth," ſhe cried, "I mean to regard myſelf

myſelf as if already I had paſſed the buſy period of youth and of life, and were only a ſpectatreſs of others. For this purpoſe, I have began writing my memoirs, which will amuſe my ſolitude, and confirm my— I hope, philoſophical idea."

She then produced the opening of her intended book.

SECTION I.

" No blooming coquette, elated with adulation and " triumphant with conqueſt, here counts the glories of " her eyes, or enumerates the train of her adorers: no " beauteous prude, repines at the fatigue of admiration, " nor bewails the neceſſity of tyranny: O gentle reader! " you have the ſtory of one from whom fate has with- " held all the delicacy of vanity, all the regale of cru- " elty —"

" Here," interrupted the young biographer, " will follow my portrait, and then " this further addreſs to my readers."

" O ye, who, young and fair, revel in the attractions " of beauty, and exult in the pride of admiration, ſay, " where is your envy of the heireſs to whom fortune " comes with ſuch alloys? And which, however diſ- " treſſed or impoveriſhed, would accept my fortune " with my perſonal defects?

" Ye, too, O lords of the creation, mighty men! im- " pute not to native vanity the repining ſpirit with " which I lament the loſs of beauty: attribute not to the " innate weakneſs of my ſex, the concern I confeſs for

" my

"my deformity; nor to feminine littleneſs of ſoul, a re-
"gret of which the true ſource is to be traced to your
"own boſoms, and ſprings from your own taſtes: for
"the value you yourſelves ſet upon external attractions,
"your own neglect has taught me to know; and the in-
"differency with which you conſider all elſe, your own
"duplicity has inſtructed me to feel."

Camilla ſought to diſſuade her from reflexions ſo afflictive, and retroſpections ſo poignant; but they aided her, ſhe ſaid, in her taſk of acquiring compoſure for the regulation of her future life.

Edgar now received permiſſion to make his communication to the Baronet.

The joy with which Sir Hugh heard it, was for ſome time over-clouded by doubt. "My dear Mr. young Edgar," he ſaid, "in caſe you don't know your own mind yet, in the point of its not changing again, as it did before, I'd as lief you would not tell me of it till you've taken the proper time to be at a certainty; frettings about theſe ups and downs, being what do no good to me, in point of the gout."

But when thoroughly re-aſſured, "Well," he cried, "this is juſt the thing I ſhould have choſe out of all our misfortunes, being what makes me happier than ever I was in my life; except once before on the very ſame account, which all turned out to end in nothing: which, I hope, won't happen any

any more: for now I've only to pay off all our debts, and then I may go back again to Cleves, which I ſhall be glad enough to do, it being but an awkward thing to a man, after he's paſt boyhood, having no home of his own."

Edgar, now, with the moſt tender earneſtneſs, beſought his leave to advance the ſum requiſite to return him tranquilly to his manſion; but he could not prevail, till Camilla joined in the petition, and permitted him, in both their names to entreat, as their deareſt wiſh, that they might be united, according to the firſt arrangement, from Cleves.

This the Baronet could not reſiſt, and preparations were rapidly made for reinſtating him in his dwelling, and for the double marriages deſtined to take place upon his return.

"Well, then, this," cried he, as he poured upon them his tendereſt bleſſings and careſſes, "is the oddeſt of all! My dear little Camilla, that I took all my fortune from, is the very perſon to give me her's as ſoon as ever ſhe gets it! as well as my own houſe over my old head again, after my turning her, as one may ſay, out of it! which is a thing as curious, in point of us poor ignorant mortals, as if my brother had put it in a ſermon." . . . .

"Such

" Such turns in the tide of fortune," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, are amongſt the happieſt leſſons of humanity, where thoſe who have ſerved the humble and helpleſs from motives of pure diſintereſtedneſs, find they have made uſeful friends for themſelves, in the perpetual viciſſitudes of our unſtable condition."

" Why, then, there's but one thing more, by what I can make out," ſaid the Baronet, " that need be much upon my mind, and that I've been thinking ſome time about, in point of forming a ſcheme to get rid of which, I think I've got a pretty good one: for here's Lavinia going to be married to the very oldeſt friend I have in the world; that is, to his ſon, which is the ſame thing in point of bringing us all together; and my own dear little girl, to the beſt gentleman in the county, except for that one thing of going off at the firſt, which I dare ſay he did not mean, for which reaſon I ſhall mention it no more: and Indiana, to one of thoſe young captains, that I can't pretend I know much of; but that's very excuſable in ſo young a perſon, not having had much head from the beginning; which I always make allowance for; my own not being over extraordinary: and Eugenia, poor thing, being a widow already; for which God be

 praiſed;

praifed; which I hope is no fin, in point of the poor lad that's gone not belonging to any of us, by what I can make out, except by his own doing whether we would or not; which, however, is neither here nor there, now he's gone; for Eugenia being no beauty, and Clermont having as good as faid fo, I fuppofe fhe thought fhe muft not be too difficult; which is a thing young girls are apt to fall into; and boys too, for the matter of that; for, by what I can make out of life, I don't fee but what a fcholar thinks a girl had better be pretty than not, as much as another man."

"But what, my dear brother," faid Mr. Tyrold, "is your new diftrefs, and new fcheme?"

"Why, I can't fay but what I'm a little put out, that Indiana fhould forget poor Mrs. Margland, in the particular of afking her to go live with her; which, however, I dare fay fhe can't help, thofe young captains commonly not over liking having elderly perfons about them; not that I mean to guefs her age, which I take to be fifty, and upwards; which is no point of ours. But the thing I'm thinking of is Dr. Orkborne, in the cafe of their marrying one another."

"My

"My dear brother!—has any ſuch idea occurred to them?"

"Not as I know of; but Indiana having done with one, and Eugenia with the other, and me, Lord help me! not wanting either of them, why what can I do if they won't? the Doctor's aſked to go to town, for the ſake of printing his papers, which I begged him not to hurry, for I'm but little fit for learned converſation juſt now; though when he's here, he commonly ſays nothing; only taking out his tablets to write down ſomething that comes into his head, as I ſuppoſe: which I can't ſay is very entertaining in the light of a companion. However, as to his having called me a blockhead, it's not what I take umbrage at, not being a wit being a fault of no man's, except of nature, which nobody has a right to be angry at. Beſides, as to his having a little pride, it's what I owe him no ill-will for; a ſcholar having nothing elſe but his learning, is excuſable for making the moſt of it. However, if they would marry one another, I can't but ſay I ſhould take it very well of them. The only thing I know againſt it, is the mortal diſlike they have to one another: and that, my dear brother, is the point I want to conſult you about; for then we ſhall be got off all round:

round: which would be a great thing off my mind."

When the happy day arrived for returning to Cleves, Sir Hugh re-took poſſeſſion of his hoſpitable manſion, amidſt the tendereſt felicitations of his fond family, and the almoſt clamorous rejoicings of the aſſembled poor of the neighbourhood: and the following morning, Mr. Tyrold gave the hand of Lavinia to Harry Weſtwyn, and Dr. Marchmont united them; and Edgar, glowing with happineſs, now purified from any alloy, received from the ſame revered hand, and owed to the ſame honoured voice, the final and laſting poſſeſſion of the tearful, but happy Camilla.

* * * *

What further remains to finiſh this ſmall ſketch of a PICTURE OF YOUTH, may be compriſed in a few pages.

Indiana was more fortunate in her northern expedition, than experiments of that nature commonly prove. Macderſey was a man of honour, and poſſeſſed better claims to her than he had either language or ſkill to explain: but the good Lord O'Lerney, who, to benevolence the moſt cheerful,

cheerful, and keenneſs the, leaſt ſevere, joined judgment and generoſity, acted as the guardian of his kinſman, and placed the young couple in competence and comfort.

The profeſſion of Macderſey obliging him to ſojourn frequently in country quarters, Indiana, when the firſt novelty of tête-à-têtes was over, wiſhed again for the conſtant adulatreſs of her charms and endowments; and, to the inexpreſſible rapture of Sir Hugh, ſolicited Miſs Margland to be her companion: and the influence of conſtant flattery was ſo ſeductive to her weak mind, that, though inſenſible to the higher motive of cheriſhing her in remembrance of her long cares, ſhe was ſo ſpoilt by her blandiſhments, and ſo accuſtomed to her management, that ſhe parted from her no more.

Lavinia, with her deſerving partner, ſpent a month between Cleves and Etherington, and then accompanied him and his fond father to their Yorkſhire eſtate and reſidence. Like all characters of radical worth, ſhe grew daily upon the eſteem and affection of her new family, and found in her huſband as marked a contraſt with Clermont Lynmere to annul all Hypotheſis of Education, as Lord O'Lerney oppoſed to Macderſey, offered againſt all national prejudice.

prejudice. Brought up under the ſame tutor, the ſame maſters, and at the ſame univerſity, with equal care, equal expence, equal opportunities of every kind, Clermont turned out conceited, voluptuous, and ſhallow; Henry, modeſt, full of feeling, and ſtored with intelligence.

Lionel, firſt enraged, but next tamed, by the diſinheritance which he had drawn upon himſelf, had ample ſubject in his diſappointment to keep alive his repentance. And though enabled to return from baniſhment, by the ignominious condemnation, with another culprit, of the late partner in his guilt, he felt ſo lowered from his fallen proſpects, that he preferred an appointment which carried him further abroad, where he remained till his bad habits, as well as bad connections, were forgotten, and time aided adverſity in forming him a new character.

Clermont, for whom his uncle bought a commiſſion, fixed himſelf in the army; though with no greater love of his country, than was appendant to the opportunity it afforded of ſhewing his fine perſon to regimental advantage.

Mrs. Arlbery was amongſt the firſt to haſten with congratulations to Camilla. With too much underſtanding to betray her pique upon the errour of her judgment,

ment, as to the means of attaching Mandlebert, ſhe had too much goodneſs of heart not to rejoice in the happineſs of her young friend.

Mrs. Liſſin, who accompanied her in the wedding viſit, confeſſed herſelf the moſt diſappointed and diſtreſſed of human beings. She had not, ſhe ſaid, half ſo much liberty as when ſhe lived with her Papa, and heartily repented marrying, and wiſhed ſhe had never thought of it. The ſervants were always teazing her for orders and directions; every thing that went wrong, it was always ſhe who was aſked why it was not right; when ſhe wanted to be driving about all day, the coachman always ſaid it was too much for the horſes; when ſhe travelled, the maids always aſked her what muſt packed up; if ſhe happened to be out at dinner-time, Mr. Liſſin found fault with every thing being cold: if ſhe wanted to do ſomething ſhe liked, he ſaid ſhe had better let it alone; and, in fine, her violent deſire for this ſtate of freedom, ended in conceiving it a ſtate of bondage; ſhe found *her own houſe* the houſe of which ſhe muſt take the charge; being *her own miſtreſs*, having the burthen of ſuperintending a whole family; and being *married*, becoming the property of another, to whom ſhe made over a legal right to treat her juſt as

he

he pleafed. And as fhe had chofen neither for character, nor for difpofition, neither from fympathy nor refpect, fhe found it hard to fubmit where fhe meant to become independent, and difficult to take the cares where fhe had made no provifion for the folaces of domeftic life.

The notable Mrs. Mittin contrived foon to fo ufefully ingratiate herfelf in the favour of Mr. Dennel, that, in the full perfuafion fhe would fave him half his annual expences, he married her: but her friend, Mr. Clykes, was robbed in his journey home of the cafh which he had fo difhonourably gained.

The firft care of Edgar was to clear every debt in which Camilla had borne any fhare, and then to make over to Lavinia the little portion intended to be parted between the fifters. Henry would have refifted; but Mr. Tyrold knew the fortune of Edgar to be fully adequate to his generofity, and fuftained the propofition. Sir Sedley Clarendel received his two hundred pounds without oppofition, though with furprife; and was dubious whether to rejoice in the fhackles he had efcaped, or to lament the charmer he had loft.

Sir Hugh would fuffer no one but himfelf to clear the debts of his two nephews, or refund what had been advanced by his excellent

excellent old friend Mr. Westwyn. He called back all his servants, liberally recompensed their marked attachment, provided particularly for good old Jacob; and took upon himself the most ample reward for the postillion who meant to rescue Eugenia.

The prisoner and his wife, now worthy established cottagers, were the first, at the entrance of Beech Park, to welcome the bride and bridegroom; and little Peggy Higden was sent for immediately, and placed, with extremest kindness, where she might rise in use and in profit.

Lord O'Lerney was sedulously sought by Edgar, who had the infinite happiness to see Camilla a selected friend of Lady Isabella Irby, whose benevolent care of her in the season of her utter distress, had softly enchained her tenderest gratitude, and had excited in himself an almost adoring respect.

Melmond had received in time the caution of Camilla, to prevent the meeting to which the baseness of Bellamy was deluding his misguided sister, through her own wild theories. He forbore to blast her fame by calling him publicly to account; and ere further arts could be practised, Bellamy was no more.

Mrs.

Mrs. Berlinton, in the shock of sudden sorrow, shut herself up from the world. Claims of debts of honour, which she had no means to answer, pursued her in her retreat; she became at once the prey of grief, repentance, and shame; and her mind was yet young enough in wrong, to be penetrated by the early chastisement of calamity. Removed from the whirl of pleasure, which takes reflexion from action, and feeling from thought, she reviewed, with poignant contrition, her graceless misconduct with regard to Eugenia, detested her infatuation, and humbled herself to implore forgiveness. Her aunt seized the agitating moment of self-upbraiding and worldly disgust, to impress upon her fears the lessons of her opening life: and thus, repulsed from passion, and sickened of dissipation, though too illiberally instructed for cheerful and rational piety, she was happily snatched from utter ruin by protecting, though eccentric enthusiasm.

Eugenia, for some time, continued in voluntary seclusion, happily reaping from the fruits of her education and her virtues, resources and reflexions for retirement that robbed it of weariness. The name, the recollection of Bellamy, always made her shudder, but the peace of perfect innocence was soon restored to her mind. The suffer-

ings

MISSING PAGES ARE 325 & 326, IN BOOK

ings of Mrs. Berlinton from felf-reproach, taught her yet more fully to value the felicity of blameleffnefs; and the generous liberality of her character, made the firft inducement fhe felt for exertion, the benevolence of giving folace to a penitent who had injured her.

Melmond, long confcious of her worth, and difgufted with all that had rivalled it in his mind, with the fervour of fincerity, yet diffidence of fhame and regret, now fearfully fought the favour he before had reluctantly received. But Eugenia retreated. She had no courage for a new engagement, no faith for new vows, no hope for new happinefs: till his really exemplary character, with the fympathy of his feelings, and the fimilarity of his tafte and turn of mind with her own, made the Tyrolds, when they perceived his afcendance, fecond his wifhes. Approbation fo facred, joined to a prepoffeffion fo tender, foon conquered every timid difficulty in the ingenuous Eugenia; who in his well-earnt efteem, and grateful affection, received, at length, the recompence of every exerted virtue, and the folace of every paft fuffering. Melmond, in a companion delighting in all his favourite purfuits, and capable of joining even in his feverer ftudies, found a charm to beguile from him all former regret, while reafon and

and experien[illegible] endear[illegible] his ultimate choice. Eugenia once [illegible], was loved for ever. Where her countenance was looked at, her want of beauty was forgotten; while her voice was heard, her figure was unobserved; where her virtues were known, they seemed but to be enhanced by her personal misfortunes.

The Baronet was enchanted to see her thus unexpectedly happy, and soon transferred to Melmond the classical respect which Clermont had forfeited, when he concurred with Eugenia, in a petition, that Dr. Orkborne, without further delay, might be enabled to retire to his own plans and pursuits, with such just and honourable consideration for labours he well knew how to appreciate, as his friend Mr. Tyrold should judge to be worthy of his acceptance.

With joy expanding to that thankfulness which may be called the *beauty of piety*, the virtuous Tyrolds, as their first blessings, received these blessings of their children: and the beneficent Sir Hugh felt every wish so satisfied, he could scarcely occupy himself again with a project—save a maxim of prudence, drawn from his own experience, which he daily planned teaching to the little generation rising around him; To avoid, from the disasters of their Uncle,

the Dangers and Temptations, to their Deſcendants, of Unſettled Collateral Expectations.

Thus ended the long conflicts, doubts, ſuſpences, and ſufferings of Edgar and Camilla: who, without one inevitable calamity, one unavoidable diſtreſs, ſo nearly fell the ſacrifice to the two extremes of Imprudence, and Suſpicion. Edgar, by generous confidence, became the repoſitory of her every thought; and her friends read her exquiſite lot in a gaiety no longer to be feared: while, faithful to his word, making Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, his alternate dwellings, he rarely parted her from her fond Parents, and enraptured Uncle. And Dr. Marchmont, as he ſaw the pure innocence, open frankneſs, and ſpotleſs honour of her heart, found in her virtues, or her errours, her facility, or her deſperation, but A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

FINIS.